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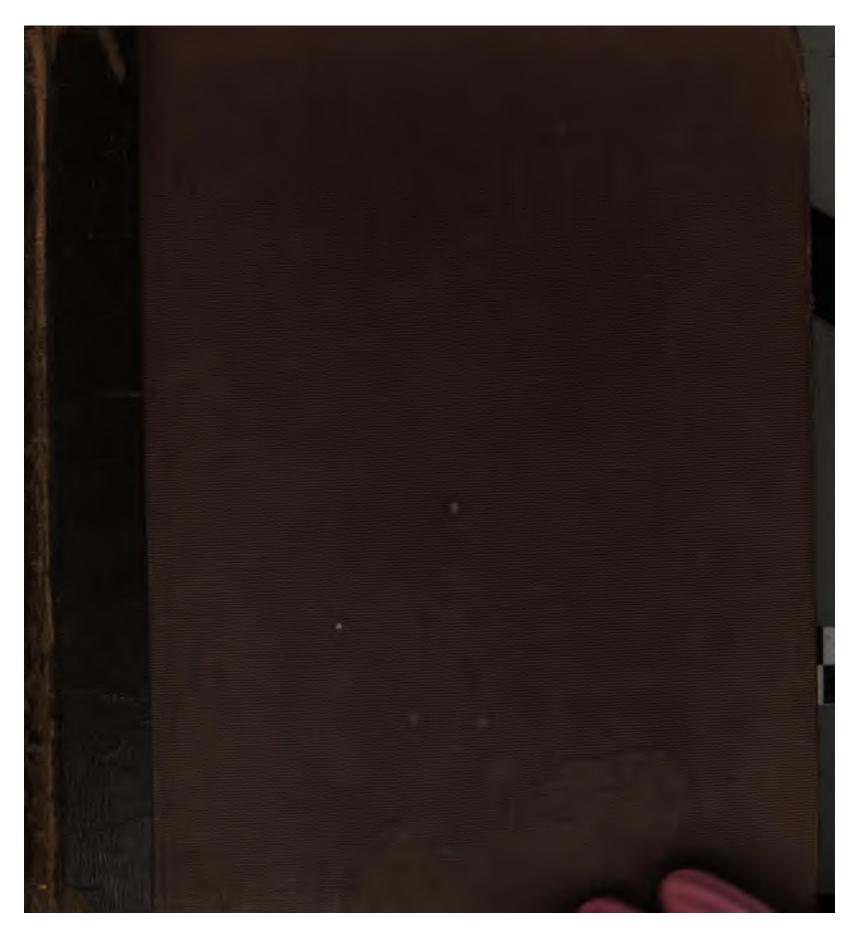
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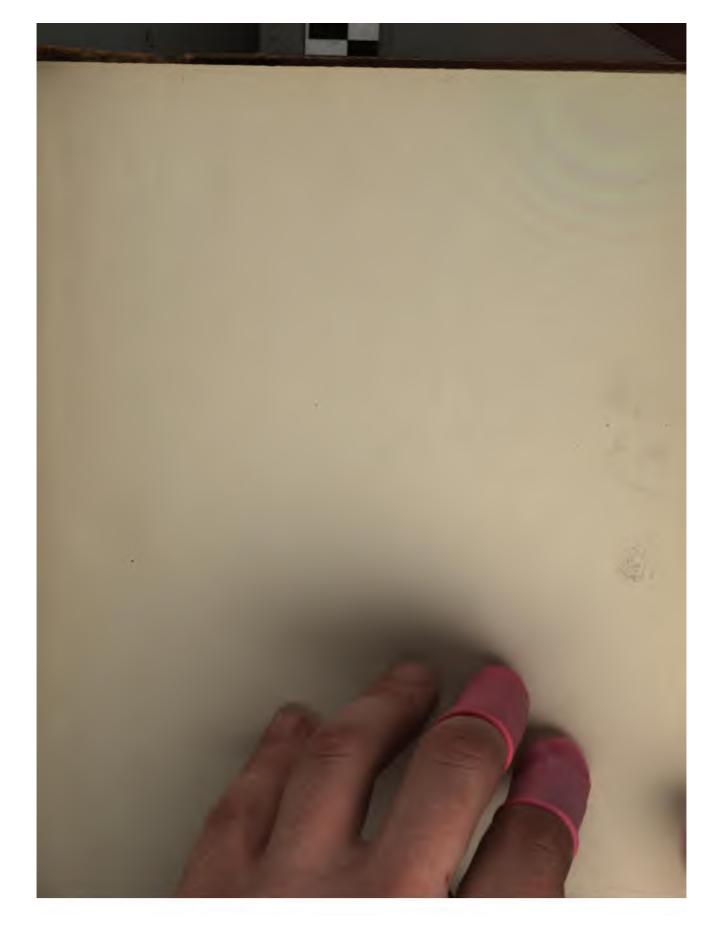
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THE

COMPLETE WORKS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.
STEPS TO THE TEMPLE. CARMEN DEO NOSTRO.
THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES. AIRELLES.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SOMS, PRINTERS, PARCRAS ROAD, M.W.

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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED

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EDITED BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION. 1872.

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THE VERY REVEREND

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE FOR

FUNDAMENTAL INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL

QUICKENING AND NURTURE

FOUND IN AND SUSTAINED BY HIS WRITINGS

EARLIER AND LATEST,

THIS EDITION .

OF A POET HE LOVES AS ENGLISHMAN AND CATHOLIC

IS DEDICATED BY

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

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PREFACE.

I have at last the pleasure of seeing half-fulfilled a long-cherished wish and intention, by the issue of the present Volume, being Vol. I. of the first really worthy edition of the complete Poetry of RICHARD CRASHAW, while Vol. II. is so well advanced that it may be counted on for Midsummer (*Deo favente*).

This Volume contains the whole of the previouslypublished English Poems, with the exception of the Epigrams scattered among the others, which more fittingly find their place in Vol. II., along with the Latin and Greek originals, and our translation of all hitherto untranslated. Here also will be found important, and peculiarly interesting as characteristic, additions of unprinted and inedited poems by Crashaw from Archbishop San-CROFT'S MSS., among the TANNER MSS. in the Bodleian. These I have named 'Airelles,' after the little Alpine flowers that are dug out beneath the mountain masses of snow and ice, with abiding touches of beauty and perfume, as though they had been sheltered within walls and glass. The formerly printed Poems have been collated and recollated anxiously with the original and other early and authoritative editions, the results of which are shown in Notes and Illustrations at the close of each poem. Many of the various readings are of rare interest, and collation has revealed successive additions and revisions altogether unrecorded by modern editors. In their places I have pointed out the flagrant carelessness of the last Editor, W. B. Turnbull, Esq., in Smith's 'Library of Old Authors.'

As was meet, I have adhered to the first titles of Steps to the Temple' and 'The Delights of the Muses,' the former embracing the SACRED, and the latter the Secular Poems. The original Editor (whoever he was), not the Author, gave these titles. In the Preface to 'the learned Reader,' he says, 'we stile his sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple.' At one time I was disposed to assign the editorship of the volumes of 1646 and 1648 to SANCROFT; but inasmuch as both contained Bp. RAIN-Bow's verses prefixed to Isaacson's 'Chronologie,' while the piece is not in the SANCROFT MS., it seems he could not have been the editor. His pathetic closing words reveal much love: 'I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young Gent. (now dead to us) as hee himselfe doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrewes' picture before his Sermons, Verte paginas-Look on his following leaves, and see him breath.'

I would now give an account of previous editions of our Worthy, and our use of them. The earliest of his publications—excluding minor pieces in University Collections as recorded in our Essay—was a volume of Latin Epigrams published at Cambridge in 1634 in a small 8vo. The name of Crashaw nowhere appears, but his initials R. C. are appended to the Dedication to his friend Laney. The title-page was as follows:

'Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber. Cantabrigiæ, ex Academiæ celeberrimæ typographo, 1634.' Besides the Epigrams, this now rare volume contained certain of his 'Poemata' before the Epigrams. A second edition was published in 1670 with a few additional Epigrams, and those in Greek. A third edition appeared in 1674. Fuller details, with collation of each, are given in Vol. II. in their places.

Nothing more of any considerableness was published until 1646, two years after the Poet's ejection. Then appeared a small volume of Poems, chiefly English, arranged in two distinct classes, Sacred and Secular, the latter with a separate title-page. In the Note which follows this Preface, the title-pages of the volume will be found, along with those of the subsequent editions of 1648 and 1670. With reference to the volume of 1646, a mistake in the printing was thus pointed out: 'Reader, there was a sudden mistake ('tis too late to recover it): thou wilt quickly find it out, and I hope as soone passe it over; some of the humane Poems are misplaced amongst the Divine.' These 'humane' poems, that belonged not to the 'Steps' but the 'Delights of the Muses,' were fifteen in all. They were assigned their own places in the new edition of 1648. With two exceptions, we have adhered to the classification of the 1648 edition: the exceptions are, that we have placed 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as belonging properly to that composition; and the 'Apologie' for the Hymn to Teresa after the first, not after the second Hymn, seeing the 'Apologie' is only for the first. The new edition bore on its title-page the announcement: 'The second Edition, wherein are added divers pieces not before extant.' Our contents of the present Volume (immediately following our Dedication) shows these additions, which were important and precious; viz. twentynine new English Poems and eighteen new Latin Poems.

The next edition was published in Paris in 1652. In our Note (as supra) the title-page is given. This volume is an elegant one, and is adorned with twelve dainty engravings after the Anthor's own designs, though we possess a copy without the engravings, having blanks left. This exceedingly rare book contains most of the Sacred Poems and some of the more serious of the Secular Poems; but as the contents (as supra) show, there were large omissions, notably the Sospetto and Musick's Duel. It was edited by Thomas Car, who prefixes two poems of his own, as follows:

I. CRASHAWE, THE ANAGRAMME 'HE WAS CAR.'

Was Car then Crashawe; or was Crashawe Car, 1 Since both within one name combined are? Yes, Car's Crashawe, he Car; 'tis loue alone Which melts two harts, of both composing one. So Crashaw's still the same: so much desired By strongest witts; so honor'd, so admired; Car was but he that enter'd as a friend With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, and did commend (While yet he liu'd) this worke; they lou'd each other: Sweete Crashawe was his friend; he Crashawe's brother. 10 So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent That what his riches pen'd, poore Car should print; Nor feares he checke, praysing that happie one Who was belou'd by all; disprais'd by none: To witt, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all, 15 Nor would he gine, nor take offence; befall What might, he would possesse himselfe, and line As deade (denoyde of interest) t' all might giue Desease t' his well-composèd mynd; fore-stal'd 20 With heauenly riches; which had wholy call'd

PREFACE.

XV

1

His thoughts from earth, to line aboue in th' aire A very bird of paradice. No care Had he of earthly trashe. What might suffice To fitt his soule to heavenly exercise Sufficed him: and may we guesse his hart 25 By what his lipps brings forth, his onely part Is God and godly thoughtes. Leaves doubt to none But that to whom one God is all; all's one. What he might eate or weare he tooke no thought; His needfull foode he rather found then sought. 30 He seekes no downes, no sheetes, his bed's still made; If he can find a chaire or stoole, he's layd. When Day peepes in, he quitts his restlesse rest, And still, poore soule, before he's vp, he's dre'st. 35 Thus dying did he liue, yet liued to dye In th' Virgin's lappe, to whom he did applye His virgine thoughtes and words, and thence was styld By foes, the chaplaine of the virgine myld, While yet he liued without. His modestie Imparted this to some, and they to me. 40 Liue happie then, deare soule! inioy the rest Eternally by paynes thou purchacedst, While Car must liue in care, who was thy friend, Nor cares he how he liue, so in the end He may inioy his dearest Lord and thee; 45 And sitt and singe more skilfull songs eternally.1

II. AN EPIGRAMME

Vpon the Pictures in the following Poemes, which the Authour first made with his owne hand, admirably well, as may be seene in his Manuscript dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady the L. Denbigh.

'Twixt pen and pensill rose a holy strife Which might draw Vertue better to the life: Best witts gaue votes to that, but painters swore They neuer saw peeces so sweete before

¹ TURNBULL in line 19 misprints 'Diseased his....' making nonsense. Disease is = dis-ease, discompose, as used by PHINKAS FLETCHER: cf. vol. iii. p. 194 et alibi.

As thes fruits of pure Nature; where no Art

Did lead the vntaught pensill, nor had part
In th' worke

The hand growne bold, with witt will needes contest:

Doth it preusyle? ah no! say each is best.

This to the eare speakes wonders; that will trye

To speake the same, yet lowder, to the eye.

Both in their aymes are holy, both conspire

To wound, to burne the hart with heavenly fire.

This then's the doome, to doe both parties right:

This to the eare speakes best; that, to the sight.

TROMAS CAR.

It is clear from these lines in the former poem-

'Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
With whom he shar'd his thoughtes, and did commend
(While yet he liu'd) THIS WORKE

So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent That what his riches pen'd, poore Car should print'—

that the volume of 1652 carries the authority of Crashaw with it as his own Selection from what he had written. So that I have had no hesitation in accepting its text of the Poems previously published (in 1646 and 1648): understanding that the Selection was regulated by his desire only to offer the Countess of Denbighthose he himself most valued. There are inevitable misprints and a chaos of punctuation; but the text as a whole is a great advance on those preceding, as our Notes and Illustrations to the several poems prove. There are some very valuable additions throughout, entirely overlooked by modern Editors. Our text of all not in 1652 volume is based on that of 1648 collated with 1646.

¹ TURNBULL again misprints in line 3 'But' for 'Best,' once more making nonsense.

The engravings celebrated in the Epigram of CAR—of whom more, and of the origin and purpose of the Volume, in our Essay—are as follows:

1. 'To the noblest and best of ladyes:' a heart with an emblematical lock. Beneath is printed 'Non Vi' (= not by force), and the following lines:

'Tis not the work of force but skill
To find the way into man's will.
'Tis lone alone can hearts vnlock:
Who knowes the Word, he needs not knock.

- 2. 'To the name above every name.' 'Numisma Urbani 6.' A dove under the tiara, surrounded with a glory. The legend is, 'In unitate Deus est.'
- 3. 'The Holy Nativity.' The Holy Family at Bethlehem. Beneath are these lines in French and Latin:

Ton Créateur te faict voir sa naissance Deignant souffrir pour toy des son enfance. Quem vidistis, Pastores, &c.

- Natum vidimus, &c.
 4. 'The Glorious Epiphanie.' The adoration of the
- Magi-kings.
 5. 'The Office of the Holy Crosse.' Christ on the Cross. Beneath (from the Vulgate),

Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hostiam Deo in odorem suavitatis.—Ad Ephe. 5.

6. 'The Recommendation.' The ascended Saviour looking down toward the Earth. Above, this line,

Expostulatio Jesu Christi cum mundo ingrato.

Beneath, a Latin poem of thirteen lines, which appears in its place in our Vol. II.

 Sancta Maria Dolorum.' The Virgin Mary under vol. 1. the Cross with the instruments of the Passion, holding the dead Saviour in her arms.

- 8. 'Hymn of St. Thomas.' A Remonstrance. 'Ecce panis Angelorum.'
- 9. 'Dies Iræ.' The Last Judgment. 'Dies Iræ, dies illa.'
- 10. 'O Gloriosa Domina.' The Virgin Mary and Child. Angels hold a crown over her head, surmounted by the Holy Dove. Beneath:

S. Maria Major. Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi, Qui pascitur inter lilia. Cant.

11. 'The Weeper.' A female head, showing beneath, a bleeding and burning heart, surrounded by a glory. This couplet is below:

Lo, where a wounded heart, with bleeding eyes conspire: Is she a flaming fountaine, or a weeping fire?

12. 'Hymn to St. Teresa.' Portrait: scroll above, inscribed 'Misericors Domini in æternum cantabo.' Beneath, 'La Vray Portraict de Ste. Terese, Fondatrice des Religieuses et Religieux réformez de l'ordre de N. Dame de mont Carmel: Décédée le 4° Octo. 1582. Canonisée le 12° Mars 1622.'

Besides these TWELVE, I discovered another in illustration of 'O Gloriosa Domina,' substituted for No. 10 in the very fine copy of the volume in the Douce Collection in the Bodleian. I have the satisfaction of furnishing admirable reproductions in fac-simile of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12, and by the kindness of the Bodleian Trustees, the unique illustration for No. 10. No. 11 by my friend W. J. Linton, Esq. The whole

of these belong exclusively to our illustrated quarto edition, and the impressions taken have been strictly limited thereto, and a very few for my own gift-use.

We have now done with genuine editions; but have vet to notice a wretched medley which bears the name of the '2d edition.' Its title-page is given in our Note (as before). This volume is fairly printed; but whatever was meant by '2d edition,' whether it was so styled from ignorance of the edition of 1648 or copying of its title, or because it was meant for a 2d edition of 1652, it is a deplorable compilation made out of 1646 and 1652. It first reprints 1646 and then 1652, omitting in the second part such poems of 1652 as were in 1646, but without taking the trouble of correcting any, so as to bring them into agreement with the better text. Not to mention well-nigh innumerable misprints and omissions, so blind is it, that it has twice printed two poems which in 1652 had their titles altered, not observing that it had already printed them under the old titles. These were the poems, On the Death of a Young Gentleman, and in Praise of Lessius. It contains only the eight Latin Poems of 1646, and no others. Of this edition Turn-BULL says, 'In its text [it is] the most inaccurate of all' -and - What then? He reprints it! and leaves undetected its inaccuracies and omissions, and superadds as many more of his own-as our Notes and Illustrations demonstrate, albeit we have left many blunders unrecorded, contenting ourselves with seeing that our own is correct. And yet this Editor got in a rage with a correspondent (Professor M'Carthy) of Notes and Queries, who at the time corrected incidentally a misprinted letter -oblivious of (literally) hundreds infinitely worse.

PEREGRINE PHILLIPS in 1785 published a very well-printed volume of 'Selections' from Crashaw; but, like Turnbull, he blundered over the (so-called) '2d edition' of 1670, and seems never to have seen those of 1648 and 1652. Of other more recent editions I shall speak in our Essay, and, as already stated in our Memorial-Introduction, notice the University Collections and others, to which our Poet contributed. In its place, at close of the present Volume, see account of a hitherto unused edition of a Verse-Letter to Countess of Denbigh.

Of the Poems now for the first time printed, the present Volume contains no fewer than fifteen or sixteen with important additions: Vol. II. will contain very many more, as well as our Translation of the hitherto untranslated Poems and Epigrams. The source of all these erewhile unprinted Poems is Vol. 465 among the TANNER MSS., which is known to be in the handwriting (mainly) of Archbishop SANCROFT. The Volume is a collection of contemporary Poetry, but as it now rests in the Bodleian is imperfect, as the Index shows. The following details will probably interest our readers. In the Index is first of all the following, 'Mr. Crashaw's Epigrams, sacra Latina;' but it is erased. Then underneath is written 'Mr. Crashaw's poems transcrib'd fro his own copie, before they were printed; amongst weh are some not printed.' 'Latin, On ye Gospels v p 7. On other Subjects p 39, 95, 229. English Sacred Poems p 111. On other Subjects-39, 162, 164 v 167 v 196. 202 v 206. 223. v Suspetto di Herodi, translated fro Car. Marino p 287 v.' Guided by this Index-for, though to some 'R. CR.' is prefixed, others printed in 1646 and 1648 are left without name or initials-page 7 to 22 contains Latin Poems and Epigrams still unpublished. On page 22 is a large letter C -Crashaw. The pagination then leaps to p. 39 and goes on to page 64, and consists of Latin Poems and one in Greek 'On other Subjects,' also wholly unpublished. Page 66 is blank, and a blank leaf follows. Then there is a Latin poem by Wallis, and pp. 95-6 contain other Latin poems by Crashaw, in part published. Pages 97-102 are blank, and the pagination again leaps to p. 111, where begin the English Sacred Poems, continuing to page 137, with 'Crashaw' written at end. These pages (111-137) contain mainly Poems and Epigrams before published. On page 130 is a short poem 'On Good Friday' by T. Randolph. On page 135 are two poems by Dr. Alabaster: then, on page 136, Crashaw's poem 'On the Assumption,' and on page 137, a short poem by Wotton. Pages 138-142 are blank, and once more the pagination passes to p. 159, where there is a poem by GILES FLETCHER (pp. 159-160)—printed by us in Appendix to Poems of Dr. GILES FLETCHER in our FULLER Worthies' Miscellanies. Pages 160-1 have poems by Corbett (erroneously inserted as HERRICK's by Hazlitt in his edition of Herrick), and a Song by Wotton. On page 162 'The Faire Ethiopian,' by CRASHAW: p. 163, 'Upon Mr. Cl.' [Cleveland?], who made a Song against the D.D.s - The complaint of a woman with child [both anonymous]. Then at page 164 'Upon a gnatt burnt in a candle,' by Crashaw (being entered in Index as supra), and never published. On pages 165-6, Love's Horoscope (published): p. 166, Ad Amicam. T. R. (not by Chashaw, being entered in Index under Randolph): pp. 167-71, Fidicinis et Philomela Bellum

Musicum, and Upon Herbert's Temple: pp. 172-3, Upon Isaacson's Frontispiece (the second piece): pp. 173-4, An invitation to faire weather (all published before). Then translations from the Latin Poets with 'R. Cr.' above each, pp. 174-178-all unpublished: pp. 178-9, from Virgil (published). Next on pp. 180-87 are the following: 'On y' Gunpowder-Treason' (three separate pieces), and 'Upon the King's Coronation' (two pieces). These have never been printed until now in our present Vol., and they are unquestionably Crashaw's, inasmuch as (a) All entered thus 164 v. 167 are by him, and so these being entered under his name in Index as 167 v. 196 must belong to him; (b) 'Upon the King's Coronation' are renderings in part of his own Latin; (c) As shown in our Essay (where also their biographic value is shown) unusual words used by Crashaw occur in them. Pp. 187-90, 'Panegyrick upon the birth of the Duke of York' (published): pp. 190-2, 'Upon the birth of the Princesse Elizabeth' (never before printed). Pages 192-196, poems by Corbett, Wotton, and others. Pages 196-7, Translation from the Latin Ex Euphormione (not before published), and on Lessius (published). Then pp. 197-201, poems by various, in part anonymous: pp. 202-3, An Elegy on Staninough-not having his name or initials, but entered in Index under his name-(never before published): pp. 203-5, In obitum desider, Mri Chambers (published, but the heading new), and Upon the death of a friend (not before published): p. 205, 'On a cobler' (anonymous): p. 206, In obitum Dr Brooke: Epitaphium Conjug. (published): page 207, poem by Culverwell: p. 208, blank; and then the pagination passes to p. 223. Pages 223-229, poems on Herrys [or Harris] (all published, but with variations): pp. 229-30, Elegie on Dr. Porter (never before published, and entered in Index under Crashaw): from p. 231 to 238, various poems, but none by Crashaw; then the pagination leaps to p. 238, and goes on to p. 255, with various pieces, but again none by Crashaw. On pp. 297-8 are eight of the published English Epigrams. All the other anonymous and avowed poems being entered in the Index separately from Crashaw's, and under either their titles or authors, makes us safe to exclude them from our Volumes. On the other hand, the Index-entries and 'R. C.' together, assure us that rich and virgin as is the treasure-trove of unprinted and unpublished Poems-English and Latin, especially the Latin—it is without a shadow of doubt RICHARD CRASHAW'S, and of supreme worth. I have also had the good fortune to discover a Harleian Ms. from Lord Somers' Library (6917-18), which furnishes some valuable readings of some of the Poems, as recorded and used by us.

Throughout we have endeavoured with all fidelity to reproduce our Worthy in integrity of text and orthography—diminishing only (slightly) italics and capitals, and as usual giving capitals to all divine Names (nouns and pronouns) and personifications. In Notes and Illustrations all various readings are recorded, and such elucidations and filling-in of names and allusions as are likely to be helpful.

It is now my pleasant duty to return right hearty, because heartfelt, thanks to many friends and correspondents who have aided me in a somewhat arduous and difficult work and 'labour of love.' To the venerable

and illustrious man whose name by express permission adorns my Dedication, I owe a debt of gratitude for a beautiful, a pathetic, a (to me) sacred Letter, that greatly animated me to go forward. By my admirable friends Revs. J. H. CLARK, M.A., of West Dereham, Norfolk, and Thomas Ashe, M.A., Ipswich, my edition (as Vol. II. will evidence) is advantaged in various Translations for the first time of the Latin poems, valuable in themselves, and the more valued for the generous enthusiasm and modesty with which they were offered, not to say how considerably they have lightened my own work in the same field. To Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who retains in the Army his fine literary culture and acumen; to W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; the very Reverend Dr. F. C. Husenbeth, Cossey, Norwich; the Earl and Countess of Denbigh; Monsignor STONOR, Rome; to Correspondents at LORETTO, DOUAL, Paris, &c.; and to Colonel Chester and Mr. W. T. BROOKE, London,-I wish to tender my warmest thanks for various services most pleasantly rendered; all to the enrichment of our edition.

The Illustrations (in the 4to) speak for themselves. I cannot sufficiently express my acknowledgments for the spontaneous and ever-increasing willinghood of my artist-poet friend W. J. Linton, Esq., who from his temporary Transatlantic home has sent me the exquisite head- and tail-pieces in both volumes, besides cunningly interpreting the two original Illustrations drawn for me by Mrs. Hugh Blackburn of Glasgow, and the Poet's 'Weeper.' To Mrs. Blackburn her work is its own abundant reward; but none the less do I appreciate her great kindness to me.

Anything else needing to be said will be found in the Memorial-Introduction and Essay on the Life and Poetry, and Notes and Illustrations. I cannot better close our Preface than with the fine tribute of R. Aris Willmott, in his 'Dream of the Poets,' wherein he catches up the echo of Cowley across two centuries:

Poet and Saint! thy sky was dark
And sad thy lonely vigil here;
But thy meek spirit, like the lark
Still showered music on the ear,
From its own heaven ever clear:
No pining mourner thou! thy strain
Could breathe a slumber upon Pain,
Singing thy tears asleep: not long
To stray by Siloa's brook was thine:
Yet Time hath never dealt thee wrong,
Nor brush'd the sweet bloom from thy line:
Thou hast a home in every song,
In every Christian heart, a shrine.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

15 St. Alban's Place, Blackburn, Lancashire, 4th February 1872.



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MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

In a Study of the Life and Poetry of our present Worthy, which will be found in our Volume II.—thus postponed in order that the completed Works may be before the student-reader along with it-I venture to hope new light will be shed on both, and his character as a Man and Poet-one of the richest of the minor Poets of England-vindicated and interpreted as never hitherto they have been. Some memories cannot bear the 'cruel light' of close scrutiny, some poetries when tested prove falsetto-noted. RICHARD CRASHAW grows on us the more insight we gain. If he were as well known as George HERBERT, he would be equally cherished, while his Poetry would be recognised as perfumed with all his devoutness and of a diviner 'stuff' and woven in a grander loom; in sooth, infinitely deeper and finer in almost every element of true singing as differenced from pious and gracious versifying. In this hurrying-scurrying age, only twos-andthrees take time to hold communion with these ancient Worthies; and hence my Essay, as with the Fletchers and LORD BROOKE and HENRY VAUGHAN, may win-back that recognition and love due to CRASHAW.

Then, in a much fuller and more adequate Memoir than hitherto furnished of WILLIAM CRASHAW, B.D.,

father of our Poet—also in our Volume II.—the usually-given ancestral details will appear from new and unused sources. So that here and now I intend to limit myself to a brief statement of the few outward Facts, i.e. reserving their relation to the central thing in RICHARD CRASHAW'S life—his passing from Protestantism to Catholicism, and to contemporaries and inner friends, and to his Poetry—to our announced Study.

WILLMOTT in his 'Lives of the English Sacred Poets' (vol. first, 1834, vol. second, 1839), begins his fine-toned little Notice thus: 'After an anxious search in all the accessible sources of information, I am able to tell little of one of whom every lover of poetry must desire to know much. The time of his birth and of his decease is involved in equal mystery.'1 Our 'all' is still 'little' as compared with what we yearn for; but we do not need to begin so dolorously as our predecessor, for we have discovered both the 'time of his birth and of his decease.' He was born in London in 1612-3; this date being arrived at from the register-entry of his age on admission to the University, viz. 18 in 1630-1 (as hereafter stated). SHAKESPEARE was then retired to his beloved Stratford; MILTON was in the sixth year of his cherub-beauty. His father being 'Preacher at the Temple' at the date would have determined London to have been his birthplace; but his admission to Pembroke and his own signature at Peterhouse, 'Richardum Crashaw, Londinensem,' prove it. Who was his mother I have failed to find. The second Mrs. WILLIAM CRASHAW, celebrated in a remark-

¹ Edition of 1834, p. 295; of 1839, vol. i. p. 301. TURNBULL adds not one iota to our knowledge, and repeats all WILLMOTT's erroneous dates, &c.

able contemporary poetical tractate printed (if not published) by her bereaved husband (of which more anon and elsewhere, as supra), could not have been the Poet's mother, as she was not married to Crashaw (pater) until 1619. We should gladly have exchanged the 'Honour of Vertue or the Monument erected by the sorrowfull Husband and the Epitaphs annexed by learned and worthy men, to the immortall memory of that worthy Gentle-woman Mr. ELIZABETH CRASHAWE. Who dyed in child-birth, and was buried in Whit-Chappel: Octob. 8. 1620. In the 24 years of her age'—for a page on the first Mrs. Crashaw. Yet is it pleasant to know the motherless little lad received such a new mother as this tribute pictures. In 1620 he was in his ninth year. Thus twice a broad shadow blackened his father's house and his home. Little more than a year had he his 'second' mother.

Our after-Memoir of the elder Crashaw shows that he was a man of no ordinary force of character and influence. The Epistles-dedicatory to his numerous polemical books are addressed with evident familiarity to the foremost in Church and State: and it is in agreement with this to learn (as we do) that Master Richard gained admission to the great 'Charterhouse' School through Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir Randolph Crew—the former the patron-friend of the saintly Dr. Sibbes, the latter of Herrick, and both of mark. The Register of Charterhouse as now extant begins in 1680. So that we know not the date of young Crashaw's entry on the 'foundation' provided so munificently by Sutton.\frac{1}{2} As

¹ The present eminent Head of 'Charterhouse,' Dr. HAIG-BROWN, strove to find earlier documents in vain for me.

we shall find, one of the Teachers—Brooke—is gratefully and characteristically remembered by our Worthy in one of his Latin poems, none the less gratefully that 'the rod' is recalled. He was 'Schoolmaster' from 1627-8 to 1643. The age of admission was 10 to 14: the latter would bring us to 1627-8, or Brooke's first year of office. Probably, however, he entered sooner; but neither Robert Grey (1624-26) nor William Middleton, A.M. (1626-28), nor others of the Masters or celebrities of the famous School are celebrated by him, with the exception of (afterwards) Bishop Laney. Francis Beaumont was Head-Master in June 18, 1624, and I should have liked to have been able to associate Crashaw with the Beaumont family. Probably Dr., Joseph Beaumont of 'Psyche' was a school-fellow.

How long the Charterhouse was attended is unknown; but renewed researches at Cambridge add to as well as correct the usual dates of his attendance there. Willmott states that 'he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, March 26, 1632,' and remarks, 'and yet we find him lamenting the premature death of his friend, William Herrys, a fellow of the same College, which happened in the October of 1631.' He quotes from the Cole Mss. The original register in the Admission-book of Pembroke College removes the difficulty, and is otherwise valuable, as will be seen. It is as follows:

'Julij 6. 1631. Richardus Crashawe, Gulielmi presbyteri filius, natus Londini annos habens 18, admissus est ad 2æ mensæ ordinem sub tutela M¹ Tourney.'

He was 'matriculated pensioner of Pembroke, March 26,

¹ As before, vol. ii. p. 302.

For his great-brained, stout-hearted, iron-willed Father, the stormy period was congenial: but for his son the atmosphere was mephitic; as the Editor's 'Preface to the Learned Reader,' in his 'character' of him, suggests. Signatures were being put unsolemnly to the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' and as a political not a religious thing, by too many. RICHARD CRASHAW could not do that, and the crash of 'Ejection' came. Here is the rescript from the Register of Peterhouse once more unused hitherto:

'Whereas in pursuite of an ordinance of Parliament for regulating and reforming of the Universitie of Cambridge, I have ejected Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, late fellowes of Peterhouse, in Cambridge. And whereas Mr. Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Edward Sammes, have been examined and approved by the Assembly of Divines now sitting at Westminster, according to the said Ordinance as fitt to be Fellowes: These are therefore to require you, and every of you, to receive the said Charles Hotham, Robert Quarles, Howard Becher, Walter Ellis, Masters of Arts; and Edward Sammes, Bach', as fellowes of your Colledge in room of the said Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Crashaw, Mr. Holder, Mr. Tyringham, formerly ejected, and to give them place according to their seniority in the Universitie, in reference to all those that are or shall hereafter bee putt in by mee accordinge to the Ordinance

¹ I owe very hearty thanks to my good friend Mr. W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the Masters and other authorities of Pembroke and Peterhouse, for unfailing attention to my inquiries and the most zealous aid throughout.

of Parliament aforesaid. Given under my hand and seale the eleaventh day of June anno 1644.

' MANCHESTER.

⁴ To the Master, President, and Fellowes of Peterhouse, in Cambridge. (p. 518.)

'The ejection' of 1644, like that larger one of 1662, brought much sorrow and trial to a number of good and true souls. To one so gentle, shy, self-introspective as CRASHAW, it must have been as the tearing down of a nest to a poor bird. His fellow-sufferers went hither and thither. Our first glimpse of our Worthy after his 'ejection' is in 1646, when the 'Steps to the Temple' and ' Delights of the Muses' appeared, with its Editor's touching saying at the close of his Preface 'now dead to us.' A second edition, with considerable additions, was published in 1648. Previous to 1646 he had 'gone over' to Catholicism; for in the 'Steps' of that year is 'An Apologie' for his 'Hymn'-' In Memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa, that sought an early Martyrdome.' In 1646 it is headed simply 'An Apologie for the precedent Hymne:' in the 'Carmen Deo Nostro' of 1652 it is more fully inscribed 'An Apologie for the foregoing Hymn, as having been writt when the author was yet among the Protestantes.' His two Latin poems, 'Fides quæ sola justificat non est sine spe et dilectione' and ' Baptismus non tollit futura peccata,' were first published in 1648. TURNBULL was either ignorant of their existence or intentionally suppressed them.

Our Worthy did not long remain in England. He retired to France; and his little genial poem on sending 'two green apricocks' to Cowley sheds a gleam of light

on his residence in Paris. Cowley was in the 'gay city' in 1646 as Secretary to Lord Jermyn; and inasmuch as the volume of that year contained his own alternate-poem on 'Hope,' I like to imagine that he carried over a copy of it to CRASHAW, and renewed their old friendship. Cowley, it is told, found our Poet in great poverty: but CAR's verses somewhat lighten the gloom. The 'Secretary' of LORD JERMYN introduced his friend to the Queen of Charles I., who was then a fugitive in Paris. So it usually runs: but CRASHAW had previously 'sung' of and to her Majesty. From the Queen the Poet obtained letters of recommendation to Italy; and from a contemporary notice, hereafter to be used, we learn he became 'Secretary' at Rome to CARDINAL PALOTTA. He appears to have remained in Rome until 1649-50, and by very 'plain speech' on the moralities, that is immoralities, of certain ecclesiastics, to have drawn down on himself Italian jealousy and threats. His 'good' Cardinal provided a place of shelter in the Lady-chapel of Loretto, of which he was made a Canon. But his abode there was very brief; for, by a document sent me from Loretto, I ascertained that he died of fever after a few weeks' residence only, and was buried within the chapel there, in 1650.1 Cowley shed 'melodious tears' over his dear friend, in which he turns to fine account his 'fever' end: and with his priceless tribute, of which Dr. Johnson

¹ My 'document' was an extract from an old Register of the Church. I lent it to the late Mr. ROBERT BELL (who intended to include Crashaw in his 'Poets'), and somehow it got astray. My priest-correspondent at Loretto was dead when I applied for another copy, and the Register has disappeared. Of the fact, however, that Crashaw died in 1650 there can be no doubt.

said, 'In these verses there are beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition,'1—I close for the present our Memoir:

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heav'n,
The hardest, rarest union which can be
Next that of godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched we, Poets of Earth! but thou Wert living, the same Poet which thou'rt now; Whilst angels sing to thee their ayres divine, And joy in an applause so great as thine. Equal society with them to hold, Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old; And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see, How little less than they, exalted man may be.

Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,
The heav nliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell:
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel stand.
And tho' Pan's death long since all or'cles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke;
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
(Vain men!) the monster woman deifie;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What diff'rent faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives, fabulous.

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain

¹ Life of Cowley, in Lives of the Poets.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take
But her whom God Himself scorn'd not His spouse to make:
It (in a kind) her miracle did do,
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death, And made thee render up thy tuneful breath In thy great mistress's arms! Thou most divine, And richest off'ring of Loretto's shrine! Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire, A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire. Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chappel there, And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the air: 'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they, And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent
That angels led him, when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error, sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah! mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief;
Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus, our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right:
And I, myself, a Catholick will be;
So far at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.

Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow On us, the Poets militant below:
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant-love, to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low Earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness;)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)

NOTE.

The title-pages, with collation, of the original and early editions of 'Steps to the Temple' and 'The Delights of the Muses' (1646 to 1670) are here given successively:

1st edition, 1646. (1)

STEPS

TO THE

TEMPLE.

Sacred Poems,

With other Delights of the Muses.

By RICHARD CRASHAW, some-

times of PEMBROKE Hall, and late Fellow of S. Peters Coll, in Cambridge,

Printed and Published according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed by T. W. for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Armes in S' *Pauls* Churchyard. 1646.

(2)

THE

DELIGHTS

OF THE

MUSES.

OR,

Other Poems written on severall occasions.

By RICHARD CRASHAW, sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St Peters Colledge in Cambridge.

Mart. Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas.

London,

Printed by T. W. for H. Moseley, at the Princes Armes in S. Pauls Churchyard, 1646. [12°]

Collation: Title-page; the Preface to the Reader, pp. 6; the Author's Motto and short Note to Reader, pp. 2 [all unpaged]; 'Steps to the Temple,' pp. 99; title-page of 'Delights,' as supra, and pp. 103-138; the Table, pp. 4.

VOL. I.

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STEPS

TO THE

TEMPLE,

Sacred Poems.

With

The Delights of the Muses.

By RICHARD CRASHAW, some-

times of Pembroke Hall, and late fellow of S. Peters Coll. in Cambridge.

The second Edition wherein are added divers pieces not before extant.

LONDON,

Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in S! Pauls Church-yard.

1648. [12°]

The title-page to the 'Delights of the Muses' is exactly the same with that of 1646, except the date '1648.' Collation: Engraved title-page; title-page (printed); the Preface to the Reader and the Author's Motto, pp. 6; 'Steps,' pp. 110; the Table, pp. 4; the 'Delights;' title-page; the Table, pp. 3; Poems, pp. 71.

CARMEN

DEO NOSTRO,

TE DECET HYMNVS

SACRED POEMS,

Collected,

Corrected,

Avgmented,

Most humbly Presented.

To

My Lady

The Covntesse of

DENBIGH

By

Her most deuoted Seruant.

R. C.

In heaty [sic] acknowledgment of his immortall obligation to her Goodnes & Charity.

AT PARIS

By Peter Targa, Printer to the Archbishope ef [sic] Paris, in S. Victors streete at the golden sunne.

M. DC. LII. [8"0]

Collation: Title-page; Verses by Car, pp. 3; Verse-Letter to Countess of Denbigh, pp. 3 [all unpaged]; the Poems, pp. 131. (See our Preface for more on this and preceding and succeeding volumes, and for notice of a separate edition of the Verse-Letter to the Countess of Denbigh.)

4th edition, erroneously designated 2d edition, 1670.

STEPS

то тив

TEMPLE,

THE

DELIGHTS

Of The

Muses,

and

Carmen

Deo Nostro.

By Ric. Crashaw, sometimes Fellow of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters Colledge in Cambridge.

The 2d Edition.

In the Savoy,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringham at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1670. [8^{ro}]

Collation: Engraving of a 'Temple;' title-page; the Preface to the Reader and the Author's Motto, pp. 8; the Table, pp. 6 [all unpaged]; 'Steps,' pp. 77; 'Delights,' pp. 81-137; 'Carmen Deo Nostro, Te Decet Hymnvs,' pp. 141-208. For later editions see our Preface, as before, and for details on all, early and recent, and Manuscripts; and also our Memorial-Introduction and Essay. The 'Preface' of 1646 was reprinted in 1648 without change, save a few slight orthographical differences, and these: p. xlvi. line 3, 'their' for 'its dearest:' p. xlvii. line 1, 'subburd' for 'suburb:' and ibid. line 19, 'then' for 'than:' 1648 our text. It follows this Note in its own place. G.



STEPS TO THE TEMPLE, &c.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

LEARNED READER,

The Author's friend will not usurpe much upon thy eye: This is onely for those whom the name of our divine Poet hath not yet seized¹ into admiration. I dare undertake that what Jamblicus² (in vita Pythagoræ) affirmeth of his Master, at his contemplations, these Poems can, viz. They shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground: and, as in Pythagoras Schoole, every temper was first tuned into a height by severall proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd for one of his weighty lectures; so maist thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soule by it, into a heavenly pitch; and thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these Poems thou maist talke freely of God, and of that other state.

Here's Herbert's second, but equall, who hath retriv'd Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its primitive use; let

- 1 Query, the legal term 'seized' = taken possession of? So Vaughan, Silurist,
 - 'O give it ful obedience, that so seiz'd Of all I have, I may not move thy wrath' (i. 154),

and 'Thou so long seix'd of my heart' (ib. p. 289). G.

- Iamblichus, the celebrated Neo-Platonic philosopher, author of τιςὶ Πυθαγάςου αἰςἀστως, concerning the Philosophy of Pythagoras. G.
 Cf. poem on Lessius, lines 18 and 38. G.
- ⁴ See our Memorial-Introduction and Essay, for remarks on HERBERT'S relation to CRASHAW. G.

it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came. Thinke yee St. Augustine would have steyned his graver learning with a booke of Poetry, had he fancied its dearest end to be the vanity of love-sonnets and epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a high-borne verse, might helpe to measure the soule into that better world. Divine Poetry, I dare hold it in position, against Suarez on the subject, to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of phantasie and discourse center'd in Heaven; 'tis the very out-goings of the soule; 'tis what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his owne verse.

It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface those under-headed Poets, retainers to seven shares and a halfe; madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse,

^{1 &#}x27;Seven shares and a halfe.' The same phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's Poetaster. The player whom Captain Tucca bullied and fleeced, was one of Henslowe's company, as shown by Tucca's stinging taunt that they had 'fortune and the good year on their side;' the facts being that the Fortune theatre had just been built, and that the year had been an exceptionally bad one with the hitherto prosperous players. To call attention tacitly to the allusion 'fortune' is, in the original editions, printed in italics. Various other players having been mimicked, ridicaled, and reviled, Tucca then bids farewell to his new acquaintance with—'commend me to seven shares and a half;' a remark which by its position seems to point to the chief men of the company. But a great part of the office of a manager like Henslowe was, as exhibited in Henslowe's own Diary, just such as is depreciatingly described in our text. He had various dramatic authors, poetasters, and others in his pay and debt. Hence as the Poetaster was written in 1601, and this preface in 1646, it may be concluded, that 'seven shares and a half was the established proportion taken by, and therefore a theatrical cant name for, the Manager. It follows also that as the Player was one of Henslowe's company, the seven shares and a half alluded to by Jonson was Henslowe himself, from whom he had seceded, and with whom he had probably quarrelled. The question, however, yet remains open, whether seven shares and a half was the proportion received by a manager, or that taken by a proprietor-manager, such as Henslowe was. Malone has conjectured that Henslowe drew fifteen shares; if so, the other seven and a half may have been as rent, and out of one of the two halves may have come the general expenses of the house. G.

is to rime a poore six-penny soule, a suburb-sinner¹ into Hell:—May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous² heats and flashes of their adulterate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better roome of man. Oh! when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore Homer, VIRGIL, HORACE, CLAUDIAN, &c.? who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant genius, upon bees, dung, froggs, and gnats, &c., and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine graces, martyrs and angels.

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life, in St. Marie's Church neere St. Peter's Colledge: there he lodged under Tertullian's roofe of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow neere the house of God, where like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these Poems, steps for happy soules to climbe heaven by. And those other of his pieces, intituled The Delights of the Muses, (though of a more humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow, are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him: he was excellent in five languages (besides his mother tongue), vid. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little helpe in, they were of his own acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in accademick (as well pious as harmlesse arts) he made his skill in Poetry, Musick, Drawing, Limming, Graving (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient

^{1 &#}x27;Sixpenny soule, a suburb sinner.' This was the ordinary town courtesan, who, eschewing the penny and twopenny rabble of the pit and gallery, frequented the cheapest of the better-class seats, or main body of the house. G.

2 = swollen. G.

recreations for vacant houres, not the grand businesse of his soule.

To the former qualifications I might adde that which would crowne them all, his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance1); he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor (with our Canary scribblers2) cast any strange mists of surfets before the intellectuall beames of his mind or memory, the latter of which he was so much a master of, that he had there under locke and key in readinesse, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latine poets, some of which Authors hee had more at his command by heart, than others that onely read their works, to retaine little, and understand lesse.

Enough Reader, I intend not a volume of praises larger than his booke, nor need I longer transport thee to think over his vast perfections: I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this learned young Gent. (now dead to us) as he himselfe doth, with the last line of his poem upon Bishop Andrews' picture before his Sermons: Verte paginas,

'Look on his following leaves, and see him breath.'3

THE AUTHOR'S MOTTO.

Live Iesus, live, and let it bee My life, to dye for love of Thee.

^{1 =} as taught by Lessius, whose praise Crashaw sang. See the Poem in its place in the 'Delights,' G.
2 = drinkers of Canary (wine)? G.
3 On the authorship of this Preface see our Preface. G.

Sacred Poetry.

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STEPS TO THE TEMPLE (1648),

AND

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO &c. (1652).

VOL. I.

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Sacred Poetry.

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STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

(1648),

AND

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO &c.

(1652).

VOL. I.

В

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SAINTE MARY MAGDALENE, OR THE WEEPER.1



Los! where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes conspire. Is she a flaming fountain, or a weeping fire?

THE WEEPER.2

ı.

Hail, sister springs!

Parents of syluer-footed rills!

Euer-bubling things!

Thawing crystall! snowy hills

Still spending, neuer spent! I mean

Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

¹ This couplet appeared first in 1648 edition of the 'Steps to the Temple;' but it properly belongs to the engraving in 'Carmen Deo Nostro' of 1652, which is reproduced in our illustrated 4to edition. G.

2 'The Weeper' appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 1-5): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 1-6), 1652 (pp. 85-92), 1670 (pp. 1-5). For reasons stated in our Preface, our text follows that of 1652; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem for details of various readings, &c. &c., and our Essay for critical remarks on it from Pope to Dr. Grorge Macdonald, G.

11.

Heauens thy fair eyes be;
Heauens of euer-falling starres.
'Tis seed-time still with thee;
And starres thou sow'st, whose haruest dares 10
Promise the Earth, to counter-shine
Whateuer makes heaun's forehead fine.

ш.

But we' are deceiued all:

Starres indeed they are too true;

For they but seem to fall,

As heaun's other spangles doe:

It is not for our Earth and vs

To shine in things so pretious.

IV.

Vpwards thou dost weep:

Heaun's bosome drinks the gentle stream. 20
Where th' milky rivers creep,
Thine floates above, and is the cream.

Waters above th' heauns, what they be
We' are taught best by thy teares and thee.

v.

Euery morn from hence, 25
A brisk cherub something sippes,
Whose sacred influence
Addes sweetnes to his sweetest lippes;

5

Then to his musick; and his song
Tasts of this breakfast all day long.

VI.

When some new bright guest
Takes vp among the starres a room,
And Heaun will make a feast:
Angels with crystall violls come phials
And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their Master's water, their own wine.

VII.

The deaw no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
The deaw no more will sleep
Nuzzel'd in the lilly's neck;
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leave them both to tremble here.

VIII.

Not the soft gold which
Steales from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes Sorrow halfe so rich
As the drops distil'd from thee.
Sorrowe's best iewels lye in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keyes.

IX.

When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty: 50

(For she is a Queen):

Then is she drest by none but thee. Then, and only then, she weares Her proudest pearles: I mean, thy teares.

x

Not in the Euening's eyes,

When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dyes;
Sitts Sorrow with a face so fair.

Nowhere but here did ever meet

Sweetnesse so sad, sadnesse so sweet.

XI.

Sadnesse all the while

Shee sits in such a throne as this,

Can doe nought but smile,

Nor beleeves she Sadnesse is:

Gladnesse it selfe would be more glad,

To bee made soe sweetly sad.

XII.

There's no need at all,

That the balsom-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His med'cinable teares; for now
Nature hath learnt to' extract a deaw
More soueraign and sweet, from you.

XIII.

Yet let the poore drops weep
(Weeping is the ease of Woe):
Softly let them creep, 75
Sad that they are vanquish't so.
They, though to others no releife,
Balsom may be for their own greife.

XIV.

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmures though.

Were his way by thee,
Content and quiet he would goe;
Soe much more rich would he esteem
Thy syluer, then his golden stream.

XV.

Well does the May that lyes
Smiling in thy cheeks, confesse
The April in thine eyes;
Mutuall sweetnesse they expresse.
No April ere lent kinder showres,
Nor May return'd more faithfull flowres.

XVI.

O cheeks! Bedds of chast loues, By your own showres seasonably dash't. Eyes! Nests of milky doues, In your own wells decently washt. O wit of Loue! that thus could place Fountain and garden in one fage.

95

XVII.

O sweet contest! of woes
With loues; of teares with smiles disputing!
O fair and freindly foes,
Each other kissing and confuting!
100
While rain and sunshine, cheekes and eyes
Close in kind contrarietyes.

XVIII.

But can these fair flouds be
Freinds with the bosom-fires that fill thee!
Can so great flames agree 105
Æternal teares should thus distill thee!
O flouds! O fires! O suns! O showres!
Mixt and made freinds by Loue's sweet powres.

XIX.

'Twas his well-pointed dart
That digg'd these wells, and drest this wine; 110
And taught the wounded heart
The way into these weeping eyn.
Vain loues auant! bold hands forbear!
The Lamb hath dipp't His white foot here.

XX.

And now where'ere He strayes,
Among the Galilean mountaines,

١,

SAISTE MART MAGALETE

Or more viewellerone wayer.

He's follow'd by two faithful, formation.

Two walking baths, two weeping monome,

Portable, and compendations recens.

z z:.

: 2%

3.

O them, tay Lief's his size.

In thy so sich and size expenses.

Even when He show t most proc.

He might promise the weath of princes.

What prince's winter a prite sor could.

While with spines, who will post.

::

Who what And our EWho calls The crown is to call there
That the can bear to be
Wansi in the wanting time

**Tunination into the common time

Warn, where our common time English

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XXIV.

Does the day-starre rise?
Still thy teares doe fall and fall.

Does Day close his eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.

Let Night or Day doe what they will,
Thou hast thy task: thou weepest still.

XXV.

Does thy song lull the air?

Thy falling teares keep faithfull time.

Does thy sweet-breath'd praire

Vp in clouds of incense climb?

Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,

A bead, that is, a tear, does drop.

xxvi.

At these thy weeping gates
(Watching their watry motion),
Each wingèd moment waits:
Takes his tear, and gets him gone.
By thine ey's tinct enobled thus,

Time layes him vp; he's pretious.

xxvii.

Time, as by thee He passes,
Makes thy ever-watry eyes
His hower-glasses.
By them His steps He rectifies.

The sands He us'd, no longer please, For His owne sands Hee'l use thy seas.

XXVIII.

Not, 'so long she liued,'
Shall thy tomb report of thee;
But, 'so long she grieued:'
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by moments, months, and yeares
Measure their ages; thou, by teares.

XXIX.

So doe perfumes expire,
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest
170
With proud vnpittying fire.
Such teares the suffring rose, that's vext
With vngentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

xxx.

Say, ye bright brothers, 175
The fugitiue sons of those fair eyes,
Your fruitfull mothers!
What make you here? what hopes can 'tice
You to be born? what cause can borrow
You from those nests of noble sorrow? 180

XXXI.

Whither away so fast? For sure the sluttish earth

Your sweetnes cannot tast,

Nor does the dust deserve your birth.

Sweet, whither hast you then? O say

185

Why you trip so fast away?

XXXII.

We goe not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.

Though the feild's eyes too Weepers be,
Because they want such teares as we.

XXXIII.

Much lesse mean we to trace
The fortune of inferior gemmes,
Preferr'd to some proud face,
Or pertch't vpon fear'd diadems:
Crown'd heads are toyes. We goe to meet
A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

With some shortcomings—superficial rather than substantive—'The Weeper' is a lovely poem, and well deserves its place of honour at the commencement of the 'Steps to the Temple,' as in editions of 1646, 1648, and 1670. Accordingly we have spent the utmost pains on our text of it, taking for basis that of 1652. The various readings of the different editions and of the Sancroff Ms. are given below for the capable student of the ultimate perfected form. I have not hesitated

to correct several misprints of the text of 1652 from the earlier editions.

The present poem appears very imperfectly in the first edition (1646), consisting there of only twenty-three stanzas instead of thirty-three (and so too in 1670 edition). The stanzas that are not given therein are xvi. to xxix. (on the last see onward). But on the other hand, exclusive of interesting variations, the text of 1646 supplies two entire stanzas (xi. and xxvii.) dropped out in the editions of 1648 and 1652, though both are in 1670 edition and in the Sancroff Ms. Moreover I accept the succession of the stanzas in 1646, so far as it goes, confirmed as it is by the SANCROFT MS. A third stanza in 1652 edition (st. xi. there) as also in 1648 edition, I omit, as it belongs self-revealingly to 'The Teare,' and interrupts the metaphor in 'The Weeper.' Another stanza (xxix.) might seem to demand excision also, as it is in part repeated in 'The Teare;' but the new lines are dainty and would be a loss to 'The Weeper.' Our text therefore is that of 1652, as before, with restorations from 1646. The form of the stanza in the editions of 1646, 1648 and

In 1652 from stanza xv. (there) to end,

but I have made all uniform, and agreeably to above of 1652.

I would now submit variations, illustrations and corrections,

under the successive stanzas and lines.

Couplet on the engraving of 'The Weeper.' In 1652 'Sainte' is misprinted 'Sanite,' one of a number that remind us that the

volume was printed in Paris, not London. In all the other editions the heading 'Sainte Mary Magdalene' is omitted.

St. i. line 2. 1646, 148 and 1670 editions read 'silver-forded.' Were it only for the reading of the text of 1652 'silver-footed,' I should have been thankful for it; and I accept it the more readily in that the SANCROFT MS. from Crashaw's own copy, also reads 'silver-footed.' The Homeric compound epithet occurs in Herrick contemporarily in his Hesperides,

'I send, I send here my supremest kiss To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis'

[that is, the river Thames]. WILLIAM BROWNE earlier, has 'faire silver-footed Thetis' (Works by Hazlitt, i. p. 188). Cf. also the first line of the Elegy on Dr. Porter in our 'Airelles'—printed for the first time by us: 'Stay silver-footed Came.'

With reference to the long-accepted reading 'silver-forded,' the epithet is loosely used not for in the state of being forded, but for in a state to be forded, or fordable, and hence shallow. The thought is not quite the same as that intended to be conveyed by such a phrase as 'silver stream of Thames,' but pictures the bright, pellucid, silvery whiteness of a clear mountain rill. As silver shallow—a meaning which, as has been said, cannot be fairly obtained from it—can it alone be taken as a double epithet. In any other sense the hyphen is only an attempt to connect two qualities which refuse to be connected. All difficulty and obscurity are removed by 'silver-footed.'

St. iii. line 1. The 'we' 'may be = wee, as printed in 1646, but in 1648 it is 'we are,' and in 1670 'we're,' and in the last, line 2, 'they're.' The Sancroff ms. in line 2, reads 'they are indeed' for 'indeed they are.'

St. iv. line 4, 1646 and 1670 have 'crawles' and 'crawls' respectively, for 'floates,' as in 1648 and our text. The Sancroff Ms. also reads 'crawles.' In line 3, 1646 and 1670 'meet' is inadvertently substituted for 'creep.'

Lines 5 and 6, 1646 and 1670 read

'Heaven, of such faire floods as this, Heaven the christall ocean is.'

So too the Sanchoff Ms., save that for 'this' it has 'these.'

St. v. line 2. 'Brisk' is = active, nimble. So—and something more—SHAKESPEARE: 'he made me mad, to see him shine so brisk' (1 Henry IV. 3).

Line 3. 1646, 1670 and SANCROFT MS. read 'soft' for 'sacred' of 1652 and 1648,

Line 6, 'Breakfast.' See our Essay on this and similar homely words, with parallels. 1648 reads 'his' for 'this breakfast.'

St. vi. line 4, 'violls'= 'phials' or small bottles. The reading in 1646 and 1670 is 'Angels with their bottles come.' So also in the Sancbort Ms.

St. vii. line 4. 'Nuzzeld'= nestled or nourished. In quaint old Dr. Worship's Sermons, we have 'dew cruzzle on his cheek' (p. 91).

Lines 1 and 3, 'deaw'= 'dew.' This was the contemporary spelling, as it was long before in Sir John Davies, the Fletchers and others in our Fuller Worthies' Library, s. v.

Lines 5 and 6. 1646, 1670 and SANCROFT MS. read

'Much rather would it tremble heere And leave them both to bee thy teare.'

1648 is as our text (1652).

St. ix. A hasty reader may judge this stanza to have been displaced by the xith, but a closer examination reveals a new vein (so-to-say) of the thought. It is characteristic of Crashaw to give a first-sketch, and afterwards fill in other details to complete the scene or portraiture.

St. xi. Restored from 1646.

St. xii. line 1. 1646, 1648 and 1670 read 'There is.'
Line 4, 'med'cinable teares.' So Shakespeare (nearly):
'their medicinal gum' (Othello, v. 2).

St. xiii. line 2. 1646 and 1670 unhappily misprint 'case;' and Turnbull passed the deplorable blunder and perpetuated it.

Line 5. Our text (1652) misprints 'draw' for 'deaw' = dew,

as before.

Line 6. 1646 and 1670 read 'May balsame.'

St. xiv. line 3. 1646 and 1670 read

' Might he flow from thee.'

TURNBULL misses the rhythmical play in the first and second 'though,' and punctuates the second so as to read with next line. I make a full-stop as in the Sancroft Ms.

Line 4, ib. read

'Content and quiet would he goe.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

Line 5, ib. read

'Richer far does he estceme.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. xv. lines 5 and 6, ib. read

'No April e're lent softer showres, Nor May returnèd fairer flowers.'

'Faithful' looks deeper: but the Sancroff Ms. agrees with '46 and '70.

St. xvii. line 2, in 1648 misreads

'With loves and tears, and smils disputing.'

TURNBULL, without the slightest authority, seeing not even in 1670 are the readings found, has thus printed lines 2 and 4, 'With loves, of tears with smiles disporting'...' Each other kissing and comforting'!!

St. xviii. line 2 in 1648 mis-reads

'Friends with the balsome fires that fill thee.'

The 'balsome' is an evident misprint, but 'thee' is preferable to 'fill you' of our text (1652), and hence I have adopted it.

Line 3 in 1648 reads

'Cause great flames agree.'

St. xix. line 8, 1648, reads 'that' for 'the.'

Line 4, ib. 'those' for 'these.'

Line 6. cf. Revelations xiv. 5, 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.'

St. xxi. line 6. 'wipe with gold,' refers to Mary Magdalene's golden tresses, as also in st. xxii. 'a voluntary mint.'

Line 4. 'prouoke'=challenge.

St. xxii. line 2. Curiously enough, 1648 edition leaves a blank where we read 'calls 't' as in our text (1652). Turnbull prints 'call'st,' but that makes nonsense. It is calls 't as = calls it. So too the Sancroft Ms. Probably the copy for 1648 was illegible.

SAINTE MARY MAGDALENE.

St. xxiv. line 1. 1646 and 1670 read

' Does the Night arise?'

Line 2. Our text (1652) misprints 'starres' for 'teares' of 1646, 1648 and 1670.

Line 3. 1646 and 1670 read

' Does Night loose her eyes ?'

The SANCROFT MS. reads line 139 'Does the Night arise?' and line 141, 'Does Niget loose her eyes?'

St. xxv. line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Thy teares' just cadence still keeps time.'

So the Sancboff Ms.

Line 3. Our text (1652) misprints 'paire' for 'praire.' 'Sweet-breath'd' should probably be pronounced as the adjectival of the substantive, not as the participle of the verb.

Line 6. 1646, 1648 and 1670 read 'doth' for 'does.'

St. xxvi. lines 1 and 2, 1646 and 1670 read

'Thus dost thou melt the yeare Into a weeping motion. Each minute waiteth heere.'

So the SANCBOFT MS.

St. xxvii. Restored from 1646 edition. The Sancroft Ms. in line 168 miswrites 'teares.'

St. xxviii. line 5. reads in 1646 and 1670

'Others by dayes, by monthes, by yeares.'

So also the Sancroff Ms., wherein this st. follows our st. xv.

St. xxix. line 3. Our text (1652) misprints 'fires' for 'fire' of 1648.

St. xxx. line 1. Our text (1652) misprints 'Say the bright brothers.' 1646 and 1670 read 'Say watry Brothers.' So Sancroff Ms. 1648 gives 'ye,' which I have adopted. The misprint of 'the' in 1652 originated doubtless in the printer's reading 'ye,' the usual mode of writing 'the.'

Line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'Yee simpering'

So the SANCBOFT MS.

Line 3, ib. 'fertile' for 'fruitfull.'

Line 4, ib. 'What hath our world that can entice.' So the SANCROFT MS.

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Lines 5 and 6, ib.

'what is't can borrow.'
You from her eyes, swolne wombes of sorrow.'

So the SANCBOFT MS.

St. xxxi. line 2. 1646 and 1670 read

'O whither? for the sluttish Earth:'

and I accept 'sluttish' for 'sordid,' which is also confirmed by Sancroft Ms.

Line 4, ib. 'your' for 'their;' and as this is also the reading of 1648 and SANCROFT MS., I have accepted it.

Line 5. 1646 and 1670 omit 'Sweet.'

Line 6, ib. read 'yee' for 'you.'

St. xxxii. and xxxiii. In 1646 and 1670 these two stanzas are thrown into one, viz. 23 (there), which consists of the first four lines of xxxii. and the two closing lines of xxxiii. as follows.

'No such thing; we goe to meet A worthier object, our Lord's feet.'

In the Sancroff ms. also, and reads as last line 'A worthy object, our Lord Jesus feet.' On the closing lines of st. xxxii. cf. Sospetto d'Herode, st. xlviii.

I have not thought it needful, either in these Notes or hereafter, to record the somewhat arbitrary variations of mere orthography in the different editions, as 'haile' for 'hail,' 'syluer' for 'silver,' 'hee' for 'he,' and the like. But I trust it will be found that no different wording has escaped record. G.



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SACRED



SANCTA MARIA DOLORYM.



SANCTA MARIA DOLORVM, OR THE MOTHER OF SORROWS.

A patheticall Descant vpon the devout Plainsong of Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

ı.

In shade of Death's sad tree
Stood dolefull shee.

Ah she! now by none other

Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.

Before her eyes, 5

Her's, and the whole World's ioyes,

Hanging all torn she sees; and in His woes

And paines, her pangs and throes:

Each wound of His, from euery part,

All, more at home in her one heart. 10

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 7-9): reprinted in 1652 and 1670. As before, our text is that of 1652 (pp. 55-61); but see Notes and Illustrations at close. The illustration, engraved by MESAGER, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. G.

II.

What kind of marble, than,
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such noble sorrowes company?
Sure eu'en from you
(My flints) some drops are due,
To see so many unkind swords contest
So fast for one soft brest:
While with a faithfull, mutuall floud,
Her eyes bleed teares, His wounds weep blood.

III.

O costly intercourse
Of deaths, and worse—
Diuided loues. While Son and mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another,
Quick deaths that grow 25
And gather, as they come and goe:
His nailes write swords in her, which soon her heart
Payes back, with more then their own smart.
Her swords, still growing with His pain,
Turn speares, and straight come home again. 30

ıv. ·

She sees her Son, her God, Bow with a load

SANCTA MARIA DOLORVM.	21
Of borrow'd sins; and swimme	
In woes that were not made for Him.	
Ah! hard command	35
Of loue! Here must she stand,	
Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast ey	
See her life dy:	
Leauing her only so much breath	
As serues to keep aliue her death.	40
v.	
O mother turtle-doue!	
Soft sourse of loue!	
That these dry lidds might borrow	
Somthing from thy full seas of sorrow!	
O in that brest	45
Of thine (the noblest nest	
Both of Loue's fires and flouds) might I recline	9
This hard, cold heart of mine!	
The chill lump would relent, and proue	
Soft subject for the seige of Loue.	50
VI.	
O teach those wounds to bleed	
In me; me, so to read	
This book of loues, thus writ	
In lines of death, my life may coppy it	
With loyall cares.	55
O let me, here, claim shares!	

Yeild somthing in thy sad prærogatiue
(Great queen of greifes), and giue
Me, too, my teares; who, though all stone,
Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone.

VII.

Yea, let my life and me
Fix here with thee,
And at the humble foot
Of this fair tree, take our eternall root.

That so we may

65

75

60

At least be in Loue's way;

And in these chast warres, while the wing'd wounds flee
So fast 'twixt Him and thee,
My brest may catch the kisse of some kind dart,
Though as at second hand, from either heart.

VIII.

O you, your own best darts,
Dear, dolefull hearts!
Hail! and strike home, and make me see
That wounded bosomes their own weapons be.
Come wounds! come darts!

Nail'd hands! and peircèd hearts!

Come your whole selues, Sorrow's great Son and mother!

Nor grudge a yonger brother

Of greifes his portion, who (had all their due)

One single wound should not have left for you.

IX.

Shall I, sett there
So deep a share
(Dear wounds), and onely now
In sorrows draw no dinidend with you?
O be more wise,
If not more soft, mine eyes!
Flow, tardy founts! and into decent shownes
Dinolne my dayes and howres.
And if thou yet (faint soul!) desert
To bleed with Him, fail not to weep with her.

Rich queen, lead some relaife;
At least an almos of greif
To' a heart who by and right of sin
Could prove the whole summe (no sure) due to him.
By all those stings
Of Lone, sweet-hitter things.
Which these some inside temporally is in they term heart.
O teach mine not the art
To study Him so, till we mix
Wounds, and become one trucitie.

Ľ

O let no stell the vide In lage if this close The Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be A lost thing to the world, as it to me.

O faithfull freind

105

Of me and of my end!

Fold vp my life in loue; and lay't beneath

My dear Lord's vitall death.

Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! her pretious breath Pour'd out in prayrs for thee; thy Lord's in death. 110

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. i. line 10. In 1648 the reading is

'Are more at home in her Owne heart.'

In 1670 'All, more at home in her own heart.' I think 'all' and 'one' of our text (1652) preferable. There is a world of pathos in the latter. Cf. st. ii. line 8.

St. ii. line 1. On the change of orthography for rhyme, see our Phineas Fletcher, vol. ii. 206; and our Lord Brooke, Vaughan, &c. &c., show 'then' and 'than' used as in Crashaw.

St. vi. line 3. In 1648 the reading is 'love;' 1670 as our text (1652). The plural includes the twofold love of Son and mother.

Line 7, ib. 'to' for 'in.'

Line 9, ib. 'Oh give' at commencement. 1670, 'to' for

St. vii. and viii. These two stanzas do not appear in 1648 edition, but appear in 1670.

St. vii. line 4. By 'tree' the Cross is meant. Cf. st. i. line 1.

St. ix. line 1. 1648 edition supplies the two words required by the measure of the other stanzas, 'in sins.' They are dropped inadvertently in 1652 and 1670. Turnbull failed as usual to detect the omission.

Line 4. 1648 spells 'Divident.'

Lines 5 and 6. I have accepted correction of our text (1652) from 1648 edition, in line 6, of 'If' for 'Is,' which is also the reading of 1670. 1648 substitutes 'just' for 'soft;' but 1670 does not adopt it, nor can I.

St. x. line 1. 1648 reads 'Lend, O lend some reliefe.'

Line 9 reads 'To studie thee so.'

St. xi. line 3, ib. reads 'thy' for 'the.'

Line 8, ib. reads 'Thy deare lost vitall death.'

Line 10. I have adopted from 1648 'in thy Lord's death' for 'thy lord's in death' of our text (1652).

Turnbull has some sad misprints in this poem: e.g. st. ii. line 4, 'sorrow's' for 'sorrows;' st. iii. line 2, 'death's' for 'deaths;' st. vi. line 9, 'Me to' for 'Me, too;' st. x. line 2, 'in' for 'an,' and line 3, 'a' mis-inserted before 'sad.' Except in the 'Me to' of st. vi., he had not even the poor excuse of following the text of 1670. G.

THE TEARE.

1.

What bright-soft thing is this,

Sweet Mary, thy faire eyes' expence?

A moist sparke it is,

A watry diamond; from whence

The very tearme, I think, was found,

The water of a diamond.

5

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 6-7): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 9-11) and 1670 editions. As it does not appear in 'Carmen Deo Nostro,' &c. (1652), our text follows that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

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II.

O, 'tis not a teare:

'Tis a star about to dropp

From thine eye, its spheare;

The sun will stoope and take it up:

Proud will his sister be, to weare

This thine eyes' iewell in her eare.

III.

O, 'tis a teare,
Too true a teare; for no sad eyne,
How sad so 'ere,
Raine so true a teare, as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so deare,
Weeps for it self; is its owne teare.

ıv.

Such a pearle as this is,

Slipt from Aurora's dewy brest—

The rose-bud's sweet lipp kisses;

And such the rose it self that's vext

With ungentle flames, does shed,

Sweating in a too warm bed.

v.

Such the maiden gem, 25

By the purpling vine put on,

Peeps from her parent stem,

And blushes on the bridegroom sun;

•					
THE TEARE.					
The watry blossome of thy eyne					
Ripe, will make the richer wine.	30				
vı.					
Faire drop, why quak'st thou so?					
'Cause thou streight must lay thy head					
In the dust? O, no!					
The dust shall never be thy bed:					
A pillow for thee will I bring,	35				
Stuft with downe of angel's wing.					
VII.					
Thus carried up on high					
(For to Heaven thou must goe),					
Sweetly shalt thou lye,					
And in soft slumbers bath thy woe,	40				
Till the singing orbes awake thee,					
And one of their bright chorus make thee.					
VIII.					

Whether th' had'st rather there have shone

45

There thy selfe shalt bee
An eye, but not a weeping one;
Yet I doubt of thee,

An eye of heaven; or still shine here, In the heaven of Marie's eye, a TEARE.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

It is to be re-noted that st. v. is identical in all save 'watry' for 'bridegroom' with st. xi. of 'The Weeper' as given in text of 1652, and that st. iv. has two lines from st. xxix. of the same poem. Neither of these stanzas appear in 'The Weeper' of 1646. As stated in relative foot-note, I have withdrawn the former from 'The Weeper.' We may be sure it was inadvertently inserted in 1652, seeing that the very next stanza closes with the same word 'wine' as in it: a fault which our Poet never could have passed. It is to be noticed too that 'The Teare' did not appear in the edition of 1652. By transferring the stanza to 'The Teare' as in 1646, 1648 and 1670 editions, a blemish is removed from 'The Weeper,' while in 'The Teare' it is a vivid addition. The 'such' of line 1 links it naturally on to st. iv. with its 'such.'

Our text follows that of 1648 except in st. v. line 4, where I adopt the reading of 1652 in 'The Weeper' (there st. xi.) of 'bridegroom' (misprinted 'bridegrooms') for 'watry,' and that I correct in st. vii. line 6, the misprint 'the' for 'thee,'-the latter being found in 1646 and 1670. With reference to st. v. again, in line 5 in 'The Weeper' of 1648 the reading is 'balsome' for 'blossom.' The 'ripe' of line 6 settles (I think) that 'blossom' is the right word, as the ripe blossom is=the grape, to the rich lucent-white drops of which the Weeper's tears are likened. 'Balsome' doesn't make wine. I have adopted from st. xi, of 'The Weeper' of 1652 the reading 'the purpling vine' for 'the wanton Spring' of 1646, 1648 and 1670. The SANCBOFT MS. in st. i. line 2, reads 'expends' for 'expence;' st. iv. line 4, 'that's' for 'when;' st. v. line 4, 'manly sunne' for 'bridegroome,' and line 5, 'thine' for 'thy;' st. viii. line 6, 'I' th'' for 'In th'.' G.



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Tradidit Semetpeum pro nobis oblationem et hosham Deo in odorem Suauitatis. ad Ephe s



THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSSE.1

Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem et hostiam Deo in odorem suauitatis. Ad Ephe. v. 2.

THE HOWRES.

. For the Hove of Matines.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsory.

Defend us from our foes and Thine.

- V. Thou shalt open my lippes, O Lord.
- R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy prayse.
- V. O God, make speed to saue me.
- R. O Lord, make hast to help me.

1 Most of 'The Office of the Holy Crosse' appeared in the 'Steps' of 1648, but in a fragmentary form. First came a piece 'Upon our B. Saviour's Passion,' which included all the Hymns. Then 'the Antiphona,' which was the last so called here; then 'the Recommendation of the precedent Hymn;' then 'a Prayer;' and lastly, 'Christ's Victory,' including three other of the verses, called 'the Antiphona.' Our text is from 'Carmen Deo Nostro' &c. of 1652, as before (pp. 31-48)—the engraving in which is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this composition. G.

Glory be to the FATHER,
and to the Son,
and to the H[oly] GHOST.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and euer 10
shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE HYMN.

The wakefull Matines hast to sing
The unknown sorrows of our King:
The Father's Word and Wisdom, made
Man for man, by man's betraid;
The World's price sett to sale, and by the bold
Merchants of Death and Sin, is bought and sold:
Of His best freinds (yea of Himself) forsaken;
By His worst foes (because He would) beseig'd and
taken.

The Antiphona.

All hail, fair tree, 20
Whose fruit.we be!
What song shall raise
Thy seemly praise,
Who broughtst to light
Life out of death, Day out of Night! 25

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lame! and bow thus low before Thee:

The Responsor.

'Cause, by the couenant of Thy crosse, Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord IESV-CHRIST, Son of the living God! 30 interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death, Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy; vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy 35 Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and glory euerlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

FOR THE HOUR OF PRIME.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

- V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
- R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
- V. O God, make speed to save me.
- R. O Lord, make hast to help me.

45

- V. Glory be to, &c.
- R. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

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60

The early Prime blushes to say
She could not rise so soon, as they
Call'd Pilat vp; to try if he
Could lend them any cruelty.
Their hands with lashes arm'd.

Their hands with lashes arm'd, their toungs with lyes

And loathsom spittle, blott those beauteous eyes,
The blissfull springs of ioy; from whose all-chearing ray

The fair starrs fill their wakefull fires, the sun himself drinks day.

The Antiphona.

Victorious sign
That now dost shine,
Transcrib'd aboue
Into the land of light and loue;

O let vs twine
Our rootes with thine,
That we may rise
Vpon thy wings, and reach the skyes.

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and fall 65
Thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

The Prayer.

O LORD IESV-CHRIST, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death, 70 Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy indgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy; wnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, 75 life and glory euerlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

THE THIRD.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign,

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

80

- V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
- R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
- V. O God, make speed to save me.
- R. O Lord, make hast to help me.
- V. Glory be to, &c.

R. As it was in the, &c.

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F

THE HYMN.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry
Of crucify Him, crucify.
So goes the vote (nor ask them, why?),
Liue Barabbas! and let God dy.

But there is witt in wrath, and they will try
A hail more cruell then their crucify.
For while in sport He weares a spitofull crown
The serious showres along His decent Face run
sadly down.

The Antiphona.

Christ when He dy'd

Deceiu'd the Crosse;

And on Death's side

Threw all the losse.

The captiue World awak't and found

The prisoners loose, the iaylor bound. 100

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb, and fall
Thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse. 105

The Prayer.

O Lord IESV-CHRIST, Son of the liuing God! interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death, Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy; 110 vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who liuest and reignest with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

THE SIXT.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

- V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
- R. And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.
- V. O God, make speed to save me!
- R. O Lord, make hast to help me!
- V. Glory be to, &c.
- R. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

Now is the noon of Sorrow's night: High in His patience, as their spite,

125

Lo, the faint Lamb, with weary limb

Beares that huge tree which must bear Him!

That fatall plant, so great of fame

For fruit of sorrow and of shame,

Shall swell with both, for Him, and mix

All woes into one crucifix.

Is tortur'd thirst itselfe too sweet a cup?

Gall, and more bitter mocks, shall make it vp.

Are nailes, blunt pens of superficiall smart?

Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to

search the inmost heart.

The Antiphona.

O deare and sweet dispute 'Twixt Death's and Loue's farr different fruit! Different as farr

As antidotes and poysons are.

By that first fatall tree

Both life and liberty

Were sold and slain;

. 140

145

By this they both look vp, and liue again.

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse, Thou hast sau'd the World from certain losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord IBSV-CHRIST, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death, Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy 150 iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy; vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and glory euerlasting. Who livest and reignest 155 with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

THE NINTH.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign,

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

- V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
- R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
- V. O God, make speed to save me!
- R. O Lord, make hast to help me!
- V. Glory be to, &c.
- R. As it was in the, &c.

165

160

THE HYMN.

The ninth with awfull horror hearkened to those groanes Which taught attention eu'n to rocks and stones. Hear, Father, hear! Thy Lamb (at last) complaines
Of some more painfull thing then all His paines.
Then bowes His all-obedient head, and dyes
170
His own lou's and our sins' GREAT SACRIFICE.
The sun saw that, and would have seen no more;
The center shook: her vselesse veil th' inglorious
Temple tore.

The Antiphona.

O strange, mysterious strife
Of open Death and hidden Life!
When on the crosse my King did bleed,
Life seem'd to dy, Death dy'd indeed.

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee,
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before Thee. 180

The Responsor.

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse
Thou hast sau'd at once the whole World's losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord Iesv-Christ, Son of the liuing God! interpose, I pray Thee, Thine Own pretious death,

Mors et vita duello
 Conflixero mirando:
 Dux vitæ mortuus, regnat vivus.
 Latin Sequence 12th-13th century: Vict. Pasch. G.

Thy crosse and passion, betwixt my soul and Thy 185 iudgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt vnto me Thy grace and mercy; vnto all quick and dead, remission and rest; to Thy Church, peace and concord; to vs sinners, life and glory euerlasting. Who liuest and reignest 190 with the Father, in the vnity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Evensong.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

- V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord!
- R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
- V. O God, make speed to save me!
- R. O Lord, make hast to help me!
- V. Glory be to, &c.
- R. As it was in the, &c.

200

195

THE HYMN.

But there were rocks would not relent at this:

Lo, for their own hearts, they rend His;

Their deadly hate lives still, and hath

A wild reserve of wanton wrath;

Superfluous spear! But there's a heart stands by 205

Will look no wounds be lost, no deaths shall dy.

Gather now thy Greif's ripe fruit, great mothermaid!

Then sitt thee down, and sing thine eu'nsong in the sad tree's shade.

The Antiphona.

O sad, sweet tree!

Wofull and ioyfull we

210

215

Both weep and sing in shade of thee.

When the dear nailes did lock

And graft into thy gracious stock

The hope, the health,

The worth, the wealth Of all the ransom'd World, thou hadst the power

(In that propitious hour)

To poise each pretious limb,

And proue how light the World was, when it

weighd with Him.

220

Thine armes, and with thy bright and blissfull head O'relook all Libanus. Thy lofty crown

The King Himself is, thou His humble throne,

Where yeilding and yet conquering He

Wide maist thou spred

225

Prou'd a new path of patient victory: When wondring Death by death was slain,

And our Captiuity His captiue ta'ne.



THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSSE.

41

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore Thee, Dread LAMB! and bow thus low before Thee.

The Responsor.

'Cause by the couenant of Thy crosse 230
Thou hast sau'd the World from certain losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord Iesv-Christ, Son of the liuing, &c.

COMPLINE.

The Versicle.

Lord, by Thy sweet and sauing sign!

The Responsor.

Defend vs from our foes and Thine.

- V. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord!
- 235
- R. And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
- V. O God, make speed to save me!
- R. O Lord, make hast to help me!
- V. Glory be to, &c.
- R. As it was in the, &c.

240

THE HYMN.

The Complin hour comes last, to call Vs to our own lives' funerall.

VOL. I.

G

Ah hartlesse task! yet Hope takes head,
And liues in Him that here lyes dead.
Run, Mary, run! Bring hither all the blest 245
Arabia, for thy royall phænix' nest;
Pour on thy noblest sweets, which, when they touch
This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.
But must Thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd graue
Who lend'st to all things all the life they haue. 250
O rather vse this heart, thus farr a fitter stone,
'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is Thine
own. Amen.

The Antiphona. O saue vs then, Mercyfull King of men! Since Thou wouldst needs be thus 255 A Saviour, and at such a rate, for vs; Saue vs, O saue vs, Lord. We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a narrower word; Thy blood bids vs be bold, Thy wounds give vs fair hold, 260 Thy sorrows chide our shame: Thy crosse, Thy nature, and Thy name Aduance our claim, And cry with one accord

Saue them, O saue them, Lord!

265





SVM pulcher at norm tomen one diligit.
Sum nibilis: nersi off with gut fernile;
sum dines: a me timo quesimin populate.
Let carola politim nemo in tumon funct.
Let fun vicas ter un actualfusione dishilet.
Let fun vicas term area of que me potter
lum vicas verim nemo of que me potter.
Lum vicas verim ratio que me potter.
Lum vicas verim nultu fidore in me collocat.
Sum miferaper nultus fidore in me collocat.
Sum nufferaper nultus fidore in me collocat.
STE 10 perts nun si distri vapata. Momo:

THE RECOMMENDATION.1

These Houres, and that which houers o're my end,
Into Thy hands and hart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to Thine account, that I and mine
In that hour, and in these, may be all Thine.

That as I dedicate my deuoutest breath 270
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death,
So from His liuing and life-giuing death,
My dying life may draw a new and neuer fleeting breath.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the original edition of this composition, as supra (1648), it is entitled simply 'Vpon our B[lessed] Saviour's Passion.' What in our text (1652) constitute the Hymns, were originally numbered as seven stanzas. A few various readings from 1648 will be found below. Our text is given in full in 1670 edition, but not very accurately.

Various readings of the Hymns in 1648 'Steps.'

- 1. Line 1. 'The wakefull dawning hast's to sing.'
- " 2. The allusion is to the petition in the old Litanies, By all Thine unknown sorrows, good Lord, deliver us."
- " 8. 'betray'd' for 'beseigd:' the former perhaps superior.
- 11. ,, 1. 'The early Morne.'
 - ,, 2. 'It' for 'she.'
 - . ,, 5. 'ther's' for 'there is.'
- iv. ,, 6. 'The fruit' instead of 'for'—a misprint.
- v. ,, 6. 'our great sins' sacrifice.'
- vii. ,, 1. 'The Nightening houre'—a curious coinage.

¹ The engraving of our text (1652) here, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. For the Latin 'Expostulatio' belonging thereto, see our vol. ii. G.

In the 'Prayer,' 'unto all quick and dead' is dropped, and reads 'the,' not 'Thy,' Church. In line 55 Turnbull reads 'weakful,' and, line 243, 'heed' for 'head,'—two of a number of provoking blunders in his text. G.

VEXILLA REGIS:

THE HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSSE.1

ī.

Look vp, languisting soul! Lo, where the fair u Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,

And biddes thee ne're forget
Thy life is one long debt
Of loue, to Him, Who on this painfull tree
Paid back the flesh He took for thee.

11

5

10

Lo, how the streames of life, from that full nest Of loues, Thy Lord's too liberall brest,

Flow in an amorous floud

Of water wedding blood.

With these He wash't thy stain, transferr'd thy smart, And took it home to His own heart.

111

But though great Love, greedy of such sad gain, Vsurpt the portion of thy pain,

Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 30-1): reprinted in 1652 (pp. 49-51) and 1670 (pp. 174-6). Our text is that of 1652, as before. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

VEXILLA REGIS.

And from the nailes and spear
Turn'd the steel point of fear:
Their vse is chang'd, not lost; and now they moue
Not stings of wrath, but wounds of loue.

45

25

ıv.

Tall tree of life! thy truth makes good

What was till now ne're understood,

Though the prophetick king

Struck lowd his faithfull string:

It was thy wood he meant should make the throne
For a more than Salomon.

v.

Large throne of Loue! royally spred

With purple of too rich a red:

Thy crime is too much duty;

Thy burthen, too much beauty;

Glorious or greiuous more? thus to make good

Thy costly excellence with thy King's own blood. 30

VI.

Euen ballance of both worlds! our world of sin,
And that of grace, Heaun-way'd in Him:

Vs with our price thou weighed'st;

Our price for vs thou payed'st,

Soon as the right-hand scale reioyc't to proue

35
How much Death weigh'd more light then Loue.

VII.

Hail, our alone hope! let thy fair head shoot Aloft, and fill the nations with thy noble fruit:

The while our hearts and we
Thus graft our selues on thee,
Grow thou and they. And be thy fair increase
The sinner's pardon and the iust man's peace.

40

Liue, O for euer liue and reign
The Lamb Whom His own loue hath slain!
And let Thy lost sheep liue to inherit
45
That kingdom which this Crosse did merit. Amen.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These variations &c. as between 1648 and 1652, deserve record:

St. i. line 1. 'Languishing,' which is the reading in 1648.

Ib. line 2. Here, and in v. line 1, I have added 'e' to

'badg' and 'larg' respectively from 1648.

St. vi. line 2. Our text (1652) corrects a manifest blunder of 1648, which reads 'wag'd' for 'way'd' = weighed. In 1648,

lines 3-4 read
Both with one price were weighed,
Both with one price were paid.

St. vii. appeared for the first time in our text (1652). In the closing four lines, line 4, 1648, reads noticeably

'That Kingdome which Thy blessed death did merit.'

The allusion in st. iv. is to the old reading of Psalm xcvi. 10: 'Tell it among the heathen that the Lord reigneth from the tree.' The reference to Solomon points to the mediseval mystical interpretations of Canticles iii. 9-10.

I place 'Vexilla Regis' immediately after the 'Office of the Holy Crosse,' as really belonging to it, and not to be separated as in 1648. G.



[THE LORD SILENCES HIS QUESTIONERS.]1

*Neither durst any man from that day aske Him any none questions."

M. Matthew xxii.

MiD'st all the darke and knotty snares, Black wit or malice can, or dares, Thy glorious wisedome breaks the nets, And treds with uncontrouled steps; Thy quell'd foes are not onely now 5 Thy triumphs, but Thy trophies ton: They both at once Thy conspicate less, And Thy companied memories. Stray manuscus nakes them stand Warting on Tuy rieverson land, 5% Like statues 1247 v. ten france Of They removate, and these own shower, As if they mely mean v. weak To be take life of taken over seena. Twa time to icus time passe when teay is Had aside markam when we say

Francisco suprement is bronze of the grown suprement in the suprement of the grown of the suprement of the s

Yet is their silence unto Thee,
The full sound of Thy victorie;
Their silence speaks aloud, and is
Thy well pronounc'd panegyris.

While they speak nothing, they speak all
Their share, in Thy memoriall.
While they speake nothing, they proclame
Thee, with the shrillest trump of Fame.
To hold their peace is all the wayes
These wretches have to speak Thy praise.

OUR B[LESSED] LORD IN HIS CIRCUMCISION TO HIS FATHER.¹

- 1. To Thee these first-fruits of My growing death (For what else is My life?), lo! I bequeath:
- 2. Tast this, and as Thou lik'st this lesser flood Expect a sea; My heart shall make if good.
- Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 21): was reprinted in 1648 (p. 29) and 1670 (p. 22). Our text is that of 1648, but the others are the same except in the usual changes of orthography. The Sancroft Ms. in line 7 reads 'Then shall He drink;' line 9, 'My paines are in their nonage: my young feares;' line 10 I have adopted, instead of 'Are yet both in their hopes, not come to yeares,' which isn't English; line 12, 'are tender;' line 14, 'a towardnesse.' I have arranged these poems in numbered couplets as in the Sancroft Ms. I insert 'd,' dropped by misprint in 1648, but found in 1646 (line 13). G.

5

- 3. Thy wrath that wades here now, e're long shall swim,

 The floodgate shall be set wide ope for Him.
- 4. Then let Him drinke, and drinke, and doe His worst

To drowne the wantonnesse of His wild thirst.

- 5. Now's but the nonage of My paines, My feares

 Are yett but hopes, weake as my infant yeares. 10
- The day of My darke woe is yet but morne,
 My teares but tender, and My death new-borne.
- 7. Yet may these unfledg'd griefes give fate some guesse,

These cradle-torments have their towardnesse.

- 8. These purple buds of blooming death may bee, 15 Erst the full stature of a fatall tree.
- 9. And till My riper woes to age are come, This knife may be the speare's præludium.





ON THE WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD.¹

O, THESE wakefull wounds of Thine!	I
Are they mouthes? or are they eyes?	
Be they mouthes, or be they eyne,	
Each bleeding part some one supplies.	
Lo! a mouth! whose full-bloom'd lips	5
At too dear a rate are roses:	
Lo! a blood-shot eye! that weeps,	
And many a cruell teare discloses.	
O, thou that on this foot hast laid	
Many a kisse, and many a teare;	10
Now thou shalt have all repaid,	
What soe're thy charges were.	
This foot hath got a mouth and lips	
To pay the sweet summe of thy kisses;	
To pay thy teares, an eye that weeps,	15
Instead of teares, such gems as this is.	

1 Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 21, 22): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 29, 30) and 1670 (pp. 22, 28). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree save in usual orthographic slight changes. In 1646 stanza ii, line 2 spells 'too' as 'two.' The Sancroft Ms. varies only, as usual, in the orthography. G.

The difference onely this appeares,
(Nor can the change offend)
The debt is paid in ruby-teares
Which thou in pearles did'st lend.

20

VPON THE BLEEDING CRUCIFIX: A SONG.1

ı

IIESU, no more! It is full tide: From Thy head and from Thy feet, From Thy hands and from Thy side All the purple rivers meet.

II.

What need Thy fair head bear a part In showres, as if Thine eyes had none? What need they help to drown Thy heart, That striues in torrents of it's own?

111.

Water'd by the showres they bring, The thornes that Thy blest browe encloses (A cruell and a costly spring) Conceiue proud hopes of proving roses.

Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 23, 24): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 32, 33), 1652 (pp. 61-63) and 1670 (pp. 24, 25). Our text is that of 1652, as before, but with an entire stanza from 1646 overlooked. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

IV.

Thy restlesse feet now cannot goe For vs and our eternall good, As they were euer wont. What though? They swimme, alas! in their own floud.

٧.

Thy hand to give Thou canst not lift; Yet will Thy hand still giving be. It gives, but O itself's the gift: It gives though bound; though bound 'tis free.

VI

But O Thy side, Thy deep-digg'd side! That hath a double Nilus going: Nor euer was the Pharian tide Half so fruitfull, half so flowing.

VII.

No hair so small, but payes his river To this Red Sea of Thy blood; Their little channells can deliver Somthing to the generall floud.

VIII

But while I speak, whither are run All the rivers nam'd before ? I counted wrong: there is but one; But O that one is one all ore.

lest

IX.

Rain-swoln rivers may rise proud, Bent all to drown and overflow; But when indeed all's ouerflow'd, They themselues are drowned too.

This Thy blood's deluge (a dire chance, Dear Lord, to Thee) to vs is found A deluge of deliuerance; A deluge least we should be drown'd.

N'ere wast Thou in a sense so sadly true, The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1646 is 'On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord: in 1648 has 'body' for 'wounds: in 1670 as 1646. I record these variations, &c.:

St. i. lines 2 and 3, in 1646 and 1670 read 'From Thy hands and from Thy feet, From Thy head and from Thy side.'

So the SANCROFT MS.

St. ii. In 1646 and 1670 this stanza is the 5th, and in line 2 has 'teares' for 'showres.'

St. iii. This stanza, by some strange oversight, is wholly dropped in 1652. St. iii. not in SANCROFT MS., and our st. ii. is the last. On one of the fly-leaves of the copy of 1646 edition in Trinity College, Cambridge, is the following contemporary MS. epigram, which embodies the sentiment of the stanza:

' In caput Xti spinis coronatum. Cerno Caput si Christe tuum mihi vertitur omne In spinis illud, quod fuit ante rosa.' Turnbull gives the stanza, but misplaces it after our st. vi., overlooking that our st. ii. is in 1646 edition st. v.

St. iv. line 1: in 1646 and 1670 'they' for 'now.'
Line 3, ib. 'as they are wont'—evident inadvertence, as 'ever' is required by the measure.

Line 4, ib. 'blood' for 'floud:' so also in 1648.

St. v. line 1, ib. 'hand' for 'hands:' 'hand' in 1648, and in Sancroft ms.: adopted. Line 4, 'dropps' in Sancroft ms. for 'gives.'

St. vi. line 3. Our text (1652) prints 'pharian,' the Paris printer spelling (and mis-spelling) without comprehending the reference to Pharaoh.

St. vii. line 1, in 1646 and 1670 'not a haire but 'St. ix. line 3, in 1648 a capital in 'All's.' G.















TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME, THE NAME OF IESVS:

A HYMN.1

In Vnitate Devs Est Numisma Vrbani 6.

I sing the name which none can say
But touch't with an interiour ray:
The name of our new peace; our good:
Our blisse: and supernaturall blood:
The name of all our liues and loues.
Hearken, and help, ye holy doues!
The high-born brood of Day; you bright
Candidates of blissofull light,
The heirs elect of Loue, whose names belong
Vnto the euerlasting life of song;
All ye wise sovles, who in the wealthy brest
Of this vnbounded name, build your warm nest.

Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 33-40); was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 1-9) and 1670 (pp. 146-153). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated 4to edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

	TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME. TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY thou be,			
	BOVE EVEN			
	Awake, my glory, Sovi (if such thou be, Awake, my glory, at all referr to thee), 15			
	To the such thee), 15			
56	Jory, Sovi (12 refort to the			
	ake, my ground at all lo			
	Award fair Word sing,			
	Awake, my glory, Sovi (if such thou be), Awake, my glory, Sovi (if such thee), And that fair word at all referr to thee), And that fair word at all referr to thee Awake and sing, Awake and sing, Awake and sing, Awake and sing, Awake in thee.			
	A who all who self; and soakes in the			
	Awake, fair word And that fair word sing, Awake and sing, Awake and sing, And be all wing; And be all wing; and let me see And be all wing; Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see What of thy parent Heavn yet speakes in thee. What of thy parent Heavn yet speakes in thee.			
	ing hither warent Heaven			
	Bring of thy Part poore			
	When a thou as a sea to the life.			
	What of thy part poore Of noble powres, I see, Of noble powres, I see, the contains of the powres in the contains the c			
	e nothing entirely husynes.			
	What of thy put art poore Of hou art poore Of noble powres, I see, O			
	And and to morning s two			
	Of noble powres, Of noble powres, of noble powres, and sult of nothing else but empty And full else but			
	Of noble P. And full of nothing else but lesse Narrow, and low, and infinitely lesse Then this great morning's mighty busynes. One little world or two One little world or two One little world or two (Alas) will neuer doe; (Alas) will neuer doe; We must have store. We must have store. Goe, Sovl, out of thy self, and seek for more. Goe and request			
•	(Alas) Will he store.			
	(Analy hand solf, and seen			
	We me ashy gent	30		
	Sovi, out a request cher huge whears	3-		
	Goe, Sovl, out of the Goe and request Goe and request of her huge chess Goe and request of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess. Great Natvre for the key of her huge chess.			
	Notyre for the involuing so then new			
	Great Nav. the self-in more feeles			
	114 12 11 1102 - 080 -			
	(Which dull mortality Then rouse the nest and traverse round		35	
	Then thus trauerse sing sound.		55	
	ble Art, and appearing			
	Which dull mortanes (Which dull mortanes Then rouse the nest Then rouse the nest Then rouse the nest of nimble Art, and trauerse round of nimble Art, and trauerse round of soul-appeasing sound: The aiery shop of soul-appeasing same The aiery summons in the same areign name,			
	The art guilling only			
	Of nimble Art, and soul-appeasing The aiery shop of soul-appeasing The aiery shop of soul-appeasing And beat a summons in the same All-soueraign name, All-souerall kind be severall kind			
	All-somerall Kind they such			40
	each sectores, be wind			40
	And beat a soueraign name. All-soueraign ham. All-soueraign ham. To warn each severtnes, be they such To warn each severtnes, be they such And shape of sweetnes, be they such And shape of sweetnes, be they such And shape of sweetnes, be they such And shape of sweetness, be they such			
	And share sigh with soull touch,			
	AS AN ATUM			
	And shape of swoth supple with			

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

57

That they conuene and come away	
To wait at the loue-crowned doores of this illustri-	
ous day. lov	e
Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'l doe't and bring	
No other note for't, but the name we sing.	
Wake lvte and harp, and enery sweet-lipp't	
thing	45
That talkes with tunefull string;	•
Start into life, and leap with me	
Into a hasty fitt-tun'd harmony.	
Nor must you think it much	
T' obey my bolder touch;	50
I haue authority in Love's name to take you,	
And to the worke of Loue this morning wake you.	
Wake, in the name	
Of Him Who neuer sleeps, all things that are,	
Or, what's the same,	55
Are musicall;	
Answer my call	
And come along;	
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.	
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,	60
Bring all your houshold stuffe of Heaun on earth;	
O you, my Soul's most certain wings,	
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,	
Bring all the store	
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have no	
more.	65
VOIA I.	

Come, ne're to part, Nature and Art!

Come; and come strong,

To the conspiracy of our spatious song.

Bring all the powres of praise, Your prouinces of well-vnited worlds can raise;

Bring all your lytes and harps of Heavn and Earth;

Whatere cooperates to the common mirthe:

Vessells of vocall ioyes,

Or you, more noble architects of intellectuall noise, 75

Cymballs of Heau'n, or humane sphears,

Solliciters of sovles or eares;

And when you are come, with all That you can bring or we can call:

O may you fix

80

70

For ever here, and mix Your selves into the long

And everlasting series of a deathlesse song;

Mix all your many worlds aboue,

And loose them into one of loue.

85

Chear thee my heart!

For thou too hast thy part

And place in the Great Throng

Of this vnbounded all-imbracing song.

Powres of my soul, be proud!

And speake lowd

To all the dear-bought Nations, this redeeming Name, And in the wealth of one rich word, proclaim

100

New similes to Nature. May it be no wrong Blest Heauns, to you and your superiour song, 95 That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,

A while dare borrow The name of your dilights, and our desires, And fitt it to so farr inferior lyres. Our murmurs haue their musick too, Ye mighty Orbes, as well as you;

Nor yeilds the noblest nest Of warbling Seraphim to the eares of Loue, A choicer lesson then the ioyfull brest

Of a poor panting turtle-doue. 105 And we, low wormes, haue leave to doe The same bright busynes (ye Third Heavens) with you. Gentle spirits, doe not complain!

We will have care

To keep it fair, 110

And send it back to you again.

Come, louely Name! Appeare from forth the bright

Regions of peacefull light;

Look from Thine Own illustrious home,

Fair King of names, and come:

115 Leaue all Thy native glories in their gorgeous nest, And give Thy Self a while the gracious Guest Of humble soules, that seek to find

The hidden aweets

Which man's heart meets 120

When Thou art Master of the mind.

Come louely Name; Life of our hope! Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope! Vnlock Thy cabinet of Day, Dearest Sweet, and come away. 125 Lo, how the thirsty Lands Gasp for Thy golden showres! with long-stretcht hands Lo, how the laboring Earth That hopes to be All Heauen by Thee, 130 Leapes at Thy birth! The' attending World, to wait Thy rise, First turn'd to eyes; And then, not knowing what to doe, Turn'd them to teares, and spent them too. 135 Come royall Name! and pay the expence Of all this pretious patience; () come away And kill the death of this delay! O, see so many worlds of barren yeares 140 Melted and measur'd out in seas of teares: O, see the weary liddes of wakefull Hope (Love's eastern windowes) all wide ope With curtains drawn, To catch the day-break of Thy dawn. 145 O, dawn at last, long-lookt for Day! Take Thine own wings, and come away. Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng

Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.

150

O, they are wise,

And know what sweetes are suck't from out it:

It is the hiue,

By which they thriue,

Where all their hoard of hony lyes.

155

Lo, where it comes, vpon the snowy Dove's

Soft back; and brings a bosom big with loues:

Welcome to our dark world, Thou womb of Day!

Vnfold Thy fair conceptions, and display

The birth of our bright ioyes, O Thou compacted 160

Body of blessings: Spirit of soules extracted!

O, dissipate Thy spicy powres,

(Cloud of condensèd sweets) and break vpon vs

In balmy showrs!

O, fill our senses, and take from vs all force of so

· prophane a fallacy,

165

To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee! Fair, flowry Name, in none but Thee

And Thy nectareall fragrancy,

Hourly there meetes

An vniuersall synod of all sweets;

170

By whom it is defined thus,

That no perfume

For euer shall presume

To passe for odoriferous,

But such alone whose sacred pedigree

175

Can proue itself some kin (sweet Name!) to Thee.

Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable A thousand blest Arabias dwell; A thousand hills of frankincense, Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices 180 And ten thousand paradises, The soul that tasts Thee takes from thence. How many vnknown worlds there are Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping! How many thousand mercyes there 185 In Pitty's soft lap ly a-sleeping! Happy he who has the art To awake them,

And to take them

Home, and ledge them in his heart. 190 O, that it were as it was wont to be! When Thy old freinds of fire, all full of Thee, Fought against frowns with smiles; gaue glorious chase

To persecutions; and against the face Of Death and feircest dangers, durst with braue And sober pace, march on to meet A GRAVE. On their bold brests, about the world they bore Thee, And to the teeth of Hell stood vp to teach Thee; In center of their inmost soules, they wore Thee, Where rackes and torments striu'd, in vain, to reach Thee. 200

Little, alas, thought they Who tore the fair brests of Thy freinds,

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

Their fury but made way For Thee, and seru'd them in Thy glorious ends. What did their weapons but with wider pores 205 Inlarge Thy flaming-brested louers, More freely to transpire That impatient fire, The heart that hides Thee hardly couers? What did their weapons but sett wide the doores 210 For Thee? fair, purple doores, of Loue's deuising; The ruby windowes which inricht the East Of Thy so oft-repeated rising! Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning, And reinthron'd Thee in Thy rosy nest, 215 With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorning: It was the witt of Loue oreflowd the bounds Of Wrath, and made Thee way through all those wovnds. Wellcome, dear, all-adorèd Name!

For sure there is no knee

220

That knowes not Thee:

Or, if there be such sonns of shame,

Alas! what will they doe

When stubborn rocks shall bow

And hills hang down their heaun-saluting heads

To seek for humble beds

Of dust, where in the bashfull shades of Night

Next to their own low Nothing, they may ly, And couch before the dazeling light of Thy dread majesty.

They that by Loue's mild dictate now

230

Will not adore Thee,

Shall then, with just confusion bow

And break before Thee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1648 'Steps' is simply 'On the name of Jesus.' In 1670 it is 'To the Name above every Name, the Name of Jesus, a Hymn,' and throughout differs from our text (1652) only in usual modernisation of orthography. The text of 1648 yields these readings:

Line 7, 'the bright.'

- ,, 42, 'of th's.'
- ,, 49, 'Into a habit fit of self tun'd Harmonie.'
- ,, 79, 'you're.'
- ,, 92, 'aloud.'
- ,, 105, 'Seraphins.' ,, 106, 'loyall' for 'joyfull.'
- " 132, 'heavens.'
- ,, 182 spells 'sillabell.'
- ,, 187, 'The soules tastes thee takes from thence.'
- ,, 202, 'bare.'
- ., 204, 'ware.'
- ,, 209, 'For Thee: And serv'd therein thy glorious ends.'

See our Essay for critical remarks on the measure and rhythm of this poem as printed in our text (1652). G.



PSALME XXIII.1

HAPPY me! O happy sheepe! Whom my God vouchsafes to keepe; Even my God, even He it is, That points me to these paths of blisse; On Whose pastures cheerefull Spring, 5 All the yeare doth sit and sing, And rejoycing, smiles to see Their green backs weare His liverie: Pleasure sings my soul to rest, Plentie weares me at her brest, 10 Whose sweet temper teaches me Nor wanton, nor in want to be. At my feet, the blubb'ring mountaine Weeping, melts into a fountaine; Whose soft, silver-sweating streames 15 Make high-noon forget his beames: When my wayward breath is flying, He calls home my soul from dying;

VOL. I.

Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 25-27): was reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 40-42) and 1670 (pp. 26-28). Our text is that of 1648: but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

Strokes and tames my rabid griefe, And does wooe me into life: 20 When my simple weaknes strayes, (Tangled in forbidden wayes) He (my Shepheard) is my guide, Hee's before me, on my side, And behind me, He beguiles 25 Craft in all her knottie wiles: He expounds the weary wonder Of my giddy steps, and under Spreads a path, cleare as the day, Where no churlish rub says nay 30 To my joy-conducted feet, Whilst they gladly goe to meet Grace and Peace, to learne new laies, Tun'd to my great Shepheard's praise. Come now all ye terrors sally, 35 Muster forth into the valley, Where triumphant darknesse hovers With a sable wing, that covers Brooding horror. Come, thou Death, Let the damps of thy dull breath 40 Over-shadow even that shade, And make Darknes' selfe afraid; There my feet, even there, shall find Way for a resolved mind. Still my Shepheard, still my God, 45 Thou art with me; still Thy rod,

PSALME XXIII.

And Thy staffe, whose influence Gives direction, gives defence. At the whisper of Thy word Crown'd abundance spreads my boord: 50 While I feast, my foes doe feed Their ranck malice not their need, So that with the self-same bread They are starv'd and I am fed. How my head in ointment swims! 55 How my cup o'relooks her brims! So, even so still may I move, By the line of Thy deare love; Still may Thy sweet mercy spread A shady arme above my head, 60 About my paths; so shall I find, The faire center of my mind, Thy temple, and those lovely walls Bright ever with a beame, that falls Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eye, 65 Lighting to Eternity. There I'le dwell for ever; there Will I find a purer aire To feed my life with, there I'le sup Balme and nectar in my cup; 70 And thence my ripe soule will I breath Warme into the armes of Death.



Strike mi ames ny adia padi. Lat him was me not the 200 The no simple working scarce. Impiet a deindien wares Be no Sbegåenci, uni guide. Ben's dedice me, in my sode. Ani dedimi ne. Se deguies 25 wire seasons and he is that gu valentings on assert antique. richt in sope siter in in Spranis a pank, timer as the day. the eric fair fairefe. It said III 30 To my proportional feet While they chair are to meet Grave and Peace, to learne new later. Pax's a my great Shepheard's praise. Come now all be better saily. 35 Muster first tax the valley. Where irramphani darknesse hovers With a sable wing, that covers breeding horner. Come, thou Peath. Let the damps of thy dull breath 40 Overshadow even that shade. And make Parknes' selfe afraid; There my feet, even there, shall find Way for a resolved mind. Still my Shepheard, still my God. 45 Thou art with me; still Thy rod,

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the Sancroft ms. this is headed 'Ps. 23 (Paraphrasia).' In line 4 it reads 'paths' for 'wayes,' which I accept; line 27 'weary' for 'giddy,' and line 28 'giddy' for 'weary,' both adopted; line 29 reads as we have printed instead of 'Spreads a path as cleare as day;' line 33, 'learne' for 'meet,' adopted; line 41, 'that' for 'the,' adopted. Only orthographic further variations. In line 30 'rub' = obstruction, reminds of Shake-Speare's 'Now every rub is smoothed in our way' (Henry V. ii. 2), and elsewhere. G.

PSALM CXXXVII.1

On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,
There we sate, and there we wept:
Our harpes, that now no musick understood,
Nodding, on the willowes slept:
While unhappy captiv'd wee,
Lovely Sion, thought on thee.
They, they that snatcht us from our countrie's breast,
Would have a song carv'd to their cares
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruell jest!)
When harpes and hearts were drown'd in teares: 10

Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 27, 28): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 42, 43) and 1670 (pp. 28, 29). Our text is that of 1648, with which the others agree, except in usual slight changes of orthography, and the following adopted from the Sanction-T Ms.: line 7, a second 'they' inserted; line 17, 'than' for 'then;' line 21 'rapearch't'= without perch or support. G.

Come, they cry'd, come sing and play One of Sion's songs to-day. Sing? play? to whom (ah!) shall we sing or play, If not, Jerusalem, to thee? Ah! thee Jerusalem! ah! sooner may 15 This hand forget the masterie Of Musick's dainty touch, than I The musick of thy memory. Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue Lose this same busie-speaking art, 20 Vnpearch't, her vocall arteries unstrung, No more acquainted with my heart, On my dry pallat's roof to rest A wither'd leaf, an idle guest. No, no, Thy good Sion, alone, must crowne 25 The head of all my hope-nurst joyes. But Edom, cruell thou! thou cryd'st downe, downe Sinke Sion, downe and never rise, Her falling thou did'st urge and thrust, And haste to dash her into dust: 30 Dost laugh ? proud Babel's daughter ! do, laugh on, Till thy ruine teach thee teares, Even such as these; laugh, till a venging throng Of woes, too late, doe rouze thy feares: Laugh, till thy children's bleeding bones Weepe pretious teares upon the stones.



IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD:

A HYMN SVNG AS BY THE SHEPHEARDS.1

THE HYMN.

Chorvs.

Come, we shepheards, whose blest sight Hath mett Loue's noon in Nature's night; Come, lift we vp our loftyer song And wake the svn that lyes too long.

To all our world of well-stoln joy He slept; and dreamt of no such thing. While we found out Heaun's fairer ey And kis't the cradle of our King. Tell him He rises now, too late To show vs ought worth looking at. 10

5

Tell him we now can show him more Then he e're show'd to mortall sight; Then he himselfe e're saw before, Which to be seen needes not his light.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 28-31): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 43-47), 1652 (pp. 10-16) and 1670 (pp. 29-32). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here, is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this composition. G.

		•	
•	•		



Ton Createur to faiet voir fa naissance , Dagnant jouffre pour toy des fon enfunce

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD.	71
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been, Tell him Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.	15
TITYRUS.	
Gloomy night embrac't the place	
Where the noble Infant lay.	
The Babe look't vp and shew'd His face;	
In spite of darknes, it was day.	20
It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise	
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.	
Chorus. It was Thy day, Sweet.	
Thyrsis.	
Winter chidde aloud, and sent	
The angry North to wage his warres.	25
The North forgott his feirce intent.	
And left perfumes in stead of scarres.	
By those sweet eyes' persuasiue powrs	
Where he mean't frost, he scatter'd flowrs.	
Charus. By those sweet eyes.	30
Вотн.	
We saw Thee in Thy baulmy-nest,	
Young dawn of our æternall Day!	
We saw Thine eyes break from their East	
And chase the trembling shades away.	
We saw Thee; and we blest the sight.	35
We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.	

TITYRUS.

Poor world (said I), what wilt thou doe
To entertain this starry Stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend, the powres of Heau'n and Earth,
To fitt a bed for this huge birthe?
Chorus. Contend the powers.

THYRSIS.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest

And let the mighty Babe alone.

The phænix builds the phænix' nest,

Lov's architecture is his own.

The Babe whose birth embraues this morn,

Made His Own bed e're He was born.

Chorus. The Babe whose.... 50

TITYRUS.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,

Come houering o're the place's head;

Offring their whitest sheets of snow

To furnish the fair Infant's bed:

Forbear, said I; be not too bold,

Your fleece is white but 'tis too cold.

Chorus. Forbear, sayd I.

THYRSIS.

I saw the obsequious Scraphims Their rosy fleece of fire bestow.



73 IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD. For well they now can spare their wing, 60 Since Heavn itself lyes here below. Well done, said I; but are you sure Your down so warm, will passe for pure? Chorus. Well done, sayd I. TITYRUS. No, no! your King's not yet to seeke 65 Where to repose His royall head; See, see! how soon His new-bloom'd cheek Twixt's mother's brests is gone to bed. Sweet choise, said we! no way but so Not to ly cold, yet sleep in snow. 70 Chorus. Sweet choise, said we. Вотн. We saw Thee in Thy baulmy nest, Bright dawn of our æternall Day! We saw Thine eyes break from their East And chase the trembling shades away. 75 We saw Thee: and we blest the sight, We saw Thee, by Thine Own sweet light. Chorus. We saw Thee, &c. FULL CHORVS. Wellcome, all wonders in one sight! Æternity shutt in a span! 80 Sommer in Winter, Day in Night! Heauen in Earth, and God in man! VOL. I. L

Great, little One! Whose all-embracing birth Lifts Earth to Heauen, stoopes Heau'n to Earth.

Wellcome, though not to gold nor silk, 85 To more then Cæsar's birth-right is; Two sister-seas of virgin-milk, With many a rarely-temper'd kisse, That breathes at once both maid and mother, Warmes in the one, cooles in the other. 90 Shee sings Thy tears asleep, and dips Her kisses in Thy weeping eye; She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips, That in their buds yet blushing lye: She 'gainst those mother-diamonds, tries 95 The points of her young eagle's eyes. Wellcome, though not to those gay flyes, Guilded i' th' beames of earthly kings; Slippery soules in smiling eyes: But to poor shepheards' home-spun things; 001 Whose wealth's their flock; whose witt, to be Well-read in their simplicity. Yet when young April's husband-showrs Shall blesse the fruitfull Maja's bed, We'l bring the first-born of her flowrs 105 To kisse Thy feet and crown Thy head. To Thee, dread Lamb! Whose loue must keep The shepheards, more then they the sheep.

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OVR LORD GOD.

75

To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple Graces and sweet Loves:

Each of vs his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of sylver doues:

Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselues become our own best sacrifice.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the Sanchoff ms. the heading is simply 'A Hymne of the Nativitie sung by the Shepheards.' It furnishes these various readings, though it wants a good deal of our text (1652):

Lines 1 to 4,

'who haue seene
Daie's King deposed by night's Queene.
Come lift we up our lofty song,
To wake the sun that sleeps too long.'

", 5 to 7,

" 24, 'Winter chid the world'

,, 32, 'Bright dawne'

,, 58 to 63,

'I saw the officious angells bring
The downe that their soft breasts did strow:
For well they now can spare their wings,
When heauen itselfe lies here below.
Faire youth (said I) be not too rough,
Thy downe (though soft)'s not soft enough.'

'Officious' = ready to do good offices: 'obsequious' = obedient, eager to serve.

Lines 65 to 68,

'The Babe noe sooner 'gan to seeke Where to lay His louely head; But streight His eyes advis'd His cheeke 'Twixt's mother's breasts to goe to bed.'

,. 79, 'Welcome to our wond'ring sight.'

,. 83, 'glorious birth.'

,, 85, 'not to gold' for 'nor to gold:' adopted.

,, 96, 'points'= pupils (?).

Lines 101 to 103,

'But to poore shepheards' simple things, That vse not varnish; noe oyl'd arts, But lift cleane hands full of cleare hearts.'

,, 108, '... while they feed the sheepe.

" 114, 'Wee'l burne'

These variations agree with the text of 1646. See our Essay for critical remarks. G.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.1

Rise, thou best and brightest morning!
Rosy with a double red;

With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning, And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride, that laces
The crimson curtains of thy bed,
Guilds thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor setts thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair-cheek't flowrs that fill thee, None so fair thy bosom strowes, As this modest maiden lilly Our sins haue sham'd into a rose.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 94, 95), where it is headed 'An Himne for the Circumcision day of our Lord:' reprinted in edition of 1648 (pp. 47, 48) with 'A' for 'An' in heading, and in the 'Carmen &c.' of 1652 (pp. 17, 18), being there entitled simply 'New Year's Day,' and in the edition of 1670 (pp. 72-74). Our text is that of 1652, as before, but there are only slight differences besides the usual orthographical ones, in any. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

Bid thy golden god, the sun, Burnisht in his best beames rise, Put all his red-ey'd rubies on; These rubies shall putt out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East, Search what the world's close cabinets keep, Rob the rich births of each bright nest That flaming in their fair beds sleep.

Let him embraue his own bright tresses
With a new morning made of gemmes;
And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,
Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may
To make himselfe rich in his rise,
All will be darknes to the day
That breakes from one of these bright eyes.

And soon this sweet truth shall appear,
Dear Babe, ere many dayes be done;
The Morn shall come to meet Thee here,
And leaue her own neglected sun.

Here are beautyes shall bereaue him
Of all his eastern paramours.
His Persian louers all shall leaue him,
And swear faith to Thy sweeter powres;
Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,
But in Thy fairest eyes find two for one.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. ii. line 1,

' All the purple pride that laces;'

the reference is to the empurpled lighter and lace- (or gauze-) like clouds of the morning. The heavier clouds are the 'crimson curtains,' the 'purple laces' the fleecy, lace-like, and empurpled streakings of the lighter and dissolving clouds, which the Poet likens to the lace that edged the coverlet, and possibly other parts of the bed and bedstead. Shakespeare describes a similar appearance with the same word, but uses it in the sense of inter or cross lacing, when he makes Juliet say (iii. 5),

'look, love, what envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.'

So too in stanza v. 'each sparkling nest,' the flame-coloured clouds are intended. 'Nest,' like 'bud,' is a favourite word with Crashaw, and he uses it freely. In 1648 edition, st. iii. line 2 reads 'showes;' stanza v. line 2, 'cabinets;' stanza viii. line 5, 'and meet;' stanza ix. 'paramours'= lovers, wooers, not as now signifying loose love. G.



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IN THE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD:

A HYMN SVNG AS BY THE THREE KINGS.

1 Kinge.	Bright Babe! Whose awfull beautyes make	ī
	The morn incurr a sweet mistake;	
2 Kinge.	For Whom the officious Heauns deuise	
	To disinheritt the sun's rise:	
3 Kinge.	Delicately to displace	5
	The day, and plant it fairer in Thy face.	
1 Kinge.	O Thou born King of loues!	
2 Kinge.	Of lights!	
3 Kinge.	Of ioyes!	
Chorus.	Look vp, sweet Babe, look vp and see	10
	For loue of Thee,	
	Thus farr from home	
	The East is come	
	To seek her self in Thy sweet eyes.	

Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 48-55), reprinted in 'Carmen' &c. of 1652 (pp. 19-28) and in 1670 (pp. 153-161). Our text is that of 1652, as before: but see close for Notes and Illustrations. In our illustrated quarto edition we reproduce the engraving here of 1652. G.

. 80 IN THE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD.

1 Kinge.	We, who strangely went astray,	15
	Lost in a bright	
	Meridian night.	
2 Kinge.	A darknes made of too much day.	
3 Kinge.	Becken'd from farr	
	By Thy fair starr,	20
	Lo, at last haue found our way.	
Chorus.	To Thee, Thou Day of Night! Thou East	
	of West!	
	Lo, we at last haue found the way	
	To Thee, the World's great vniuersal East,	
	The generall and indifferent Day.	25
1 Kinge.	All-circling point! all-centring sphear!	
	The World's one, round, æternall year:	
2 Kinge.	Whose full and all-vnwrinkled face	
	Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;	
3 Kinge.	But euery where and euery while	30
	Is one consistent, solid smile:	
1 Kinge.	Not vext and tost	
2 Kinge.	'Twixt Spring and frost;	
3 Kinge.	Nor by alternate shredds of light,	
	Sordidly shifting hands with shades and Nig	ht.
Chorus.	O little all! in Thy embrace	36
	The World lyes warm, and likes his place;	
	Nor does his full globe fail to be	
	Kist on both his cheeks by Thee.	
	Time is too narrow for Thy year,	40
	Nor makes the whole World Thy half-sphe	ar.

IN THE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD. 81

			-
1	Kinge.	To Thee, to Thee	
		From him we flee.	
2	Kinge.	From him, whom by a more illustrious ly,	
		The blindnes of the World did call the eye.	45
3	Kinge.	To Him, Who by these mortall clouds hast	-
	_	made	
		Thyself our sun, though Thine Own shade.	
1	Kinge.	Farewell, the World's false light!	
	_	Farewell, the white	
		Ægypt; a long farewell to thee	50
		Bright idol, black idolatry:	
		The dire face of inferior darknes, kis't	
		And courted in the pompus mask of a	
		more specious mist.	
2	Kinge.	Farewell, farewell	
		The proud and misplac't gates of Hell,	55
		Pertch't in the Morning's way perch	ed
		And double-guilded as the doores of Day	:
		The deep hypocrisy of Death and Night	
		More desperately dark, because more bright	
3	Kinge.	Welcome, the World's sure way!	60
		Heavn's wholsom ray.	
C	horus.	Wellcome to vs; and we	
		(Sweet!) to our selues, in Thee.	
1	Kinge.	The deathles Heir of all Thy Father's day!	
2	Kinge.	Decently born!	65
		Embosom'd in a much more rosy Morn:	
		The blushes of Thy all-vnblemisht mother.	
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82 IN THE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD.

3 Kinge.	No more that other	
	Aurora shall sett ope	
	Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope	70
	From mortall eyes	
	To meet religious welcomes at her rise.	
Chorus.	We (pretious ones!) in you have won	
	A gentler Morn, a juster sun.	
1 Kinge.	His superficiall beames sun-burn't our	
	skin;	75
2 Kinge.	But left within	
3 Kinge.	The Night and Winter still of Death and S	Sin
Chorus.	Thy softer yet more certaine darts	
	Spare our eyes, but peirce our harts:	
1 Kinge.	Therfore with his proud Persian spoiles	80
2 Kinge.	We court Thy more concerning smiles.	
3 Kinge.	Therfore with his disgrace	
	We guild the humble cheek of this chast	
	place;	
Chorus.	And at Thy feet powr forth his face.	
1 Kinge.	The doating Nations now no more	85
	Shall any day but Thine adore.	
2 Kinge.	Nor-much lesse-shall they leave these	ye
	For cheap Ægyptian deityes.	
3 Kinge.	In whatsoe're more sacred shape	
	Of ram, he-goat, or reuerend ape;	90
	Those beauteous rauishers opprest so sore	
	The too-hard-tempted nations.	
1 Kinge.	Neuer more	

IN T	HE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD.	83
	By wanton heyfer shall be worn	
2 Kinge.	A garland, or a guilded horn:	95
	The altar-stall'd ox, fatt Osyris now	•
	With his fair sister cow	
3 Kinge.	Shall kick the clouds no more; but lean	
	and tame,	·
Chorus.	See His horn'd face, and dy for shame:	
	And Mithra now shall be no name.	00
1 Kinge.	No longer shall the immodest lust	
•	Of adulterous godles dust	
2 Kinge.	Fly in the face of Heau'n; as if it were	
	The poor World's fault that He is fair.	105
3 Kinge.	Nor with peruerse loues and religious rape	98
,	Reuenge Thy bountyes in their beauteous	
	shapes;	
	And punish best things worst; because	
	they stood	
	Guilty of being much for them too good.	
1 Kinge.	Proud sons of Death! that durst compell 1	. 10
	Heau'n it self to find them Hell:	
2 Kinge.	And by strange witt of madnes wrest	
	From this World's East the other's West.	
3 Kinge.	All-idolizing wormes! that thus could crowd	1
	• ,	115
	Forcing His sometimes eclips'd face to be	
	A long deliquium to the light of Thee.	
Chorus.	Alas! with how much heauyer shade	
,	The shamefac't lamp hung down his head	

.

For that one eclipse he made,	120
Then all those he suffered!	
1 Kinge. For this he look't so bigg; and enery morn	
With a red face confes't his scorn.	
Or hiding his vex't cheeks in a hir'd mist	,
Kept them from being so vnkindly kis't.	125
2 Kinge. It was for this the Day did rise	
So oft with blubber'd eyes:	
For this the Evening wept; and we ne're k	new
But call'd it deaw.	
3 Kinge. This dayly wrong	130
Silenc't the morning-sons, and damp't their	•
song:	
Chorus. Nor was't our deafnes, but our sins, that the	hus
Long made th' harmonious orbes all mute t	o v s.
1 Kinge. Time has a day in store	
When this so proudly poor	135
And self-oppressed spark, that has so long	
By the loue-sick World bin made	
Not so much their sun as shade:	
Weary of this glorious wrong	
From them and from himself shall flee	140
For shelter to the shadow of Thy tree:	•
Charus. Proud to have gain'd this pretious losse	
And chang'd his false crown for Thy crosse.	
2 Kinge. That dark Day's clear doom shall define	
Whose is the master Fire, which sun should	
shine:	145
	-

IN THE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD. 85

That sable judgment-seat shall by new lawes
Decide and settle the great cause
Of controuerted light:

Chorus. And Natur's wrongs rejoyce to doe Thee right.

3 Kinge. That forfeiture of Noon to Night shall pay 150

All the idolatrous thefts done by this Night of Day;

And the great Penitent presse his own pale lipps With an elaborate loue-eclipse:

To which the low World's lawes Shall lend no cause,

155

170

Chorus. Saue those domestick which He borrowes From our sins and His Own sorrowes.

1 Kinge. Three sad hours' sackcloth then shall show

His penance, as our fault, conspicuous:

2 Kinge. And He more needfully and nobly proue 160 The Nations' terror now then erst their loue.

3 Kinge. Their hated loues changd into wholsom feares:

Chorus. The shutting of His eye shall open their's.

1 Kinge. As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of Day

Miss-ledde, before, they lost their way;
So shall they, by the seasonable fright
Of an vnseasonable Night,
Loosing it once again, stumble on true Light:

2 Kinge. And as before His too-bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry;

So his officious blindnes now shall be Their black, but faithfull perspective of Thee:

3 Kinge. His new prodigious Night,

Their new and admirable light,

The supernaturall dawn of Thy pure Day; 175

While wondring they

(The happy converts now of Him

Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)

Shall henceforth see

To kisse him only as their rod,

180

185

Whom they so long courted as God.

Chorus. And their best vse of him they worship't, be

To learn of him at last, to worship Thee.

1 Kinge. It was their weaknes woo'd his beauty;

But it shall be

Their wisdome now, as well as duty, To injoy his blott; and as a large black letter

Vse it to spell Thy beautyes better;

And make the Night it self their torch to Thee.

2 Kinge. By the oblique ambush of this close night 190

Couch't in that conscious shade

The right-ey'd Areopagite

Shall with a vigorous guesse inuade

And catch Thy quick reflex; and sharply see

On this dark ground

195

To descant Thee.

3 Kinge. O prize of the rich Spirit! with what feirce chase



IN THE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD. 87

Of his strong soul, shall he Leap at thy lofty face, And seize the swift flash, in rebound 200 From this obsequious cloud, Once call'd a sun, Till dearly thus vndone; Chorus. Till thus triumphantly tam'd (O ye two Twinne synnes!) and taught now to negotiate 1 Kinge. Thus shall that reverend child of Light, 2 Kinge. By being scholler first of that new Night, Come forth great master of the mystick Day; 3 Kinge. And teach obscure mankind a more close way By the frugall negative light Of a most wise and well-abused Night To read more legible Thine originall ray; Chorus. And make our darknes serue Thy Day: Maintaining 'twixt Thy World and oures A commerce of contrary powres, 215 A mutuall trade Twixt sun and shade, By confederat black and white Borrowing Day and lending Night. 1 Kinge. Thus we, who when with all the noble powres That (at Thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours: We vow to make braue way Vpwards, and presse on for the pure intelligentiall prey;

2 Kinge. At least to play The amorous spyes 225 And peep and proffer at Thy sparkling throne; 3 Kinge. In stead of bringing in the blissfull prize And fastening on Thine eyes: Forfeit our own And nothing gain 230 But more ambitious losse at last, of brain; Chorus. Now by abased liddes shall learn to be Eagles; and shutt our eyes that we may see. The Close. [Chorus.] Therfore to Thee and Thine auspitious ray

(Dread Sweet!) lo thus 236 At last by vs,

The delegated eye of Day

Does first his scepter, then himself, in solemne tribute pay.

Thus he vndresses

240

His sacred vnshorn tresses;

At Thy adorèd feet, thus he layes down

His gorgeous tire 1 Kinge. Of flame and fire,

2 Kinge. His glittering robe. 3 Kinge. His sparkling crown; 245

1 Kinge, His gold: 2 Kinge. His mirrh: 3 Kinge. His frankincense.

Chorus. To which he now has no pretence:



IN THE GLORIOVS EPIPHANIE OF OVR LORD GOD. 89

For being show'd by this Day's light, how farr
He is from sun enough to make Thy starr,
His best ambition now is but to be 250
Somthing a brighter shadow, Sweet, of Thee.
Or on Heaun's azure forhead high to stand
Thy golden index; with a duteous hand
Pointing vs home to our own sun
The World's and his Hyperion. 255

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS. .

The title in 1648 edition is simply 'A Hymne for the Epiphanie. Sung as by the three Kings.' Except the usual slight changes of orthography, the following are all the variations between the two texts necessary to record: and I give with them certain corrective and explanatory notes:

Line 25, 'indifferent' is = impartial, not as now 'unconcerned.'

Line 52, 1648 edition misprints 'his't' for 'kis't.' In the 51st line the 'bright idol' is the sun.

Line 83, ib. reads 'thy' for 'this.'

- " 95, 'a guilded horn.' Cf. Juvenal, Satire x.
- ,, 99, ib. is given to 3d King. Throughout we have corrected a number of slips of the Paris printer in his figures.

Line 108, ib. spells 'to' for 'too.'

- " 117, 'deliquium' = swoon, faint. In chemistry = melting.
- ,, 122, 1648 edition reads 'his' for 'this;' and I have adopted it.

Line 143, ib. reads 'deere:' a misprint.

- " 155, ib. reads 'domesticks.'
- " 180, ib. reads 'the' for 'their.'

,, 186, ib. drops 'it.'

" 195, ib. reads 'what' for 'that,' and in next line 'his' for 'this,' of 1652: both adopted.

Line 212, 'legible' is -legibly.

,, 224 and onward, in 1648 is printed 'least,' in our text (1652) 'lest.' Except in line 224 it is plainly = last, and so I read it in 231st and 237th.

VOL. I.

See our Essay for Miltonic parallels with lines in this remarkable composition. Line 46, 'these mortal clouds,' i.e. of infant flesh. Cf. Sosp. d' Herode, stanza xxiii.

' That He whom the sun serves should faintly peep Through clouds of infant flesh.'

Line 114, 'And urge their sun into Thy cloud,' i.e. into becoming Thy cloud, forcing him to become 'a long deliquium to the light of thee.' Line 189, our text (1652) misprints 'in self.' Line 190, 'By the oblique ambush,' &c. The Kings continuing in the spirit of prophecy, and with words not to be understood till their fulfilment, pass on from the dimming of the sun at the Crucifixion to a second dimming, but this time through the splendour of a brighter light, at the conversion of him who was taken to preach to the Gentiles in the court of the Areopagites. The speaker, or rather Crashaw, takes the view which at first sight may seem to be implied in the gospel narrative, that the light brighter than midday shone round about SAUL and his companions but not on them, they being couched in the conscious shade of the daylight. Throughout, there is a double allusion to this second dimming of the sun as manifesting Christ to St. Paul and the Gentiles, and to the dimming of the eyes, and the walking in darkness for a time of him who as a light on Earth was to manifest the True Light to the world. Throughout, too, there is a kind of parallelism indicated between the two lesser lights. Both rebellions were to be dimmed and brought into subjection, and then to shine forth 'right-eyed' in renewed and purified splendour as evidences of the Sun of Righteousness. Hence at the close, the chorus calls them 'ye twin-suns,'-and the words, 'Till thus triumphantly tamed' refer equally to both. The punctuation to make this clear should be '.... sun, undone; . . . ' 'To negotiate you' (both word and metaphor being rather unhappily chosen) means, to pass you current as the true-stamped image of the Deity. 'O price of the rich Spirit' (line 197) may be made to refer to 'thee [O Christ], price of the rich spirit' of Paul, but 'may be' is almost too strong to apply to such an interpretation. It is far more consonant to the structure and tenor of the whole passage, to read it as an epithet applied to St. Paul: 'O prize of the rich Spirit of grace.' I have also without hesitation changed 'of this strong soul' into 'of his strong soul.' 'Oblique ambush' may refer to the oblique rays of the sun now rays of darkness, but the primary

reference is to the indirect manner and 'vigorous guess,' by which St. Paul, mentally glancing from one to the other light, learned through the dimming of the sun to believe in the Deity of Him who spake from out the dimming brightness. The same thought, though with a strained and less successful effort of expression, appears in the song of the third King, 'with that flerce chase,' &c.

Line 251. 'Somthing a brighter shadow (Sweet) of Thee.' Apparently a remembrance of a passage which Thomas Heywood, in his 'Hierarchie of the Angels,' gives from a Latin translation of Plato, 'Lumen est umbra Dei et Deus est Lumen Luminis.' On which see our Essay. Perhaps the same gave rise to the thought that the sun eclipsed God, or shut Him out as a cloud or shade, or made night, e.g.

'And urge their sun
... eclipse he made:' (lines 115-20).
'Not so much their sun as shade
... by this night of day:' (lines 138-151). G.

TO THE QVEEN'S MAIESTY.1

MADAME,

'Mongst those long rowes of crownes that guild your race, These royall sages sue for decent place:
The day-break of the Nations; their first ray,
When the dark World dawn'd into Christian Day, 5
And smil'd i' th' Babe's bright face; the purpling bud
And rosy dawn of the right royall blood;
Fair first-fruits of the Lamb! sure kings in this,
They took a kingdom while they gaue a kisse.
But the World's homage, scarse in these well blown, 10
We read in you (rare queen) ripe and full-grown.

Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 55, 56): reprinted in editions of 1652 (pp. 29, 30) and 1670 (pp. 161, 162). Our text is that of 1652, as before: but see Notes at close of the poem. G.

For from this day's rich seed of diadems

Does rise a radiant croppe of royalle stemms,

A golden haruest of crown'd heads, that meet

And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white feet: 15

In this illustrious throng, your lofty floud

Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born bloud:

With your bright head, whole groues of scepters bend

Their wealthy tops, and for these feet contend.

So swore the Lamb's dread Sire: and so we see't, 20

Crownes, and the heads they kisse, must court these

feet.

Fix here, fair majesty! May your heart ne're misse
To reap new crownes and kingdoms from that kisse;
Nor may we misse the ioy to meet in you
The aged honors of this day still new.

25
May the great time, in you, still greater be,
While all the year is your epiphany;
While your each day's deuotion duly brings
Three kingdomes to supply this day's three kings.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1648 the title is 'To the Queene's Majestie upon his dedicating to her the foregoing Hymne, viz. "A Hymne for the Epiphanie," which there precedes, but in 1652 follows, the dedicatory lines to the Queen. 1648 furnishes these variations: line 7 misprints 'down' for 'dawn:' line 11 reads 'deare' for 'rare:' line 14 'royall' for 'golden:' line 18 corrects our text's misprint of 'whose' for 'whole,' which I have accepted: line 20 reads 'great' for 'dread.'

In line 3 we read

'Those royall sages sue for decent place.'

We know that the King on Twelfth-day presented gold, frank-incense and myrrh, and so perhaps did the Queen. But these gifts were not presented to the magi-kings, and Crashaw seems to sue on behalf of 'these royall sages.' The explanation doubtless is that this was a verse-letter to the Queen, enclosing as a gift his Epiphany Hymn 'sung as by the three Kings.'

In line 5 'the purpling bud,' &c. requires study. Led by the (erroneous) punctuation (face,) I supposed this clause to refer to the 'Babe.' But would our Poet have said that the 'dawn of the world smiled on the Babe's face,' and in the same breath have called the face a 'rosy dawn'? Looking to this, and his rather profuse employment of 'bud,' I now believe the clause to be another description of the kings, and punctuate (face;). The rhythm of the passage is certainly improved thereby and made more like that of CRASHAW, and the words 'right royall blood,' which may be thought to become difficult, can be thus explained. The races of the heathen kings were not 'royal,' their authority being usurped and falsely derived from false gods, and the kingly blood first became truly royal when the kings recognised the supreme sovereignty of the King of kings and the derivation of their authority from Him, and when they were in turn recognised by Him. Hence the use of the epithet 'purpling,' the Christian or Christ-accepting kings being the first who were truly 'born in the purple,' or 'right royall blood.'

In lines 15-18, as punctuated in preceding editions, the Poet is made to arrange his words after a fashion hardly to be called English, and to jumble his metaphors like a poetaster or 4th of July orator in America. But both sense and poetry are restored by taking the (!) after 'blood' as at least equal to (:), and by replacing 'whose' by 'whole,' as in 1648. This seems to us restoration, not change. Even thus read, however, the passage is somewhat cloudy; but the construction is—the groves of sceptres of your high-born ancestors bend with you their wealthy tops, when you bow down your head. Our Poet is fond of inversions, and they are sometimes more obscure than they ought to be. Line 20 — Psalm i., and cf. Philip. ii. 11. G.

VPON EASTER DAY.1

RISE heire of fresh Eternity From thy virgin tombe! Rise mighty Man of wonders, and Thy World with Thee! Thy tombe the universall East, Nature's new wombe, 5 Thy tombe, fair Immortalitie's perfumèd nest. Of all the glories make Noone gay, This is the Morne; This Rock buds forth the fountaine of the streames of Day; In Joye's white annalls live this howre 10 When Life was borne; No cloud scoule on His radiant lids, no tempest lower. Life, by this Light's nativity All creatures have;

Death onely by this Daye's just doome is forc't to dye,

Nor is Death forc't; for may he ly

Thron'd in Thy grave,

Death will on this condition be content to dye.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 22, 23): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 56, 57) and in 1670 (pp. 23, 24). Our text is that of 1648, with the exception of reading in line 10, 'live' for 'lives,' from 1646 (and so in 1670). Other slight differences are simply in orthography, and not noted. In the SANCROFT MS. the heading is 'Vpon Christ's Resurrection.' G.





SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

LIBRO PRIMO.1

ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signes,

Death's master his owne death divines:

Strugling for helpe, his best hope is

Herod's suspition may heale his.

Therefore he sends a fiend to wake

The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake; foolish

Who feares (in vaine) that He Whose birth

Meanes Heav'n, should meddle with his Earth.

I.

Muse, now the servant of soft loves no more, Hate is thy theame, and Herod, whose unblest Hand (O what dares not jealous greatnesse?) tore A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' brest:

¹ For critical remarks on the present very striking expansion and interpretation rather than translation of Marino, the Reader is referred to our Essay. The Sancroff Ms. must have contained this poem, for it is inserted in the index; but unfortunately the pages of the Ms. containing it have disappeared. It was first published in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 51-73), and was reprinted in the editions of 1648 and 1670: and separately, with a brief introduction, a few years since. Our text is that of 1648 (pp. 57-74); but it differs from the edition of 1646 only in slight changes of spelling, e.g. 'hee' for 'he,' guild' for 'gild,' and the like—not calling for record. The edition

The bloomes of martyrdome. O be a dore
Of language to my infant lips, yee best
Of confessours: whose throates answering his swords,
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke soules for
words.

11.

Great Anthony! Spain's well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperours and kings;
The beauties of whose dawne what eye may bide?
Which with the sun himselfe weigh's equall wings;
Mappe of heroick worth! whom farre and wide
To the beleeving world, Fame boldly sings:
Deignethou to weare this humble wreath, that bowes

Deigne thou to weare this humble wreath, that bowes To be the sacred honour of thy browes.

III.

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flowers Other than what their owne blest beauties bring:

of 1670, in st. i. line 3, misprints 'so what' for 'O what,' and Turnbull repeats the error, and of himself misreads in st. xxii. 'Who thunders on a throne of stars above' for 'Who in a throne of stars thunders above,' and in like manner in st. xxiv. line 8 substitutes 'getting' for 'finding,' and in st. xxvi. line 3 'serve' for 'serves.' Again in st. li. first line of which is left partially blank, from (probably) the illegibility of Crashaw's ms., Turnbull tacitly fills in, 'By proud usurping Herod now was borne.' So too, besides lesser orthographic alterations, in st. xxxvi. line 2 he does not detect the stupid misprint 'whose' for 'my,' nor that of 'fight' for 'sight' in st. xlvii. line 8, while in st. lxi. he drops 'all,' which even the 1670 edition does not do, any more than is it responsible for a tithe of Turnbull's mistakes here and throughout, G.

They were the smiling sons of those sweet bowers
That drink the deaw of life, whose deathlesse spring,
Nor Sirian flame nor Borean frost deflowers:
From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busic wing,
Suck hidden sweets, which well-digested proves
Immortall hony for the hive of loves.

IV

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth, Holds high the reine of faire Parthenope,

That neither Rome nor Athens can bring forth

A name in noble deeds rivall to thee!

Thy fame's full noise, makes proud the patient Earth,

Farre more then, matter for my Muse and mee.

The Typebone Sees and shores sound all the same

The Tyrrhene Seas and shores sound all the same And in their murmurs keepe thy mighty name.

V.

Below the bottome of the great Abysse,
There where one center reconciles all things:
The World's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischiefe's old master. Close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kisse
His correspondent cheekes: these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternall ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

VI.

The judge of torments and the king of teares, He fills a burnisht throne of quenchlesse fire: vol. I. And for his old faire roabes of light, he weares.

A gloomy mantle of darke flames; the tire

That crownes his hated head on high appeares:

Where seav'n tall hornes (his empire's pride) aspire.

And to make up Hell's majesty, each horne

Seav'n crested Hydras, horribly adorne.

VII.

His eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull ayre with a dismall red:
Such his fell glances, as the fatall light
Of staring comets, that looke kingdomes dead.
From his black nostrills, and blew lips, in spight
Of Hell's owne stinke, a worser stench is spread.
His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deepe

Disdaines to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

VIII.

His flaming eyes' dire exhalation,
Vnto a dreadfull pile gives fiery breath;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction,
(His shop of flames) hee fryes himself, beneath
A masse of woes; his teeth for torment gnash,
While his steele sides sound with his tayle's strong
lash.

ıx.

Three rigourous virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptred king.
With whips of thornes and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his ranke thoughts need a sting.
Their lockes are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady browes in wanton rings.

Thus reignes the wrathfull king, and while he reignes, His scepter and himselfe both he disdaines.

x.

Disdainefull wretch! how hath one bold sinne cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes!
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd, and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise!
Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost
Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise
Narcissus! foolish Phaeton! who for all
Thy high-aym'd hopes, gaind'st but a flaming fall.

XI.

From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing ayre,
This mortall enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautifull in humane blood.
Where Iordan melts his chrystall, to make faire
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,

There does he fixe his eyes: and there detect New matter, to make good his great suspect.

XII.

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke Set the contending sons of Heav'n on fire: Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke Sibill's divining leaves: he does enquire Into th' old prophesies, trembling to marke How many present prodigies conspire,

To crowne their past predictions, both he layes Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

XIII.

Heaven's golden-wingèd herald, late he saw
To a poore Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortall flowers to her faire hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrewe's wombe, neglect the law
Of age and barrennesse, and her babe prevent anticipate
His birth by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

XIV.

He saw rich nectar-thawes, release the rigour
Of th' icy North; from frost-bound Atlas hands,
His adamantine fetters fall: green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libian sands.
He saw a vernall smile, sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flowry lands
Of faire Engaddi, hony-sweating fountaines
With manna, milk, and balm, new-broach the
mountaines.

vv

He saw how in that blest Day-bearing Night,
The Heav'n-rebuked shades made hast away;
How bright a dawne of angels with new light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not. Mad with spight
He markt how the poore shepheards ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the Babe, Whose birth
Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and Earth.

XVI.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease

Make proud the ruby portalls of the East.

He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,

Adore her Prince's birth, flat on her brest.

He saw the falling idolls, all confesse

A comming Deity: He saw the nest

Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurst,

Toucht with the World's true antidote, to burst.

XVII.

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
The golden eyes of Night: whose beame made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor askt leave of the sun) by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious hand-maid) rais'd,
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went
Westward to find the World's true orient.

XVIII.

Strucke with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly unto Death and him;
Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wings:
Which like two bosom'd sailes, embrace the dimme
Aire, with a dismall shade; but all in vaine:
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chaine.

XIX.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsails, by the low Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well, He tost his troubled eyes: embers that glow Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell: With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed brow, And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night, The while his twisted tayle he gnaw'd for spight.

XX.

Yet on the other side, faine would he start
Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be.
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart
And feele the pulse of every prophecy;
He knows (but knowes not how, or by what art)
The Heav'n-expecting ages hope to see
A mighty Babe, Whose pure, unspotted birth
From a chast virgin wombe, should blesse the Earth.

XXI.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
And reason (for what's faith to him?) devoure.
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keepe inviolate her virgin flower;
How God's eternall Sonne should be Man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectuall power.
How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee,

How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee, And Life it selfe weare Death's fraile livery.

XXII.

That the great angell-blinding Light should shrinke
His blaze, to shine in a poore shepherd's eye:
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,
As pris'ner in a few poore rags to lye:
That from His mother's brest He milke should drinke,
Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's faire family:
That a vile manger His low bed should prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

XXIII.

That He Whom the sun serves, should faintly peepe
Through clouds of infant flesh: that He the old
Eternall Word should be a child, and weepe:
That He Who made the fire, should feare the cold:
That Heav'n's high Majesty His court should keepe
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:
That Glorie's Self should serve our griefs and feares,
And free Eternity, submit to yeares.

XXIV.

And further, that the Lawe's eternall Giver Should bleed in His Owne Lawe's obedience: And to the circumcising knife deliver Himselfe, the forfet of His slave's offence: That the unblemisht Lambe, blessed for ever, Should take the marke of sin, and paine of sence. These are the knotty riddles, whose darke doubt Intangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

While new thoughts boyl'd in his enragèd brest, His gloomy bosome's darkest character Was in his shady forehead seen exprest: The forehead's shade in Griefe's expression there, Is what in signe of joy among the blest The face's lightning, or a smile is here. Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,

A desperate, Oh mee! drew from his deepe brest.

XXVI.

Oh mee! (thus bellow'd he) Oh mee! what great Portents before mine eyes their powers advance? And serves my purer sight, onely to beat Downe my proud thought, and leave it in a trance? Frowne I: and can great Nature keep her seat? And the gay starrs lead on their golden dance? Can His attempts above still prosp'rous be, Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and me?

XXVII.

Hee has my Heaven (what would He more?) whose bright

And radiant scepter this bold hand should beare:
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My faire inheritance, He confines me here
To this darke house of shades, horrour and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheere
Is the solemnity my sorrow weares,
That mankind's torment waits upon my teares.

XXVIII.

Darke, dusky Man, He needs would single forth,
To make the partner of His Owne pure ray:
And should we powers of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clombe the North,
Where never wing of angell yet made way:

What though I mist my blow? yet I strooke high, And to dare something, is some victory.

XXIX.

Is He not satisfied? meanes He to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile humane nature means He not t' invest
(O my despight!) with His divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoiles upon His brest
With His faire triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright armes of Heav'n, rebuke these eyes?
Mocke me, and dazle my darke mysteries?

Mocke me, and dazle my darke mysteries?

XXX.

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the Morne, in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-wingèd loves,
The fairest, and the first-borne smile of Heav'n?
Looke in what pompe the mistrisse planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seaven:
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,

Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes Opprest the common-people of the skyes.

XXXI.

Ah wretch! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where dawning hope no beame of comfort showes?
While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,
Renders thee double to thy present woes:
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischiefe that upon thee growes.
If Hell must mourne, Heav'n sure shall sympathize,
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

XXXII.

And yet whose force feare I? have I so lost
My selfe? my strength too with my innocence?
Come try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, what ere doth boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence.
Come thy Creator too: What though it cost
Me yet a second fall? wee'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once; as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

XXXIII.

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause:
His foule hags rais'd their heads, and clapt their hands,
And all the powers of Hell in full applause
Flourisht their snakes, and tost their flaming brands.
We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy lawes,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands:
Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread command, our's to obey.

XXXIV.

What thy Alecto, what these hands can doe,
Thou mad'st bold proofe upon the brow of Heav'n.
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now
To these thy sooty kingdomes thou art driven.
Let Heav'n's Lord chide above lowder than thou
In language of His thunder, thou art even
With Him below: here thou art lord alone,

XXXV.

Boundlesse and absolute: Hell is thine owne.

If usuall wit, and strength will doe no good,
Vertues of stones, nor herbes: use stronger charmes,
Anger and love, best hookes of humane blood.
If all faile, wee'l put on our proudest armes,
And pouring on Heav'n's face the Sea's huge flood
Quench His curl'd fires: wee'l wake with our alarmes
Ruine, where e're she sleepes at Nature's feet:
And crush the World till His wide corners meet.

111...

Thus spoke the impatient prince, and made a passe:
His foule large unifd their leads, and claps their lands.
And all the powers of Heal in full appliance.
Plourish their smakes, and not their faming brands.
We (said the horrid sincers: wait they lawer.
The charquious handmands of they high examinance.
Be it they part, Heal's mighty hard to lay
On us they dread examinated, our's to they.

TIT'S

What thy Alecte, what these hands can doe.

Then mad'et held proude upon the lever of Heav 1.

Nor should at these late in pride, because that now

To these thy stary kingdomes than set driven.

Let Heav'n's Lord chide above hower than then.

In language of His thunder, then set even.

With Him below: here then art heri shore.

Boundlesse and absolute: Hell is these owner

If usual will and strength will the in good.

Vertice of stones, are herical, use stronger charmen,

Anger and love, best hookes of humans hood.

If all falls, weel put on our providest armes.

And pouring on Heaville face the beals huge fixed.

Quench His could free; weel wake with our alarmost knins, where sire size sizespec at Nature a feet.

And graph the World till His wate occurrences.

XXXVI.

Reply'd the proud king, O my crowne's defence,
Stay of my strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,
The frighted stars tooke faint experience,
When 'gainst the Thunder's mouth we marched forth:
Still you are prodigall of your Love's expence
In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
I thanke you all, but one must single out:
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

XXXVII.

Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is shee,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter shee do's oversee,
And still assist the execution.
But chiefly there do's she delight to be,
Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on:
And while the black soules boile in their own gore,
To hold them down, and looke that none seeth o're.

XXXVIII.

Thrice howl'd the caves of Night, and thrice the sound,
Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At last her listning eares the noise o're takes,
She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,
A gen'rall hisse from the whole tire of snakes
Rebounding, through Hell's inmost cavernes came,
In answer to her formidable name.

SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

XXXIX.

'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command,

No one so mercilesse as this of her's.

The adamantine doors, for ever stand

Impenetrable, both to prai'rs and teares;

The walls inexorable steele, no hand

Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruine feares.

Their ugly ornaments are the bloody staines

Of ragged limbs, torne sculls, and dasht-out braines.

XL

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat
Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood:
About her Hate, Wrath, Warre and Slaughter sweat;
Bathing their hot limbs in life's pretious flood:
There rude impetuous Rage do's storme and fret,
And there as master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge sith stands impartiall Death: scythe
With endlesse businesse almost out of breath.

XLI.

For hangings and for curtaines, all along
The walls (abominable ornaments!)
Are tooles of wrath, anvills of torments hung;
Fell executioners of foule intents,
Nailes, hammers, hatchets sharpe, and halters strong,
Swords, speares, with all the fatall instruments
Of Sin and Death, twice dipt in the dire staines
Of brothers' mutuall blood, and fathers' braines.

XLII.

The tables furnisht with a cursed feast
Which Harpyes, with leane Famine feed upon,
Vnfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhumane Erisicthon too makes one;
Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests:
Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.
The cup they drinke in is Medusa's scull,
Which mixt with galland blood they quaffe brim-full.

XLIII.

The foule queen's most abhorred maids of honour, Medæa, Jezabell, many a meager witch,
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her:
But her best huswife's are the Parcæ, which
Still worke for her, and have their wages from her:
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
Her cruell cloathes of costly threds they weave,
Which short-cut lives of murdred infants leave.

XLIV

The house is hers'd about with a black wood, hearsed Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree:
Each flowers a pregnant poyson, try'd and good,
Each herbe a plague. The wind's sighes timèd bee
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, Cyclopses, with a darke drove
Of Dragons, Hydraes, Sphinxes, fill the grove.

XLV.

SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appeare,
With the fierce lyons of Therodamas.
Busiris has his bloody altar here:
Here Sylla his severest prison has:
The Lestrigonians here their table reare:
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brasse:
Here cruell Scyron boasts his bloody rockes
And hatefull Schinis his so feared oakes.

XLVI.

What ever schemes of blood, fantastick Frames Of death, Mezentius or Geryon drew; Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus: names Mighty in mischiefe; with dread Nero too; Here are they all, here all the swords or flames Assyrian tyrants or Egyptian knew.

Such was the house, so furnisht was the hall, Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

XLVII.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king
The horrid summe of his intentions tell;
But shee (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell.
She rose, and with her to our World did bring
Pale proofe of her fell presence; th' aire too well
With a chang'd countenance witnest the sight,
And poore fowles intercepted in their flight.

XLVIII.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight:
The fields' faire eyes saw her, and saw no more,
But shut their flowry lids for ever: Night
And Winter strow her way: yea, such a sore
Is she to Nature, that a generall fright,
An universal palsie spreading o're
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

XLIX.

Now had the Night's companion from her dew,
Where all the busic day she close doth ly,
With her soft wing wipt from the browes of men
Day's sweat; and by a gentle tyranny
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of Sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all brests in a Lethæan band.

Į,

When the Erinnys her black pineons spread,
And came to Bethlem, where the cruell king
Had now retyr'd himselfe, and borrowed
His brest a while from Care's unquiet sting;
Such as at Thebes' dire feast she shew'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathèd torches brandishing:

Such to the frighted palace now she comes, And with soft feet searches the silent roomes. LI.

By Herod _______ now was borne
The scepter, which of old great David swaid;
Whose right by David's linage so long worne, lineage
Himselfe a stranger to, his owne had made;
And from the head of Judah's house quite torne
The crowne, for which upon their necks he laid
A sad yoake, under which they sigh'd in vaine,
And looking on their lost state sigh'd againe.

LII.

Vp, through the spatious pallace passèd she,
To where the king's proudly-reposèd head
(If any can be soft to Tyranny
And selfe-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
She thinkes not fit, such, he her face should see,
As it is seene in Hell, and seen with dread.
To change her face's stile she doth devise,
And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

LIII.

Her selfe a while she layes aside, and makes
Ready to personate a mortall part.
Ioseph, the king's dead brother's shape, she takes:
What he by nature was, is she by art.
She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand slakes
His spirits (the sparkes of life) and chills his heart,
Life's forge; fain'd is her voice, and false too, be
Her words: 'sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st thou?'
said she.

VOL. I.

LIV.

So sleeps a pilot, whose poore barke is prest
With many a mercylesse o're-mastring wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathfull winds contest
Which of them deep'st shall digge her watry grave.
Why dost thou let thy brave soule lye supprest
In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand? looke vp and see
The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

LV.

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrewes' royall stemme (That old dry stocke) a despair'd branch is sprung:

A most strange Babe! Who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected stable lies, among
Beasts and base straw: Already is the streame
Quite turn'd: th' ingratefull rebells, this their young
Master (with voyce free as the trumpe of Fame)
Their new King, and thy Successour proclame.

LVI.

What busy motions, what wild engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy braynes! th' have fire
Already in their bosomes, and their hand
Already reaches at a sword; they hire
Poysons to speed thee; yet through all the Land
What one comes to reveale what they conspire?
Goe now, make much of these; wage still their wars
And bring home on thy brest, more thanklesse scarrs.

LVII.

Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
That thy firme hand for ever might sustaine
A well-pois'd scepter? does it now seeme good
Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vaine?
'Gainst thy owne sons and brothers thou hast stood
In armes, when lesser cause was to complaine:
And now crosse Fates a watch about thee keepe,

LVIII.

Can'st thou be carelesse now? now can'st thou sleep?

Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great selfe, hath stolne king Herod from thee?
O call thy selfe home to thy self, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee.
Redeeme a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thy selfe into a shape that may become thee.

Be Herod, and thou shalt not misse from mee Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

LIX.

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a beseeming bracelet she had ty'd
(A speciall worme it was as ever kist
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
To the king's heart: the snake no sooner hist,
But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd:
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every veine:
This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amaine.

LX.

He wakes, and with him (ne're to sleepe) new feares:
His sweat-bedewed bed hath now betraid him
To a vast field of thornes; ten thousand speares
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dreame had thus dismay'd him,
He his owne fancy-framèd foes defies:
In rage, My armes, give me my armes, he cryes.

LXI.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,

The breath of artificiall lungs embraves,

The caldron-prison'd waters streight conspire

And beat the hot brasse with rebellious waves;

He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire;

Th' impatient liquor frets, and foames, and raves,

Till his o're-flowing pride suppresse the flame

Whence all his high spirits and hot courage came.

LXII.

So boyles the fired Herod's blood-swolne brest,
Not to be slak't but by a sea of blood:
His faithlesse crowne he feeles loose on his crest,
Which a false tyrant's head ne're firmely stood.
The worme of jealous envy and unrest
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
Makes him, impatient of the lingring light,
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.



SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

LXIII.

A thousand prophecies that talke strange things
Had sowne of old these doubts in his deepe brest.
And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new feares from th' East,
More deepe suspicions, and more deadly stings,
With which his feav'rous cares their cold increast.
And now bis dream (Hel's fireband) still more bright,
Shew'd him his feares, and kill'd him with the sight.

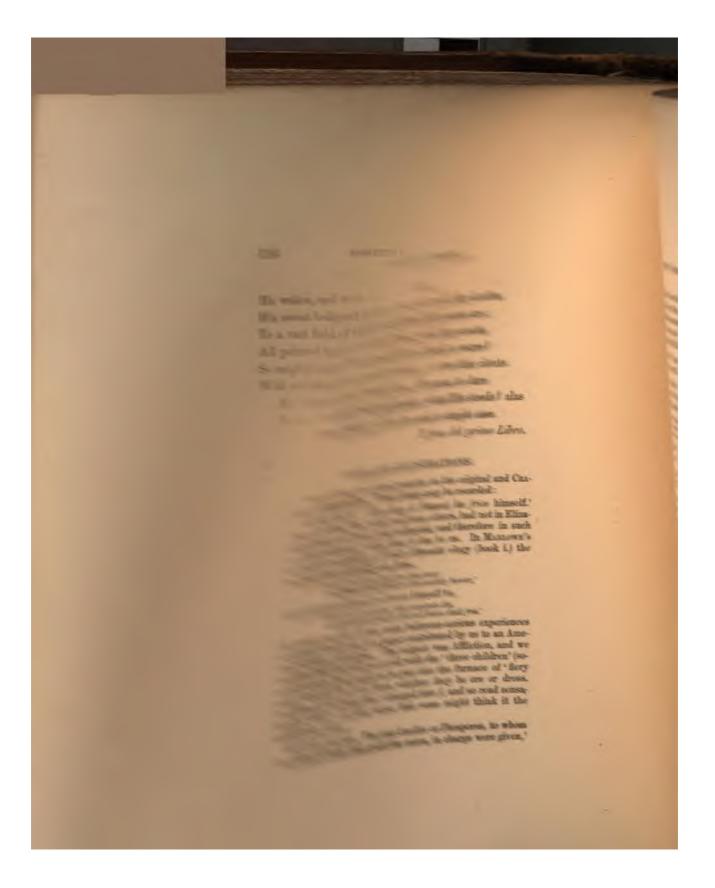
LXIV.

No sooner therefore shall the Morning see
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day)
But all the counsellours must summon'd bee,
To meet their troubled lord: without delay
Heralds and messengers immediately
Are sent about, who possting every way
To th' heads and officers of every band,
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

LXV.

Why art thou troubled, Herod? what vaine feare Thy blood-revolving brest to rage doth move? Heaven's King, Who doffs Himselfe weak flesh to weare, Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love. Nor would He this thy fear'd crown from thee teare, But give thee a better with Himselfe above.

Poor jealousie! why should He wish to prey Vpon thy crowne, Who gives His owne away?



LXVI.

Make to thy reason, man, and mock thy doubts,
Looke how below thy feares their causes are;
Thou art a souldier, Herod; send thy scouts,
See how Hee's furnish't for so fear'd a warre?
What armour does He weare? A few thin clouts.
His trumpets? tender cries; His men to dare
So much? rude shepheards: what His steeds? alas
Poore beasts! a slow oxe and a simple asse.

Il fine del primo Libro.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Essay for critical remarks on the original and Crashaw's interpretation. These things may be recorded:

St. viii. line 6. '(His shop of flames) he fries himself.' This verb 'fries,'like 'stick' and some others, had not in Elizabethan times and later, that colloquial, and therefore in such a context ludicrous, sound that it has to us. In Marlowe's or Jonson's translation of Ovid's fifteenth elegy (book i.) the two lines which originally ran thus,

'Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour That Nature shall dissolve this earthly bower,' were afterwards altered by Jonson himself to,

'Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die, When earth and seas in fire and flame shall frie.'

In another way one of our most ludicrous-serious experiences of printers' errors was in a paper contributed by us to an American religious periodical. The subject was Affliction, and we remarked that God still, as of old with the 'three children' (so-called) permits His people to be put into the furnace of 'fiery trials,' wherein He tries them whether they be ore or dross. To our horror we found the t changed into f, and so read sensationally 'fries'—all the worse that some might think it the author's own word.

St. xxviii. and xxx. The star Lucifer or Phosporos, to whom the droves of stars that guild the morn, in charge were given,'

can never climb the North or reach the zenith, being conquered by the effulgence of the sun of day. When did the fable of the angel Lucifer, founded on an astronomical appearance, mingle itself as it has done here, and grandly in Milton, and in the popular mind generally, with the biblical history of Satan?

St. xxxvi. line 2. TURNBULL perpetuates the misprint of 'whose' for 'my' from 1670.

St. li. line 3, 'linage'= 'lineage.' For once 1670 is correct in reading 'linage' for the misprint 'image' of 1646 and 1648. The original is literally as follows:

Herod the liege of Angustus, a man now aged, Then ruled over the royal courts of David: Not of the royal line?

St. lix. line 3, 'a special worm:' so Shakespeare (Ant. and Cleopatra, v. 2), 'the pretty worm' and 'the worm.'

St. lx. Every one will be reminded of the tent-scene in Richard III.

At end of this translation Peregaine Phillips adds 'cetera desunt—heu! heu!'

MARINO and CRASHAW have left proper names in the poem unannotated. They are mostly trite; but these may be noticed: st. xlii. l. 4, Erisichton (see Ovid, Met. viii. 814 &c.); he offended Ceres, and was by her punished with continual hunger, so that he devoured his own limbs: line 5, Tantalus the fabled son of Zeus and Pluto, whose doom in the 'lower world,' has been celebrated from Homer (Od. xi. 582) onward: ib. Atreus, grandson of Tantalus, immortalised in infamy with his brother Thyestes: ib. Progne = Procne, wife of Tereus, who was metamorphosed into a swallow (Apollod. iii. 14, 8): 1. 6, Lycaon, like Tantalus, with his sons changed by Zeus into wolves (Ovid; Paus. viii. 3, § 1): st. xliii. line 2, Medea, most famous of the mythical sorcerers: ib. Jezebel, 2 Kings ix. 10, 36: line 3, Circe, another mythical sorceress: Scylla, daughter of Typho and rival of Circe, who transformed her (Ovid, Met. xiv. 1-74); cf. Paradise Lost: line 4, the Parcæ the Fates, ever spinning: st. xliv. lines 7-8, all classic monsters: st. xlv. line 1, 'Diomed's horses'=the fabled 'mares' fed on human flesh (Apollod. ii. 5, § 8): 'Phereus' dogs,' or Fereus of mythical celebrity : line 2, Therodamas or Theromedon, king of Scythia, who fed lions with human blood (Ovid, Ibis 385, Pont. i. 2, 121): line 3, Busiris, associated with Osiris of Egypt; but Herodotus denies that the Egyptians ever offered human sacrifices: line 4, Sylla = Salla: line 5, Lestrigonians, ancient inhabitants of Sicily who fed on human flesh (Ovid, Met. xiv. 233, &c.): line 6, Procrustes, i.e. the Stretcher, being a surname of the famous robber Damastes (Ovid, Met. vii. 438): line 7, Scyron, or Sciron (Ovid, Met. vii. 444-447), who threw his captives from the rocks: line 8, Schinis, more accurately Sinis or Sinnis, a celebrated robber, his name being connected with σίνομαι, expressing the manner in which he tore his victims to pieces by tying them to branches of two trees, which he bent together and then let go (Ovid, Met. vii. 440); according to some he was surnamed Procrustes, but Marino and Crashaw distinguish the two: st. xlvi. line 2, Mezentius, a mythical king of the Etruscans (Virgil, Eneid, viii. 480, &c.); he put men to death by tying them to a corpse: ib. Geryon, a fabulous king of Hesperia (Apollod. ii. 5, § 10); under this name the very reverend Dr. J. H. Newman has composed one of his most remarkable poems: line 3, Phalaris, the tyrant of Sicily, whose 'brazen bull' of torture gave point to Cicero's words concerning him, as 'crudelissimus omnium tyrannorum' (in Verr. iv. 33): ib. Ochus = Artaxerxes III. a merciless king of Persia: ib. Ezelinus or Ezzelinus, another wicked tyrant.





THE HYMN OF SAINTE THOMAS,

IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.1

Ecce panis Angelorum, Adoro te.

With all the powres my poor heart hath

Of humble loue and loyall faith,

Thus lowe (my hidden life!) I bow to Thee

Whom too much loue hath bow'd more low for me.

Down, down, proud Sense! discourses dy!

Keep close, my soul's inquiring ey!

Nor touch, nor tast, must look for more

But each sitt still in his own dore.

Your ports are all superfluous here,
Saue that which lets in Faith, the eare.

Faith is my skill: Faith can beleiue
As fast as Loue new lawes can giue.
Faith is my force: Faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powrfull words.
And words more sure, more sweet then they,
Loue could not think, Truth could not say.

O let Thy wretch find that releife Thou didst afford the faithful theife.

¹ Appeared first in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 74-75): was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 66-69) and 1670 (pp. 185-187). Our text is that of 1652: but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, and our Essay for critical remarks. The engraving of 1652 is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. G.

Plead for me, Loue! alleage and show
That Faith has farther here to goe
20
And lesse to lean on: because than
Though hidd as God, wounds with Thee man:
Thomas might touch, none but might see
At least the suffring side of Thee;
And that too was Thy self which Thee did couer, 25
But here eu'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I
Though allow'd nor hand nor eye
To reach at Thy lou'd face; nor can
Tast Thee God, or touch Thee man,
Both yet beleiue; and witnesse Thee
My Lord too and my God, as lowd as he.

Help, Lord, my faith, my hope increase,
And fill my portion in Thy peace:
Giue loue for life; nor let my dayes 35
Grow, but in new powres to Thy name and praise.

O dear memoriall of that Death
Which lives still, and allowes vs breath!
Rich, royall food! Bountyfull bread!
Whose vse denyes vs to the dead;
Whose vitall gust alone can give
The same leave both to eat and live;
Live ever bread of loves, and be
My life, my soul, my surer-selfe to mee.

O soft self-wounding Pelican! 45
Whose brest weepes balm for wounded man:

THE HYMN OF SAINTE THOMAS.

123

50

55

Ah! this way bend Thy benign floud To a bleeding heart that gaspes for blood. That blood, whose least drops soueraign be To wash my worlds of sins from me.

Come Loue! come Lord! and that long day
For which I languish, come away.
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the vnseal'd sourse of Thee:
When Glory's sun, Faith's shades shall chase,

And for Thy veil giue me Thy face. Amen.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The original title is 'A Hymne to our Saviour by the Faithfull Receiver of the Sacrament.' As before in the title of 'The Weeper' 'Sainte' is misspelled 'Sainte.'

Line 1 in 1648 reads 'power.'

- " 8, 'sitt still in his own dore.'
- ,, 9, 'ports' = openings or gates. So in Edinburgh the 'West-port' = a gate of the city in the old west wall.

Line 21, 'than' = 'then.' See our Phineas Fletcher, as before.

Line 29, TURNBULL leaves undetected the 1670 misprint of 'teach' for 'reach.'

Line 33, 1648 supplies 'my faith,' which in our text is inadvertently dropped; 1670 continues the error, which of course Turnbull repeated.

Line 36, 1670 edition reads 'Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy Praise.'

Lines 37-38 are inadvertently omitted in 1648 edition.

Our text, as will be seen, is arranged in stanzas of irregular form. In 1648 edition it is one continuous poem thus printed:

LAVDA SION SALVATOREM:

THE HYMN FOR THE BL. SACRAMENT.1

1

Rise, royall Sion! rise and sing
Thy soul's kind shepheard, thy hart's King.
Stretch all thy powres; call if you can
Harpes of heaun to hands of man.
This soueraign subject sitts aboue
The best ambition of thy loue.

11

Lo, the Bread of Life, this day's
Triumphant text, prouokes thy prayse: incites
The liuing and life-giuing bread
To the great twelue distributed;
When Life, Himself, at point to dy
Of loue, was His Own legacy.

111.

Come, Loue! and let vs work a song Lowd and pleasant, sweet and long; Lot lippes and hearts lift high the noise Of so iust and solemn ioyes, Which on His white browes this bright day Shall hence for euer bear away.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 76-78), where the title is 'A Hymne on the B. Sacrament:' reprinted in 1652 (pp. 70-73) and 1670 (pp. 187-190). Our text is that of 1652; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.

IV.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb blesses the board:
The aged Pascha pleads not yeares
But spyes Loue's dawn, and disappeares.
Types yield to truthes; shades shrink away;
And their Night dyes into our Day.

v.

But lest that dy too, we are bid Euer to doe what He once did: And by a mindfull, mystick breath That we may liue, reuiue His death; With a well-bles't bread and wine, Transsum'd and taught to turn diuine.

VI.

The Heaun-instructed house of Faith Here a holy dictate hath,
That they but lend their form and face;—
Themselues with reuerence leave their place,
Nature, and name, to be made good,
By a nobler bread, more needfull blood.

VII.

Where Nature's lawes no leaue will giue, Bold Faith takes heart, and darcs beleiue In different species: name not things, Himself to me my Saviovr brings; As meat in that, as drink in this, But still in both one Christ He is.

VIII.

The receiving mouth here makes

Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.

Let one, or one thousand be

Here dividers, single he

Beares home no lesse, all they no more,

Nor leave they both lesse then before.

ΙX

Though in it self this soverain Feast Be all the same to every guest, Yet on the same (life-meaning) Bread The child of death eates himself dead: Nor is't Loue's fault, but Sin's dire skill That thus from Life can death distill.

X.

When the blest signes thou broke shalt see Hold but thy faith intire as He Who, howsoe're clad, cannot come Lesse then whole Christ in euery crumme. In broken formes a stable Faith Vntouch't her precious totall hath.

XI.

So the life-food of angells then Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!

The children's Bread, the Bridegroom's Wine; Not to be cast to dogges, or swine.

XII.

Lo, the full, finall Sacrifice
On which all figures fix't their eyes:
The ransom'd Isack, and his ramme;
The manna, and the paschal lamb.

XIII.

Iesv Master, iust and true!
Our food, and faithfull Shephard too!
O by Thy self vouchsafe to keep,
As with Thy selfe Thou feed'st Thy sheep.

XIV.

O let that loue which thus makes Thee Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our lean soules, and sett vs vp
Con-victors of Thine Own full cup,
Coheirs of saints. That so all may
Drink the same wine; and the same way:
Nor change the pastvre, but the place,
To feed of Thee, in Thine Own face. Amen.

NOTES.

In 1648, line 3 has 'thou' for 'you:' line 4 'and' for 'to:' line 6, 'ambitious:' line 19, 'Lord' is misprinted 'Law:' line 39, 'namcs:' line 42 spells 'one' as 'on:' line 55, our text (1652) misprints 'shall:' line 75, 1648 reads 'mean' for 'lean.' G.



PRAYER:

AN ODE WHICH WAS PRÆFIXED TO A LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK GIVEN TO A YOUNG GENTLE-WOMAN.

Lo here a little volume, but great book! (Feare it not, sweet, It is no hipocrit) Much larger in itselfe then in its looke. A nest of new-born sweets; 5 Whose natiue fires disdaining To ly thus folded, and complaining Of these ignoble sheets, Affect more comly bands (Fair one) from thy kind hands; 10 And confidently look To find the rest Of a rich binding in your brest. It is, in one choise handfull, Heauvn; and all Heaun's royall host; incampt thus small 15

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 74-78), where it is headed 'On a prayer booke sent to Mrs. M. R.:' was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 78-82), where the title differs from that of 1652 (pp. 108-112) in leaving out 'Prayer' and 'little,' and in 1670 as in 1646. Our text is that of 1652; but see Notes and Illustrations at close and on M. R. in our Essay. G.

PRAYER.

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To proue that true, Schooles vse to tell, Ten thousand angels in one point can dwell. It is Loue's great artillery Which here contracts it self, and comes to ly 19 Close-couch't in your white bosom; and from thence As from a snowy fortresse of defence, Against the ghostly foes to take your part, And fortify the hold of your chast heart. It is an armory of light; Let constant vse but keep it bright, 25 You'l find it yields To holy hands and humble hearts More swords and sheilds Then sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts. Only be sure 30 The hands be pure That hold these weapons; and the eyes Those of turtles, chast and true; Wakefull and wise: Here is a freind shall fight for you; 35 Hold but this book before your heart, Let prayer alone to play his part; But O the heart That studyes this high art Must be a sure house-keeper: 40 And yet no sleeper. Dear soul, be strong! Mercy will come e're long VOL. I. S

,

And bring his bosome fraught with blessings,	
Flowers of neuer-fading graces	45
To make immortall dressings	
For worthy soules, whose wise embraces	
Store vp themselues for Him, Who is alone	
The Spovse of virgins and the virgin's Son.	
But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,	50
Shall find the loytering heart from home;	•
Leauing her chast aboad	
To gadde abroad	
Among the gay mates of the god of flyes;	
To take her pleasure, and to play	55
And keep the deuill's holyday;	
To dance in th' sunshine of some smiling	
But beguiling	
Spheare of sweet and sugred lyes;	
Some slippery pair	60
Of false, perhaps, as fair,	
Flattering but forswearing, eyes;	
Doubtlesse some other heart	
Will gett the start	
Meanwhile, and stepping in before	65
Will take possession of that sacred store	
Of hidden sweets and holy ioyes;	
Words which are not heard with eares	
(Those tumultuous shops of noise)	
Effectuall whispers, whose still yoice	70
The soul it selfe more feeles then heares;	

131	

PRAYER.

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.

	Amorous languishments; luminous trances;	•
	Sights which are not seen with eyes;	
	Spirituall and soul-peircing glances	
	Whose pure and subtil lightning flyes	75
	Home to the heart, and setts the house on fire,	
	And melts it down in sweet desire	
	Yet doth not stay	
	To ask the windows' leaue, to passe that way;	
	Delicious deaths; soft exalations	80
	Of soul; dear and divine annihilations;	
	A thousand vnknown rites	
	Of ioyes and rarefy'd delights;	
	A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces:	
	And many a mystick thing	85
	Which the divine embraces	
	Of the deare Spouse of spirits, with them will brin	ıg,
	For which it is no shame	_
	That dull mortality must not know a name.	
	Of all this hidden store	90
•	Of blessings, and ten thousand more	-
	(If when He come	
	He find the heart from home)	
	Doubtlesse He will vnload	
	Himself some other where,	95
•	And poure abroad	
	His pretious sweets	
	On the fair soul whom first He meets.	
	O fair O fortunate! O riche! O dear!	

. •

O happy and thrice-happy she	100
Deare silver-breasted dove	
Who ere she be,	
Whose early loue	
With wingèd vowes	
Makes hast to meet her morning Spouse,	105
And close with His immortall kisses.	
Happy indeed, who neuer misses	
To improve that pretious hour,	
And euery day	
Seize her sweet prey,	110
All fresh and fragrant as He rises,	
Dropping with a baulmy showr,	
Λ delicious dew of spices;	
O let the blissfull heart hold it fast	
Her heaunly arm-full; she shall tast	115
At once ten thousand paradises;	
She shall haue power	
To rifle and deflour	
The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets	
Which with a swelling bosome there she meets:	120
Boundles and infinite	
Bottomles treasures	
Of pure inebriating pleasures.	
Happy proof! she shal discouer	
What ioy, what blisse,	125
How many heau'ns at once it is	
To have her God become her Lover.	

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The text of 1648 corresponds pretty closely, except in the usual changes of orthography, with our text (1652): and 1670, in like manner, follows that of 1646. 1646 edition furnishes some noticeable variations:

Line 1, 'large' for 'great.'

,, 2-4 restored to their place here. Turnbull gives them in a foot-note with this remark: 'So in the Paris edition of 1652. In all the others,

> Fear it not, sweet, It is no hypocrite, Much larger in itself, than in its book.'

This is a mistake. The only edition that omits the lines (5-13) besides the first (1646) and substitutes these three is that of 1670.

Lines 5-13 not in 1646 edition: first appeared in 1648 edition.

- " 14, 'choise' for 'rich.'
- ,, 15, 'hoasts' for 'host.'
- " 17, 'Ten thousand.'
- , 20. Our text (1652) here and elsewhere misreads 'their:' silently corrected.

Line 22. Our text (1652) misprints 'their' for 'the:' as 'the' is the reading of 1648 and 1670, I have adopted it.

Line 24, 'the' for 'an.'

- " 27, 'hand' for 'hands.'
- " 37, 1648 edition has 'its' for 'his.'
- " 44. Our text (1652) oddly misprints 'besom' for 'bosome:' the latter reading in 1646, 1648 and 1670 vindicates itself. 1646 reads 'her' and 1648 'its' for 'his.'

Line 50, 'comes' for 'come.'

- " 51, 'wandring' for 'loytering.'
- ,, 54. The allusion is to one of the names of Satan, viz. Baal-zebub = fly-god, dunghill-god.

Line 55, 'pleasures.'

,, 57. Our text (1652) inadvertently drops 'in.' 1648 has 'i' th'.'

Line 59. Our text misprints 'spheares:' 1648 adopts 'spheare' from 1646 edition. 1670 misprints 'spear.'

Line 62, 'forswearing:' a classic word.

- " 64, 'git' is the spelling.
- ,, 65. All the editions save our text (1652) omit 'meanwhile.'

Line 66, 'the' for 'that.'

- 69, 'These' for 'Those,' by mistake.
- 78, 'doth' for 'does' I have adopted here.
- ,, 83, 1648, by misprint, has 'O' for 'Of.'
- " 84, 'An hundred thousand loves and graces.'
- " 90. I have accepted 'hidden' before 'store' from 1646 edition.
- Line 101. I have also adopted this characteristic line from 1646 edition. In all the others (except 1670) it is 'Selected dove.'

Line 107, 'soule' for 'indeed.'
,, 114, 'that' for 'the.'

- " 121-122. In 1648 printed as supra, the lines probably indicating a blank where the Ms. was illegible. In our text (1652) we have two lines, but no blank indicated.

Line 124, 'soul' for 'proof.' ,, 127, 'a' for 'her.' G.

TO THE SAME PARTY:

COVNCEL CONCERNING HER CHOISE.1

DEAR, Heaun-designèd sovl!

Amongst the rest

Of suters that beseige your maiden brest,

Why may not I

My fortune try

5

And venture to speak one good word, Not for my self, alas! but for my dearer Lord? You have seen allready, in this lower sphear Of froth and bubbles, what to look for here:

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 82-84), and was reprinted in 1670 (pp. 198-200). Our text is that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

TO THE SAME PARTY.	135
Say, gentle soul, what can you find	10
But painted shapes,	
Peacocks and apes ;	
Illustrious flyes,	
Guilded dunghills, glorious lyes;	
Goodly surmises	15
And deep disguises,	
Oathes of water, words of wind ?	
Trvth biddes me say 'tis time you cease to trust	
Your soul to any son of dust.	
'Tis time you listen to a brauer loue,	20
Which from aboue	
Calls you vp higher	
And biddes you come	
And choose your roome	
Among His own fair sonnes of fire;	25
Where you among	
The golden throng	
That watches at His palace doores	
May passe along,	
And follow those fair starres of your's;	30
Starrs much too fair and pure to wait vpon	
The false smiles of a sublunary sun.	
Sweet, let me prophesy that at last t'will proue	
Your wary loue	
Layes vp his purer and more pretious vowes,	35
And meanes them for a farre more worthy Spovse	

TO THE SAME PARTY.

Then this World of lyes can give ye: Eu'n for Him with Whom nor cost, Nor loue, nor labour can be lost; Him Who neuer will deceive ye. 40 Let not my Lord, the mighty Louer Of soules, disdain that I discouer The hidden art Of His high stratagem to win your heart: It was His heaunly art 45 Kindly to cross you In your mistaken loue; That, at the next remoue Thence, He might tosse you And strike your troubled heart 50 Home to Himself; to hide it in His brest: The bright ambrosiall nest Of Loue, of life, and euerlasting rest. Happy mystake! That thus shall wake 55 Your wise soul, neuer to be wonne Now with a loue below the sun. Your first choyce failes; O when you choose agen May it not be amongst the sonnes of men.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The first line, 'To Mistress M. R.

Dear, Heav'n-designed soul,'
as in 1670, is not to be considered as an unrhymed line, but as

the address or superscription, though so contrived as not to interfere with the metre, but to make a five-foot line with the two feet of the true first line of the poem. So Parolles prefaces his verse with

'Dian, the count's a fool and full of gold.'
(All's Well that ends Well, iv. 3.)

and Longaville (Love's Labour Lost) prefixes to his sonnet,
'O sweet Maria, empress of my love.'

In fact, it is the 'Madam' of a poetical epistle brought into metrical harmony with the verse. G.

DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE.

(OVT OF BARCLAY.)1

No roofes of gold o're riotous tables shining I Whole dayes and suns, deuour'd with endlesse dining. No sailes of Tyrian sylk, proud pauements sweeping, Nor iuory couches costlyer slumber keeping; False lights of flairing gemmes; tumultuous ioyes; 5 Halls full of flattering men and frisking boyes; What'ere false showes of short and slippery good Mix the mad sons of men in mutuall blood. But walkes, and vnshorn woods; and soules, iust so Vnfore't and genuine; but not shady tho. Io Our lodgings hard and homely as our fare, That chast and cheap, as the few clothes we weare.

VOL. I.

Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 84-5): reprinted in 1652 (pp. 121-2) and 1670 (pp. 204-5). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.

Those, course and negligent, as the naturall lockes Of these loose groues; rough as th' vnpolish't rockes. A hasty portion of præscribèd sleep; 15 Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep, And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again; Still rowling a round spear of still-returning pain. Hands full of harty labours; paines that pay And prize themselves: doe much, that more they may, 20 And work for work, not wages; let to-morrow's New drops, wash off the sweat of this daye's sorrows. A long and dayly-dying life, which breaths A respiration of reuiuing deaths. But neither are there those ignoble stings 25 That nip the blossome of the World's best things, And lash Earth-labouring souls. No cruell guard of diligent cares, that keep Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep: But reuerent discipline, and religious fear, 30 And soft obedience, find sweet biding here; Silence, and sacred rest; peace, and pure ioyes; Kind loues keep house, ly close, make no noise; And room enough for monarchs, while none swells Beyond the kingdomes of contentfull cells. 35 The self-remembring sovl sweetly recouers Her kindred with the starrs; not basely houers Below: but meditates her immortall way Home to the originall sourse of Light and intellectuall day.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1648 the heading is simply 'Description of a religious house.' The original occurs in Barclay's Argenis, book v. These variations include one important correction of a long-standing blunder:

Line 3, 1648 misprints 'weeping' for 'sweeping.'

- " 4, 'costly' for 'costlyer.'
- ,, 6, 'flatt'ring' for 'flattering.'
- ,, 19-20. Our text (1652), followed by 1670, strangely confuses this couplet by printing,
- 'Hands full of harty labours; doe much, that more they may.'
 TURNBULL, as usual, unintelligently repeats the blunder. Even in using the text of 1652 exceptionally, if only he found it confirmed by 1670, there was no vigilance. The reading of 1648 puts all right.
 - Line 23. Our text misspells 'ding.'
- ,, 26. Misprinted 'bosome' in all the editions, and perpetuated by Turnbull. Line 27 that follows is a break (unrhymed).

Line 33. 1648 misreads 'keep no noise.' G.

ON MR. GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOKE INTITUL-ED THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS.

SENT TO A GENTLE-WOMAN.

Know you, faire, on what you looke? Divinest love lyes in this booke: Expecting fier from your faire eyes, To kindle this his sacrifice.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 78): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 88-9) and 1670 (p. 60). Our text is that of 1648, with a few adopted readings as noted onward. See our Essay on Crashaw's relation to Herbert. In the SANCROFT MS, the heading

When your hands untie these strings, 5 Think, yo' have an angell by the wings; One that gladly would be nigh, To waite upon each morning sigh; To flutter in the balmy aire Of your well-perfumèd praier; 10 These white plumes of his hee'l lend you, Which every day to Heaven will send you: To take acquaintance of each spheare, And all your smooth-fac'd kindred there. And though HERBERT's name doe owe 15 These devotions; fairest, know While I thus lay them on the shrine Of your white hand, they are mine.

is 'Vpon Herbert's Temple, sent to a Gentlewoman. R. Cr.' Line 3 in the Ms. spells 'fire,' and has 'faire' before 'eyes;' adopted: line 5th, books were used to be tied with strings: line 6th, 1646, 'you have . . . th':' line 7th, Ms. reads 'would' for 'will;' adopted: line 8th, 'to waite on your chast.' G.



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Le Uray pertraict de 8. Terefe, Fondatrica des Réligienfes, Cr Religiene refermez de l'ordre de R. Dame du mont Carmel Decede le 4 Ata, 1882. Canonifee le 12 Mare, 1622.



A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOR OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINTE TERESA:

Foundresse of the Reformation of the discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a Woman for angelicall height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance more then a woman: who yet a child, out-ran maturity, and durst plott a Martyrdome;

Misericordias Domini in Æternvm cantabo.

Le Vray portraict de S^{te} Terese, Fondatrice des Religieuses et Religieux reformez de l'ordre de N. Dame du mont Carmel: Decedee le 4º Octo. 1582. Canonisee le 12º Mars. 1622.

THE HYMNE.

LOUE, thou art absolute sole lord

Of life and death. To proue the word

Wee'l now appeal to none of all

Those thy old souldiers, great and tall,

Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down

With strong armes, their triumphant crown;

Such as could with lusty breath

Speak lowd into the face of death,

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 79-84): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 89-94), 1652 (pp. 93-100), and 1670 (pp. 61-67). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving of the Saint's portrait, and French lines here, are reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem, and our Essay on Teresa and Crashaw. G.

Their great Lord's glorious name, to none
Of those whose spatious bosomes spread a throne 10
For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat:
And see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarse has she learn't to lisp the name

Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame

Life should so long play with that breath

Which spent can buy so braue a death.

She neuer vndertook to know

What Death with Loue should haue to doe;

Nor has she e're yet vnderstood

Why to show loue, she should shed blood,

Yet though she cannot tell you why

She can love, and she can dy.

25

Scarse has she blood enough to make A guilty sword blush for her sake; Yet has she a heart dares hope to proue How much lesse strong is Death then Love.

Be Loue but there; let poor six yeares
Be pos'd with the maturest feares
30
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knowes no nonage, nor the mind;
'Tis love, not yeares or limbs that can
Make the martyr, or the man.
Love touch't her heart, and lo it beates
High, and burnes with such braue heates;

Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink vp A thousand cold deaths in one cup. Good reason: for she breathes all fire; Her white brest heaves with strong desire 40 Of what she may with fruitles wishes Seek for amongst her mother's kisses. Since 'tis not to be had at home She'l trauail to a martyrdom. No home for hers confesses she 45 But where she may a martyr be. She'l to the Moores; and trade with them Moors For this vnualued diadem: She'l offer them her dearest breath, With Christ's name in't, in change for death: 50 She'l bargain with them; and will give Them God; teach them how to liue In Him: or, if they this deny, For Him she'l teach them how to dy: So shall she leave amongst them sown 55 Her Lord's blood; or at lest her own. least Farewel then, all the World! adieu! Teresa is no more for you. Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and ioyes (Never till now esteemed toyes) 60 Farewell, what ever deare may bee, Mother's armes or father's knee: Farewell house, and farewell home!

She's for the Moores, and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast! lo thy fair Spouse 65 Whom thou seekst with so swift vowes; Calls thee back, and bidds thee come T'embrace a milder martyrdom. Blest powres forbid, thy tender life Should bleed vpon a barbarous knife: 70 Or some base hand have power to raze Thy brest's chast cabinet, and vncase A soul kept there so sweet: O no, Wise Heaun will neuer have it so. Thou art Love's victime; and must dy 75 A death more mysticall and high: Into Loue's armes thou shalt let fall A still-suruiuing funerall. His is the dart must make the death Whose stroke shall tast thy hallow'd breath; 80 A dart thrice dip't in that rich flame Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name Vpon the roof of Heau'n, where ay It shines; and with a soueraign ray Beates bright vpon the burning faces 85 Of soules which in that Name's sweet graces Find everlasting smiles: so rare, So spirituall, pure, and fair Must be th' immortall instrument Vpon whose choice point shall be sent 90 A life so lou'd: and that there be Fitt executioners for thee,

A HYMN TO THE ADMIRABLE SAINTE TERESA. 145 The fair'st and first-born sons of fire Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire, And turn Loue's souldiers, vpon thee 95 To exercise their archerie. O how oft shalt thou complain Of a sweet and subtle pain: Of intolerable ioyes: Of a death, in which who dyes 100 Loues his death, and dyes again And would for euer so be slain. And liues, and dyes; and knowes not why To liue, but that he thus may neuer leave to dy. How kindly will thy gentle heart 105 Kisse the sweetly-killing dart! And close in his embraces keep Those delicious wounds, that weep Balsom to heal themselves with: thus When these thy deaths, so numerous 110 Shall all at last dy into one, And melt thy soul's sweet mansion; Like a soft lump of incense, hasted By too hott a fire, and wasted Into perfuming clouds, so fast 115 Shalt thou exhale to Heaun at last In a resoluing sigh, and then O what? Ask not the tongues of men; Angells cannot tell; suffice Thy selfe shall feel thine own full ioyes, 120 VOL. I. U

And hold them fast for euer there.

So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The moon of maiden starrs, thy white
Mistresse, attended by such bright
Soules as thy shining self, shall come
. 125
And in her first rankes make thee room;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortall wellcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when reueal'd Life shall stand,
And teach thy lipps Heaun with His hand;
On which thou now maist to thy wishes
Heap vp thy consecrated kisses.
What ioyes shall seize thy soul, when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on Thee,
(Those second smiles of Heau'n,) shall dart

135
Her mild rayes through Thy melting heart.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good workes which went before
And waited for thee, at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weaue a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build vp thy triumphant browes.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy paines sitt bright vpon thee,
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy syfferings be divine:

Teares shall take comfort, and turn gemms And wrongs repent to diademms. 150 Eu'n thy death shall liue; and new-Dresse the soul that erst he slew. Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres As keep account of the Lamb's warres. Those rare workes where thou shalt leave writt 155 Loue's noble history, with witt Taught thee by none but Him, while here They feed our soules, shall clothe thine there. Each heaunly word, by whose hid flame Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same 160 Shall flourish on thy browes, and be Both fire to vs and flame to thee; Whose light shall live bright in thy face By glory, in our hearts by grace. Thou shalt look round about, and see 165 Thousands of crown'd soules throng to be Themselues thy crown: sons of thy vowes The virgin-births with which thy soueraign Spouse Made fruitfull thy fair soul. Goe now And with them all about thee, bow 170 To Him; put on (Hee'l say) put on (My rosy loue) that thy rich zone Sparkling with the sacred flames Of thousand soules, whose happy names

Heau'n keep vpon thy score: (Thy bright

Life brought them first to kisse the light,

175

A HYMN TO THE ADMIRABLE SAINTE TERESA.

That kindled them to starrs,) and so Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt goe, And whereso'ere He setts His white Stepps, walk with Him those wayes of light, 180 Which who in death would live to see, Must learn in life to dy like thee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The original edition (1646) has this title, 'In memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa, that sought an early Martyrdome;' and so also in 1648. 1670 agrees with 1652; only the Latin line above the portrait and the French verses are omitted.

The text of 1646 furnishes a number of variations corrective in part of all the subsequent editions. These are recorded below. 1648 agrees substantially with 1652: but a few unimportant readings peculiar to it are also given in these Notes.

Various readings from 1646 edition.

Line 3, 'Wee need to goe to none of all.'

- " 4, 'stout' for 'great.'
- ,, 5, 'ripe and full growne.'
- ,, 8, 'unto' for 'into;' the latter preferable.
- ,, 10, 'Of those whose large breasts built a throne.'
- ,, 11-13,

'For Love their Lord, glorious and great Weel see Him take a private seat, And make. . . . '

I have hesitated whether this ought not to have been adopted as our text; but it is a characteristic of CRASHAW to introduce abruptly long and short lines as in our text, and to carry a thought or metaphor through a number of lines.

- Line 15, 'had' for 'has,' and 'a' for 'the.'
- ,, 21, 'hath,' and so in 1648 edition.
- ,, 23, our text (1652) misprints 'enough: 'I correct from 1648.
 - ,, 25, 'had,' 1648 'hath.' ,, 27, 1648, 'hath.'

 - ., 31, 'wee' for 'you.'

Line 37, 'thirst' for 'thirsts,' and 'dare' for 'dares.'

" 38 spells 'coled.'

, 40, 'weake' for 'white;' the latter a favourite epithet with Crashaw: 1648 'weake.'

Line 43, 1648 drops 'at' inadvertently.

- ,, 44 spells 'travell:' 1648 has 'for' instead of 'to.'
- ,, 45, 'her,' by misprint for 'her's.'
- ,, 47, 1648 has 'try' for 'trade.'
- ,, 49, 'Shee offers.' 57 spells 'adeiu.'
- 61, this line is by oversight dropped from our text (1652).

Line 70, spelled 'barborous' in our text, but I have adopted a' from 1646 and 1648.

Line 71, 'race' for 'raze;' a common contemporary spelling.

" 77, 'hand' for 'armes.'

- ,, 93, 'The fairest, and the first borne Loves of fire.'
- ,, 94, 'Seraphims,' the usual misspelling of the plural of seraph in our English Bible.

Line 104, 'To live, but that he still may dy.'

,, 106, our text (1652) misreads 'sweetly-kissing.' I have adopted 'sweetly-killing' from 1646, 1648 and 1670.

Line 108, 1648 has 'thine' for 'his.'

" 118, ' disolving.'

,, 123, our text (1652) inadvertently drops 'shalt,' and misreads 'you' for 'thou.' I accept the text of 1646, 1648 and 1670.

Line 129, 'on.'

,, 130, 'shee' for 'reueal'd Life;' and in next line 'her' for 'His.' Our text (1652) is preferable, as pointing to Christ the Life, our Life. See under lines 11-13.

Line 133, 'joy.'

- ,, 146, 'set;' a common contemporary spelling. ,, 147, this line, dropped inadvertently from our text (1652), is restored from 1646, 1648 and 1670.

Line 148, 'And' for 'All.'

- ,, 151, 'Even thy deaths.'
- ,, 152, 'Dresse the soul that late they slew.'
- " 167 misprints 'nowes;' corrected in 1648, but not in 1670.
 - ,, 168 drops 'soueraign.' See under lines 11-13.
 - ,, 175, 'keeps.'
 - ,, 178, 'shall.' Cf. Rev. xiv. 5, as before. G.



AN APOLOGIE FOR THE FOREGOING HYMN,

AS HAUING BEEN WRITT WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS YET AMONG THE PROTESTANTS.

Thus have I back again to thy bright name (Fair floud of holy fires!) transfus'd the flame I took from reading thee: 'tis to thy wrong I know, that in my weak and worthlesse song Thou here art sett to shine where thy full day 5 Scarse dawnes. O pardon, if I dare to say Thine own dear bookes are guilty. For from thence I learn't to know that Loue is eloquence. That hopefull maxime gaue me hart to try If, what to other tongues is tun'd so high, 10 Thy praise might not speak English too: forbid (By all thy mysteryes that here ly hidde) Forbid it, mighty Loue! let no fond hate Of names and wordes, so farr præiudicate. Souls are not Spaniards too: one freindly floud 15 Of baptism blends them all into a blood. Christ's faith makes but one body of all soules, And Loue's that body's soul; no law controwlls

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 85-6): reprinted in editions of 1648 (pp. 97-8) and 1670 (pp. 67-8). Our text is that of 1648. See our Essay for the biographic interest of this poem, and also Notes at its close. G.

Our free traffique for Heau'n; we may maintaine Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from Spain. 20 What soul so e're, in any language, can Speak Heau'n like her's, is my soul's country-man. O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heau'n she speaks! 'Tis Heau'n that lyes in ambush there, and breaks From thence into the wondring reader's brest; 25 Who feels his warm heart hatcht into a nest Of little eagles and young loues, whose high Flights scorn the lazy dust, and things that dy. There are enow whose draughts (as deep as Hell) Drink vp all Spain in sack. Let my soul swell 30 With the strong wine of Loue: let others swimme In puddles; we will pledge this scraphim Bowles full of richer blood then blush of grape Was euer guilty of. Change we our shape (My soul) some drink from men to beasts, O then Drink we till we proue more, not lesse, then men, And turn not beasts but angels. Let the King Me euer into these His cellars bring, Where flowes such wine as we can have of none But Him Who trod the wine-presse all alone: 40 Wine of youth, life, and the sweet deaths of Loue; Wine of immortall mixture; which can proue Its tincture from the rosy nectar; wine That can exalt weak earth; and so refine Our dust, that at one draught, Mortality 45 May drink it self vp, and forget to dy.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1646 'Steps' is 'An Apologie for the precedent Hymne: in 1648 the 'Flaming Heart' also precedes the 'Apologie,' and its title, 'Hymnes on Teresa,' is added. 1670 has 'was yet a Protestant.'

Various readings from 1646.

Line.2, 'sea.'

- ,, 9, 'heavenly.'
- " 12, "there' for 'here."
- , 14, 'prejudicate.'
 ,, 16, 'one' for 'a:' 1670 has 'one.'
 ,, 18, 1648 spells 'comptrolls.'
- " 20, 'dwell in' for 'come from.'
- ., 21, 'soever.'
- " 26, 'finds' for 'feels:' our text (1652) drops 'hatcht,' which we have restored after 1646 and 1648; 1670 reads 'hatch,' and TURNBULL follows blindly.

Line 29, our text (1652) misreads 'now:' we restore 'enow,' after the editions as in No. 9.

Line 34, our text misreads 'too' after 'we:' I omit it, as in 1646 and 1670. 1648 has 'to.'

Line 41, 'Wine of youth's Life.'

,, 45, 'in' for 'at.' As the 'Apologic' refers only to the Hymn preceding, and not to what follows, I have placed it after the former, not (as in 1648) the latter, which would make it refer to both. G.

THE FLAMING HEART:

VPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL SAINT TERESA, AS SHE IS VSVALLY EXPRESSED WITH A SERAPHIM BISIDE HER.

Wel-meaning readers! you that come as freinds And catch the pretious name this peice pretends;

¹ Appeared originally in 1648 'Steps' (pp. 94-6): reprinted in editions of 1652 (pp. 103-107) and 1670 (pp. 194-7). Our text is that of 1652, as before. G.

Make not too much hast to admire That fair-cheek't fallacy of fire. That is a seraphim, they say 5 And this the great Teresia. Readers, be rul'd by me; and make Here a well-plact and wise mistake: You must transpose the picture quite, And spell it wrong to read it right; 10 Read him for her, and her for him, And call the saint the seraphim. Painter, what didst thou vnderstand To put her dart into his hand? See, even the yeares and size of him 15 Showes this the mother seraphim. This is the mistresse flame; and duteous he Her happy fire-works here, comes down to see. O most poor-spirited of men! Had thy cold pencil kist her pen, 20 Thou couldst not so vnkindly err To show vs this faint shade for her. Why, man, this speakes pure mortall frame; And mockes with female frost Loue's manly flame. One would suspect thou meant'st to paint 25 Some weak, inferiour, woman-saint. But had thy pale-fac't purple took Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright booke, Thou wouldst on her haue heap't vp all That could be found seraphicall; 30 VOL. I. X

THE FLAMING HEART.

153

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45

What e're this youth of fire, weares fair, Rosy fingers, radiant hair, Glowing cheek, and glistering wings, All those fair and fragrant things But before all, that fiery dart Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.

Doe then, as equall right requires,
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design,
Vndresse thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this iniury of thy art,
Giue him the vail, giue her the dart.
Giue him the vail; that he may couer
The red cheeks of a riuall'd louer.
Asham'd that our world now can show

Nests of new seraphims here below.

Giue her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shootes both thy shaft, and thee;
Say, all ye wise and well-peirc't hearts
That liue and dy amidst her darts,
That liue and dy amidst her darts,
What is't your tastfull spirits doe proue
In that rare life of her, and Loue?
Say, and bear witnes. Sends she not
A seraphim at euery shott?
What magazins of immortall armes there shine!
Heaun's great artillery in each loue-spun line.
Giue then the dart to her who giues the flame;
Giue him the veil, who giues the shame.

THE FLAMING HEART.	55
But if it be the frequent fate	
Of worst faults to be fortunate;	60
If all's præscription; and proud wrong	
Hearkens not to an humble song;	
For all the gallantry of him,	
Giue me the suffring seraphim.	
His be the brauery of all those bright things,	65
The glowing cheekes, the glistering wings;	
The rosy hand, the radiant dart;	
Leave her alone the flaming heart.	
Leaue her that; and thou shalt leaue her	
Not one loose shaft but Loue's whole quiver.	70
For in Loue's feild was neuer found	
A nobler weapon then a wovnd.	
Loue's passiues are his actiu'st part,	
The wounded is the wounding heart.	
O heart! the æquall poise of Loue's both parts	75
Bigge alike with wound and darts.	
Liue in these conquering leaues; liue all the same,	
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame	ð.
Liue here, great heart; and loue and dy and kill;	
And bleed and wound; and yeild and conquer still.	80
Let this immortall life wherere it comes	
Walk in a crowd of loues and martyrdomes.	
Let mystick deaths wait on't; and wise soules be	
The loue-slain wittnesses of this life of thee.	
O sweet incendiary! shew here thy art,	85
Vpon this carcasse of a hard, cold hart;	-

Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play Among the leaves of thy larg books of day. Combin'd against this brest at once break in And take away from me my self and sin; 90 This gratious robbery shall thy bounty be, And my best fortunes such fair spoiles of me. O thou vndanted daughter of desires! By all thy dowr of lights and fires; By all the eagle in thee, all the doue; 95 By all thy lines and deaths of lone; By thy larg draughts of intellectuall day, And by thy thirsts of loue more large then they; By all thy brim-fill'd bowles of feirce desire, By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire; 100 By the full kingdome of that finall kisse That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His; By all the Heau'n thou hast in Him (Fair sister of the seraphim!) By all of Him we have in thee; 105 Leave nothing of my self in me. Let me so read thy life, that I Vnto all life of mine may dy.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The title in 1648 omits the words 'the scraphical saint,' and the text there lacks the last twenty-four lines.

Various readings from 1648.

Line 3, 'so' for 'too.'

., 11, 'And' for ' read.'

,. 18, 'happier.'

5

Line 31 misreads 'But e're,' and 'were' for 'weares.'

,, 33, 'cheekes.'

,, $\,$ 34 flagrantly misreads 'flagrant' for 'fragrant,' which Turnbull as usual blindly repeats.

Line 48, 'shafts.'

,, 58 reads '.... kindly tells the shame.' It is a characteristic of Chashaw to vary his measures, else I should have adopted this reading from 1648. The line is somewhat obscure through the conceitful repetition of 'gives.' The sense is, who, being pictured red, shows the blushing shamefacedness of being outdone in his own scraphic nature by an earthly saint. G.

A SONG OF DIVINE LOVE.1

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
Sends vp my soul to seek Thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I dy in Loue's delicious fire.

O Loue, I am thy sacrifice!
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes!
Still shine on me, fair suns! that I
Still may behold, though still I dy.

SECOND PART.

Though still I dy, I liue again; Still longing so to be still slain;

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (p. 98): reprinted in 1652 (p. 107) and 1670 (pp. 197-8). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but the only difference in the others is (except the usual slight changes in orthography), that in 1648, 2d part, line 5 reads 'longing' for 'louing,' which I have adopted, as pointing back to the 'longing' of the 1st part, line 2. The title I take from 1648, as in 1652 it is simply 'A Song.' G.

So gainfull is such losse of breath,

I dy euen in desire of death.

Still liue in me this longing strife

Of liuing death and dying life;

For while Thou sweetly slayest me

Dead to my selfe, I liue in Thee.

15

IN THE GLORIOVS ASSYMPTION OF OVR BLESSED LADY.¹

THE HYMN.

HARK! she is call'd, the parting houre is come;

Take thy farewell, poor World! Heaun must go home.

A peice of heau'nly earth; purer and brighter [her, Then the chast starres, whose choise lamps come to light Whil'st through the crystall orbes, clearer then they 5 She climbes; and makes a farre more Milkey Way.

She's call'd! Hark, how the dear immortall Doue Sighes to His syluer mate, 'Rise vp, my loue'!

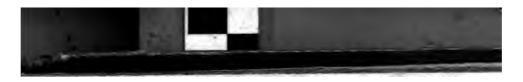
Rise vp, my fair, my spotlesse one!

The Winter's past, the rain is gone;

The Spring is come, the flowrs appear,

No sweets, (save thou,) are wanting here.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 90-1): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 99-101), 1652 (pp. 81-3), 1670 (pp. 70-2). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.



159 IN THE ASSUMPTION OF OVR BLESSED LADY. Come away, my loue! Come away, my doue! Cast off delay; 15 The court of Heau'n is come To wait vpon thee home; Come, come away! The flowrs appear, Or quickly would, wert thou once here. 20 The Spring is come, or if it stay 'Tis to keep time with thy delay. The rain is gone, except so much as we Detain in needfull teares to weep the want of thee. The Winter's past, 25 Or if he make lesse hast, His answer is, why site does so, If Sommer come not, how can Winter goe? Come away, come away! The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay; 30 The fountains murmur, and each loftyest tree Bowes low'st his leavy top, to look for thee. Come away, my loue! Come away, my doue &c. She's call'd again. And will she goe? 35 When Heau'n bidds come, who can say no? Heau'n calls her, and she must away, Heau'n will not, and she cannot stay. Goe then; goe, gloriovs on the golden wings Of the bright youth of Heau'n, that sings 40

160 IN THE ASSUMPTION OF OVER BLESSED LADY.

Vnder so sweet a burthen. Goe, Since thy dread Son will haue it so. And while thou goest, our song and we Will, as we may, reach after thee. Hail, holy queen of humble hearts! 45 We in thy prayse will have our parts. And though thy dearest lookes must now give light To none but the blest heavens, whose bright Beholders, lost in sweet delight, Feed for ever their faire sight 50 With those divinest eyes, which we And our darke world noe more shall see; . Though our poore eyes are parted soe, Yet shall our lipps never lett goe Thy gracious name, but to the last 55 Our loving song shall hold it fast. Thy pretious name shall be Thy self to vs; and we With holy care will keep it by vs. . We to the last 60 Will hold it fast,

All the sweetest showres
Of our fairest flowres
Will we strow vpon it.
Though our sweets cannot make
It sweeter, they can take
Themselues new sweetness from it.

65

And no Assymption shall deny vs.



IN THE ASSUMPTION OF OVER BLESSED LADY. 161

Maria, men and angels sing,

Maria, mother of our King.

Live, rosy princesse, live! and may the bright

Crown of a most incomparable light

Embrace thy radiant browes. O may the best

Of euerlasting ioyes bath thy white brest.

Live, our chast loue, the holy mirth

75

Of Heau'n; the humble pride of Earth.

Liue, crown of woemen; queen of men;

Liue, mistresse of our song. And when

Our weak desires haue done their best,

Sweet angels come, and sing the rest.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in the Sancroft Ms. is 'On the Assumption of the Virgin Marie.' In line 5 it reads 'whil'st,' and so in line 43: line 7, 'againe th' immortal Dove:' line 12, our text (1652) reads 'but;' we prefer 'saue' of 1648 and the Ms.: line 30, our text (1652) misprints 'heauy' for 'leavy' of 1648: line 42, the Ms. reads 'great:' line 47, 'give' for 'be;' adopted: line 58, 'eyes' for 'ioyes;' adopted: line 57, 'sacred:' line 76, 'bragg:' line 77, 'praise of women, pride of men.'

By an unaccountable inadvertence, our text (1652) omits lines 47-56. They are restored from 1648: they also appear in 1670. Line 18 in 1648 reads 'Come, come away:' in 1670 it is 'Come away, come away;' but this edition strangely, but characteristically, omits lines 19-34; and Turnbull, following it, though pronounced by himself 'the most inaccurate of all' (Preliminary Observations, p. xi. of his edition), has overlooked them. Confer, for a quaint parallel with these lines (19-34), our Joseph Fletcher. It may also be noted here that Turnbull betrays his habitual use of his self-condemned text of 1670 by misreading in line 12, 'No sweets since thou art wanting here;' so converting the fine compliment into ungram-

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matical nonsense. Earlier also (line 3) he similarly reads, after the same text, 'light' for 'earth.' So too in line 7 he reads 'She's call'd again; hark! how th' immortall dove:' and line 42, for the favourite 'dread' of our Poet the weaker 'great,' as supra: and the following line 63 omits 'the:' line 64, 'our:' line 65 reads 'We'll:' line 76, 'and' for 'the.' On lines 9-10, cf. Song of Solomon, ii. 10-13. G.

UPON FIVE PIOVS AND LEARNED DIS-COURSES:

BY ROBERT SHELFORD.1

Rise, then, immortall maid! Religion, rise!

Put on thy self in thine own looks: t'our eyes

Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made thee;

Such as (ere our dark sinnes to dust betray'd thee)

Heav'n set thee down new drest; when thy bright birth

Shot thee like lightning to th' astonisht Earth.

- 1 From 'Five Piovs and Learned Discourses:
 - A Sermon shewing how we ought to behave our selves in God's house.
 - A Sermon preferring holy Charity before Faith, Hope and Knowledge.
 - A Treatise shewing that God's Law now qualified by the Gospel of Christ, is possible, and ought to be fulfilled of us in this life.
 - 4. A Treatise of the Divine attributes.
- 5. A Treatise shewing the Antichrist not to be yet come.

By Robert Shelford, of Ringsfield in Suffolk, Priest. Printed by the printers to the Universitie of Cambridge, 1635 [quarto].' See Note at close of the poem, and our Essay, for more on Shelford. G.

30

From th' dawn of thy fair eyelids wipe away Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take Day And thine own beams about thee: bring the best Of whatsoe're perfum'd thy Eastern nest. 10 Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down, Open this book, fair Queen, and take thy crown. These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee Thy holyest, humblest, handmaid, Charitie; She'l dresse thee like thy self, set thee on high I 5 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye. Lo! where I see thy altars wake, and rise From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice Which they themselves were; each one putting on A majestie that may be eem thy throne. 20 The holy youth of Heav'n, whose golden rings Girt round thy awfull altars; with bright wings Fanning thy fair locks, (which the World believes As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go 25 If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.

Be it enacted then,
By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,
God's services no longer shall put on
Pure sluttishnesse for pure religion:
No longer shall our Churches' frighted stones
Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones
Of dead Devotion; nor faint marbles weep
In their sad ruines; nor Religion keep

A melancholy mansion in those cold 35 Urns: Like God's sanctuaries they lookt of old; Now seem they Temples consecrate to none, Or to a new god, Desolation. No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be Because he's stiffe, and will confesse no knee: 40 While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou, (Disdainfull dust and ashes!) bend thy brow; Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes, Bak't in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice: But (for a lambe) thy tame and tender heart, 45 New struck by Love, still trembling on his dart; Or (for two turtle-doves) it shall suffice To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes. This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme Pulpits and pennes shall sweat in; to redeem 50 Vertue to action, that life-feeding flame That keeps Religion warm: not swell a name Of Faith; a mountain-word, made up of aire, With those deare spoils that wont to dresse the fair And fruitfull Charitie's full breasts (of old), 55 Turning her out to tremble in the cold. What can the poore hope from us, when we be Uncharitable ev'n to Charitie? Nor shall our zealous ones still have a fling At that most horrible and horned thing, 60 Forsooth the Pope: by which black name they call The Turk, the devil, Furies, Hell and all,

And something more. O he is Antichrist: Doubt this, and doubt (say they) that Christ is Christ: Why, 'tis a point of Faith. What e're it be, I'm sure it is no point of Charitie. In summe, no longer shall our people hope, To be a true Protestant's but to hate the Pope.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I have taken the text of this poem as it originally appeared, because in all the editions of the Poems wherein it is given the last ten lines are omitted. Turnbull discovered this after his text of the Poems was printed off, and so had to insert them in a Postscript, wherein his genius for blundering describes Shelford's volume as 'Five Poems.' These slight variations may be recorded:

The title in all is 'On a Treatise of Charity.'

Line 12, 1648 has 'thy' for 'this.'

- ., 16, ib. 'shall' for 'shalt.'
 ,, 17, all the editions 'off'rings' for 'altars.'
- " 30, ib. 'A' for the first 'pure.'
- ,, 36, our text misprints 'look' for 'look't.'

The poem is signed in Shelford's volume 'RICH. CRASHAW, Aul. Pemb. A.B.' It appeared in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 86-8), 1648 (pp. 101-2), 1670 (pp. 68-70). G.





DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA:

THE HYMN OF THE CHVRCH, IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF IVDGMENT.1

I.

Hear's thou, my soul, what serious things Both the Psalm and sybyll sings Of a sure Iudge, from Whose sharp ray The World in flames shall fly away.

II.

O that fire! before whose face Heaun and Earth shall find no place. O those eyes! Whose angry light Must be the day of that dread night.

Ш

O that trump! whose blast shall run An euen round with the circling sun, And vrge the murmuring graues to bring Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 106-7), where it is headed 'A Hymne in Meditation of the Day of Judgement:' reprinted 1652 (pp. 74-78), 1670 (pp. 191-4). Our text is that of 1652, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition. See our Essay for critical remarks on this great version of a supreme hymn. G.



• . • •

ıv.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death! When a deep groan from beneath Shall cry, We come, we come, and all The caues of Night answer one call.

v.

O that Book! whose leaves so bright Will sett the World in severe light. O that Iudge! Whose hand, Whose eye None can indure; yet none can fly.

VI.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say? 'And to what patron chuse to pray? When starres themselues shall stagger; and The most firm foot no more then stand.

VII.

But Thou giu'st leave (dread Lord!) that we Take shelter from Thy self, in Thee; And with the wings of Thine Own done Fly to Thy scepter of soft love.

VIII

Dear, remember in that Day Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way. Thy sheep was stray'd; and Thou wouldst be Euen lost Thyself in seeking me.

IX.

Shall all that labour, all that cost Of loue, and eu'n that losse, be lost? And this lou'd soul, iudg'd worth no lesse Then all that way, and wearyness.

x.

Iust mercy then, Thy reckning be With my Price, and not with me; 'Twas pay'd at first with too much pain, To be pay'd twice; or once, in vain.

XI.

Mercy (my Iudge), mercy I cry
With blushing cheek and bleeding ey:
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

XII.

O let Thine Own soft bowells pay Thy self; and so discharge that day. If Sin can sigh, Loue can forgiue: O say the word, my soul shall liue.

XIII.

Those mercyes which Thy Mary found, Or who Thy crosse confes't and crown'd; Hope tells my heart, the same loues be Still aliue, and still for me.



DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA.

XIV.

Though both my prayres and teares combine, Both worthlesse are; for they are mine. But Thou Thy bounteous Self still be; And show Thou art, by sauing me.

xv.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim The flocks of goates to folds of flame, And all Thy lost sheep found shall be; Let 'Come ye blessed,' then call me.

XVI.

When the dread 'Ite' shall divide
Those limbs of death, from Thy left side;
Let those life-speaking lipps command
That I inheritt Thy right hand.

XVII. .

O hear a suppliant heart, all crush't And crumbled into contrite dust. My hope, my fear! my Iudge, my Freind! Take charge of me, and of my end.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In st. vi. line 4, 'then' is = than, on which cf. our PHINEAS FLETCHER, as before: in st. xvi. line 1, 'Ite'= 'go ye' of the Vulgate. 1670, st. ii. line 3, misprints 'these' for 'those:' st. viii. line 3, 'And Thou would'st be,' i.e. didst will to be,—not merely wished to be, but carried out Thy intent. G.

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CHARITAS NIMIA, OR THE DEAR BARGAIN.1

LORD, what is man? why should he coste Thee I So dear? what had his ruin lost Thee?

Lord, what is man? that thou hast ouerbought

So much a thing of nought?

5

Loue is too kind, I see; and can Make but a simple merchant-man. Twas for such sorry merchandise, Bold painters have putt out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to Thee

If there were no such wormes as we?

Heau'n ne're the lesse still Heau'n would be,

Should mankind dwell

In the deep Hell:

What haue his woes to doe with Thee?

Let him goe weep

O're his own wounds;

Seraphims will not sleep

Nor spheares let fall their faithfull rounds.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 107-9): reprinted 1652 (pp. 52-54) and 1670 (pp. 176-8). Our text is that of 1652, as before. In 1648 lines 1 and 2 read 'you' for 'thee;' and line 38 'Thou' for 'you,' the latter adopted. G.

CHARITAS NIMIA.

Still would the youthfull spirits sing;
And still Thy spatious palace ring;
20
Still would those beauteous ministers of light
Burn all as bright.

And bow their flaming heads before Thee:
Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee;
Still would those euer-wakefull sons of fire 25

Keep warm Thy prayse
Both nights and dayes,
And teach Thy lou'd name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then doe it's kind;
And giue it self for sport to the proud wind.

30
Why should a peice of peeuish clay plead shares
In the æternity of Thy old cares?
Why shouldst Thou bow Thy awfull brest to see
What mine own madnesses have done with me?

Should not the king still keepe his throne
35
Because some desperate fool's vndone?
Or will the World's illustrious eyes
Weep for every worm that dyes.

Will the gallant sun
E're the lesse glorious run?

Will he hang down his golden head
Or e're the sooner seek his Western bed,
Because some foolish fly
Growes wanton, and will dy?

If I were lost in misery,	45
What was it to Thy Heaun and Thee?	
What was it to Thy pretious blood	
If my foul heart call'd for a floud?	
What if my faithlesse soul and I	
Would needs fall in	50
With guilt and sin;	
What did the Lamb, that He should dy?	
What did the Lamb, that He should need,	
When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed?	
If my base lust,	55
Bargain'd with Death and well-beseeming dust:	
Why should the white	
Lamb's bosom write	
The purple name	
Of my sin's shame?	60
Why should His vnstaind brest make good	
My blushes with His Own heart-blood?	
O my Saviovr, make me see	
How dearly Thou hast payd for me,	
That lost again my life may proue,	65
As then in death, so now in loue.	





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S. MARIA MAIOR.

Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi, qui pascitur inter lilla. Cant. ii.

THE HIMN, O GLORIOSA DOMINA.

HAIL, most high, most humble one! Aboue the world, below thy Son; Whose blush the moon beauteously marres And staines the timerous light of stares. He that made all things, had not done Till He had made Himself thy Son: The whole World's host would be thy guest And board Himself at thy rich brest. O boundles hospitality! The Feast of all things feeds on thee. 10 The first Eue, mother of our Fall, E're she bore any one, slew all. Of her vnkind gift might we have Th' inheritance of a hasty grave: Quick-burye'd in the wanton tomb 15 Of one forbidden bitt; Had not a better frvit forbidden it. Had not thy healthfull womb

Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1648 (pp. 109-110): reprinted 1652 (pp. 79-80) and 1670 (pp. 194-5). Our text is that of 1652, as before, and its engraving here is reproduced in our illustrated quarto edition in two forms (one hitherto unknown) from the Bodleian copy. G.

The World's new eastern window bin, And given vs heau'n again, in giving Him. 20 Thine was the rosy dawn, that spring the Day Which renders all the starres she stole away. Let then the aged World be wise, and all Proue nobly here vnnaturall; Tis gratitude to forgett that other 25 And call the maiden Eue their mother. Yee redeem'd nations farr and near, Applaud your happy selues in her; (All you to whom this loue belongs) And keep't aliue with lasting songs. 30 Let hearts and lippes speak lowd; and say Hail, door of life: and sourse of Day! The door was shut, the fountain seal'd; Yet Light was seen and Life reueal'd. The door was shut, yet let in day, 35 The fountain seal'd, yet life found way. Glory to Thee, great virgin's Son In bosom of Thy Father's blisse. The same to Thee, sweet Spirit be done; As euer shall be, was, and is. Amen. 40

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in 1648 is simply 'The Virgin-Mother:' in 1670 it is 'The Hymn, O Gloriosa Domina.'

Line 2, 1648 reads 'the Son.'

,, 10, our text (1652) misprints 'the' for 'thee.'

Line 21, I follow here the text of 1648. 1652 reads 'Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day.'

and this is repeated in 1670 and, of course, by TURNBULL. Line 26, 1648 has 'your' for 'their.'

,, 35 is inadvertently dropped in our text (1652), though the succeeding line (with which it rhymes) appears. I restore it. 1670 also drops it; and so again Turnbull!

Lines 43-44, 'Because some foolish fly.' This metaphorical allusion to the Fall and its results (as described by MILTON and others) is founded on the dying of various insects after begetting their kind. G.

HOPE.1

Hope, whose weak beeing ruin'd is

Alike if it succeed or if it misse!

Whom ill and good doth equally confound,

And both the hornes of Fate's dilemma wound.

Vain shadow; that dost vanish quite

Both at full noon and perfect night!

The starres haue not a possibility

Of blessing thee.

If thinges then from their end we happy call,

'Tis Hope is the most hopelesse thing of all.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight!
Who in stead of doing so, deuourst it quite.

¹ Appeared first in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 96-9): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 111-113), 1652 (pp. 128-131), and 1670 (pp. 74-77). Our text is that of 1652, as before; with the exception of better readings from 1646, as noted below. See our Memorial Introduction and Essay for notices of the friendship of Cowley and Crashaw. G.

Thou bringst vs an estate, yet leau'st vs poor

By clogging it with legacyes before.

The ioyes which we intire should wed
Come deflour'd-virgins to our bed.

Good fortunes without gain imported be
Such mighty custom's paid to thee

For ioy, like wine kep't close, doth better tast;

If it take air before, his spirits wast.

Hope, Fortun's cheating lottery,

Where for one prize, an hundred blankes there be.

Fond anchor, Hope! who tak'st thine aime so farr

That still or short or wide thine arrows are;

Thinne empty cloud which th' ey deceiues

With shapes that our own fancy giues.

A cloud which gilt and painted now appeares

But must drop presently in teares:

When thy false beames o're reason's light preuail,

By ignes fatvi for North starres we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gaily clad,
The merryer fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad.
Sire of Repentance, child of fond desire
That blow'st the chymick's and the louer's fire.
Still leading them insensibly on
With the strong witchcraft of 'anon.'
By thee the one does changing nature, through
Her endlesse labyrinths pursue;

And th' other chases woman; while she goes More wayes and turnes then hunted Nature knowes. 40

M. COWLEY.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In all the editions save that of 1652 the respective portions of Cowley and Crashaw are alternated as Question and Answer, after a fashion of the day exemplified by Peneroke and Rudard and others. The heading in 1646, 1648 and 1670 accordingly is 'On Hope, by way of Question and Answer, between A. Cowley and R. Crashaw.'

Various readings from 1646 edition.

Line 3, 'and' for 'or,' and 'doth' for 'does.'

, 7, 'Fates' for 'starres:' but as Fate occurs in line 4, 'starres' seems preferable.

Line 9, 'ends' for 'end.'

,, 18, 'so' for 'such.' ,, 19, 'doth' for 'does;' adopted.

,, 20, 'its' for 'his;' the personification warrants 'his.'

,, 25. All the other editions misread

'Thine empty cloud, the eye it selfe deceives.'

There can be no question that 'thinne' not 'thine' was the poet's word. Cf. Crashaw's reference in his Answer. Turnbull perpetuates the error.

Line 30, 'not' for 'for.'

,, 33, 'shield' in all the editions save 1652 by mistake. ,, 34, 'blows' and 'chymicks' for 'chymick;' the latter-adopted.

Line 37, as in line 19.

" 38, spelled 'laborinths.'

In our Essay see critical remarks showing that Cowley and Crashaw revised their respective portions. It seems to have escaped notice that Cowley himself wrote another poem 'For Hope,' as his former was 'Against Hope.' See it in our Study of Crashaw's Life and Poetry. G.



M. CRASHAW'S ANSWER FOR HOPE.1

DEAR Hope! Earth's dowry, and Heaun's debt! The entity of things that are not yet. Subtlest, but surest beeing! thou by whom Our nothing has a definition!

Substantiall shade! whose sweet allay
Blends both the noones of Night and Day:
Fates cannot find out a capacity

5

Of hurting thee.

From thee their lean dilemma, with blunt horn, Shrinkes, as the sick moon from the wholsome morn. 10

Rich hope! Loue's legacy, vnder lock
Of Faith! still spending, and still growing stock!
Our crown-land lyes aboue, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sonnes of kings.

Nor will the virgin ioyes we wed

Come lesse vnbroken to our bed,

Because that from the bridall cheek of Blisse

Thou steal'st vs down a distant kisse.

Hope's chast stealth harmes no more Ioye's maidenhead

Then spousal rites prejudge the marriage bed.

1 As with Cowley's lines: see foot-note ante. G.

45

Fair hope! Our earlyer Heau'n! by thee Young Time is taster to Eternity: Thy generous wine with age growes strong, not sowre, Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flowre.

Thy golden, growing head neuer hangs down 25
Till in the lappe of Loue's full noone
It falls; and dyes! O no, it melts away
As doth the dawn into the Day:
As lumpes of sugar loose themselues, and twine
Their subtile essence with the soul of wine. 30

Fortune? alas, aboue the World's low warres [starres. Hope walks; and kickes the curld heads of conspiring Her keel cutts not the waves where these winds stirr, Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.

Her shafts and shee, fly farre above,
And forage in the fields of light and love.

Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where nor what we be,
But what and where we would be. Thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire!

Fear's antidote! a wise and well-stay'd fire!

Temper 'twixt chill Despair, and torrid Ioy!

Queen regent in yonge Loue's minority!

Though the vext chymick vainly chases

His fugitiue gold through all her faces;

Though Loue's more feirce, more fruitlesse, fires assay:

One face more fugitiue then all they;

True Hope's a glorious huntresse, and her chase,

The God of Nature in the feilds of grace.

NOTES.

Various readings from 1646 edition.

Line 2, 'things' for 'those;' adopted. But in Harleian ms. 6917-18, it is 'those.' As this ms. supplies in poems onward various excellent readings (e.g. 'Wishes'), it may be noted that the Collection came from Lord Somers' Library of mss., and is accordingly authoritative.

Lines 5-6 read

'Faire cloud of fire, both shade and light Our life in death, our day in night.'

Our text (1652) seems finer and deeper, and to put the thought with more concinnity.

Line 9, 'thinne' for 'lean.'

,, 10, 'like' for 'as.'

" 11, 'Rich hope' dropped in all the other editions; but as it is parallel with the 'dear Hope' and 'fair Hope' of the preceding and succeeding stanzas, I have restored the words. The line reads elsewhere.

'Thou art Love's Legacie under lock'

and the next,

'Of Faith: the steward of our growing stock.'

Line 13, 'crown lands lye.'

- ,, 18, 'Thou thus steal'st downe a distant kisse.'
- ,, 19, 'Hope's chaste kisse wrongs.'....
- " 24, ' Nor need wee.'
- ,, 25, 'growing' is dropped.
- ,, 28, 'doth' for 'does;' adopted.
- ,. 30, 'subtile' for 'supple;' adopted: but in HARLEIAN MS. as before, it is 'supple.'

Lines 31-32. This couplet is oddly misprinted in all the other editions,

'Fortune, alas, above the world's law warres, Hope kicks the curld'....

In 1670 there is a capital L to Law: but 'low' yields the evi-

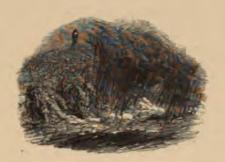
dent meaning intended. Alas is = exclamation simply, not in our present limitation of it to sorrow. See Epitaph of HERBYS onward, lines 49-52.

Line 33, 'our' for 'these;' the latter necessary in its relation to 'low' not 'law,' the 'winds' being those of the 'warres' of our world.

Line 34, 'And Fate's' for 'Fortune's.'

- ., 35-36 dropped by our text (1652) inadvertently.
 ., 36, 'or' for 'nor.'
 ., 45, 'And' for 'Though.'
 ., 47, 'huntresse' for 'hunter;' adopted.

- ", 48, 'field' for 'fields.'
 ", 49. I prefer 'huntresse' of 1646, 1648 and 1670, to 'hunter' of our text (1652). G.



Sacred Poetry.

11.

AIRELLES

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS.

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Sacred Poetry.

11.

AIRELLES

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS.

NOTE.

See our Preface for explanation of the title 'Airelles' to these and other hitherto unprinted and unpublished Poems from the Tanner Mss. of Archbishop Sancroft: and our Essay for the biographic interest of the poems on the Gunpowder-Plot. I adhere strictly throughout to the orthography of the Ms. G.





MARY SEEKING JESUS WHEN LOST.

St. Luke ii. 41-52: Quærit Jesum suum Maria, &c. (v. 44.)

And is He gone, Whom these arms held but now !

Their hope, their vow!

Did euer greife and joy in one poore heart Soe soone change part?

Hee's gone! The fair'st flower that e're bosome drest;

My soule's sweet rest.

My wombe's chast pride is gone, my heauen-borne boy;
And where is joy?

Hee's gone! and His lou'd steppes to wait vpon, My joy, is gone.

My joyes, and Hee are gone; my greife, and I Alone must ly:

Hee's gone! not leaving with me, till He come, . One smile at home.

Oh come then, bring Thy mother her lost joy:
Oh come, sweet boy!

Make hast, and come, or e're my greife and I

Make hast, and dy.

Peace, heart! The heavens are angry, all their spheres Rivall thy teares.

I was mistaken, some faire sphere or other Was Thy blest mother.

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What but the fairest heauen, could owne the birth Of soe faire earth?

Yet sure Thou did'st lodge heere: this wombe of mine Was once call'd Thine!

Oft have these armss Thy cradle envied, Beguil'd Thy bed.

Oft to Thy easy eares hath this shrill tongue Trembled, and sung.

Oft haue I wrapt Thy slumbers in soft aircs, And stroak't Thy cares.

Oft hath this hand those silken casements kept, While their sunnes slept.

Oft haue my hungry kisses made Thine eyes

Too early rise.

Oft haue I spoild my kisses' daintiest diet, To spare Thy quiet.

Oft from this breast to Thine, my loue-tost heart Hath leapt, to part.

Oft my lost soule haue I bin glad to seeke
On Thy soft cheeke.

Oft have these armes—alas!—show'd to these eyes
Their now lost joyes.

Dawne then to me, Thou morne of mine owne day, And lett heauen stay.

Oh, would'st Thou heere still fixe Thy faire abode, My bosome God:

What hinders, but my bosome still might be
Thy heaven to Thee?





THE WOUNDS OF THE LORD JESUS.

IN CICATRICES DOMINI JESU.

Come braue soldjers, come and see Mighty Loue's artillery. This was the conquering dart; and loe There shines His quiuer, there His bow. These the passine weapons are, That made great Loue, a man of warre. The quiver that He bore, did bide Soe neare, it prov'd His very side: In it there sate but one sole dart, A peircing one-His peirced heart. His weapons were nor steele, nor brasse, The weapon that He wore, He was. For bow His vnbent hand did serue, Well strung with many a broken nerue. Strange the quiver, bow and dart! A bloody side, and hand, and heart! But now the feild is wonne; and they (The dust of Warrs cleane wip'd away) The weapons now of triumph be, That were before of Victorie.



ON YE GUNPOWDER-TREASON.1

I sing Impiety beyond a name:

Who stiles it any thinge, knowes not the same. Dull, sluggish Ile! what more than lethargy Gripes thy cold limbes soe fast, thou canst not fly, And start from of [f] thy center? hath Heauen's loue Stuft thee soe full with blisse, thou can'st not moue? If soe, oh Neptune, may she farre be throwne By thy kind armes to a kind world vnknowne: Lett her surviue this day, once mock her fate, And shee's an island truely fortunate. Lett not my suppliant breath raise a rude storme To wrack my suite: O keepe Pitty warme In thy cold breast, and yearely on this day Mine eyes a tributary streame shall pay. Dos't thou not see an exhalation Belch'd from the sulph'ry lungs of Phlegeton? A living comet, whose pestiferous breath Adulterates the virgin aire? with death It laboures: stif'led Nature's in a swound, Ready to dropp into a chaos, round About horror's displai'd; It doth portend, That earth a shoure of stones to heaven shall send,

¹ See our Essay for critical remarks on this and related poems. G.

And crack the christall globe; the milkly streame Shall in a siluer raine runne out, whose creame Shall choake the gaping earth, web then shall fry In flames, & of a burning feuer dy. That wonders may in fashion be, not rare, A Winter's thunder with a groane shall scare, And rouze the sleepy ashes of the dead, Making them skip out of their dusty bed. Those twinckling eyes of heauen, web eu'n now shin'd, Shall with one flash of lightning be struck blind. The sea shall change his youthfull greene, & slide Along the shore in a graue purple tide. It does præsage, that a great Prince shall climbe, And gett a starry throne before his time. To vsher in this shoale of prodigies, Thy infants, Æolus, will not suffice. Noe, noe, a giant wind, that will not spare To tosse poore men like dust into the aire; Justle downe mountaines : Kings courts shall be sent, Like bandied balles, into the firmament. Atlas shall be tript vpp, Ioue's gate shall feele The weighty rudenes of his boysterous heele. All this it threats, & more: Horro', that flies To th' empyræum of all miseries. Most tall hyperbole's cannot descry it; Mischeife, that scornes expression should come nigh it. All this it only threats: the meteor ly'd; It was exhal'd, a while it hung, & dy'd.

Heauen kickt the monster downe : downe it was throwne. The fall of all things it præsag'd, its oune It quite forgott: the fearfull earth gaue way, And durst not touch it, heere it made noe stay. At last it stopt at Pluto's gloomy porch; He streightway lighted vpp his pitchy torch. Now to those toiling soules it gives its light, W^{ch} had the happines to worke ith' night. They banne the blaze, & curse its curtesy, For lighting them vnto their misery. Till now Hell was imperfect; it did need Some rare choice torture; now 'tis Hell indeed. Then glutt thy dire lampe with the warmest blood, That runnes in violett pipes: none other food It can digest, then watch the wildfire well, Least it breake forth, & burne thy sooty cell.

Upon the Gunpowder-Treason.

REACH me a quill, pluckt from the flaming wing
Of Pluto's Mercury, that I may sing
Death to the life. My inke shall be the blood
Of Cerberus, or Alecto's viperous brood.
Vnmated malice! Oh vnpeer'd despight!
Such as the sable pinions of the night
Neuer durst hatch before: extracted see
The very quintessence of villanie:
I feare to name it; least that he, w^{ch} heares,
Should haue his soule frighted beyond the spheers.

Heauen was asham'd, to see our mother Earth Engender with the Night, & teeme a birth Soe foule, one minute's light had it but seene, The fresh face of the morne had blasted beene. Her rosy cheekes you should have seene noe more Dy'd in vermilion blushes, as before: But in a vaile of clouds musling her head A solitary life she would have led. Affrighted Phœbus would have lost his way, Giving his wanton palfreys leaue to play Olympick games in the Olympian plaines, His trembling hands loosing the golden raines. The Queene of night gott the greene sicknes then, Sitting soe long at ease in her darke denne, Not daring to peepe forth, least that a stone Should beate her headlong from her jetty throne. Ioue's twinckling tapers, that doe light the world, Had beene puft out, and from their stations hurl'd: Æol kept in his wrangling sonnes, least they With this grand blast should have bin blowne away. Amazèd Triton, with his shrill alarmes Bad sporting Neptune to pluck in his armes, And leave embracing of the Isles, least hee Might be an actor in this Tragedy. Nor should wee need thy crisped waves, for wee An Ocean could have made t' have drowned thee. Torrents of salt teares from our eyes should runne, And raise a deluge, where the flaming sunne

Should coole his fiery wheeles, & neuer sinke Soe low to give his thirsty stallions drinke; Each soule in sighes had spent its dearest breath, As glad to waite vpon their King in death. Each wingèd chorister would swan-like sing A mournfull dirge to their deceased king. The painted meddowes would have laught no more For ioye of their neate coates; but would have tore Their shaggy locks, their flowry mantles turn'd Into dire sable weeds, & sate, & mourn'd. Each stone had streight a Niobe become, And wept amaine; then rear'd a costly tombe, T' entombe the lab'ring earth. For surely shee Had died just in her deliuery. But when Ioue's winged heralds this espied, Vpp to th' Almighty thunderer they hied, Relating this sad story. Streight way hee The monster crusht, maugre their midwiferie. And may such Pythons neuer line to see The Light's faire face, but still abortiue bee.

UPON THE GUNPOWDER-TREASON.

Grow plumpe, leane Death; his Holinesse a feast Hath now prepar'd, & you maist be his guest. Come grimme Destruction, & in purple gore Dye seu'n times deeper than they were before Thy scarlet robes: for heere you must not share A comon banquett: noe, heere's princely fare.

And least thy blood-shott eyes should lead aside This masse of cruelty, to be thy guide Three coleblack sisters, (whose long sutty haire, And greisly visages doe fright the aire; When Night beheld them, shame did almost turne Her sable cheekes into a blushing morne, To see some fowler than herselfe) these stand, Each holding forth to light the aery brand, Whose purer flames tremble to be see nigh, And in fell hatred burning, angry dy. Sly, lurking treason is his bosome freind, Whom faint, & palefac't Feare doth still attend. These need noe invitation, onely thou Black dismall Horro', come; make perfect now Th' epitome of Hell: oh lett thy pinions Be a gloomy canopy to Pluto's minions. In this infernall Majesty close shrowd Your selues, you Stygian states; a pitchy clowd Shall hang the roome, & for your tapers bright, Sulphureous flames, snatch'd from æternall night. But rest, affrighted Muse; thy siluer wings May not row neerer to these dusky rings.1 Cast back some amorous glances on the cates, That heere are dressing by the hasty Fates, Nay stopp thy clowdy eyes, it is not good, To drowne thy selfe in this pure pearly flood.

May be 'kings;' but the Ms. doubtful, G. VOL. I. CC

NOTE.

For the title-page of 'The Delights of the Muses' see Note immediately before the original Preface, and our Preface on the classification of the several poems. G.



MUSICK'S DUELL.1

Now Westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of Noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the sceane of a greene plat,
Vnder protection of an oake, there sate
A sweet Lute's-master; in whose gentle aires
He lost the daye's heat, and his owne hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their Muse, their Syren—harmlesse Syren she!)
There stood she listning, and did entertaine
The musick's soft report, and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good:

Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 103-7): was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 1-5), and 1670 (pp. 81-6). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. See Notes and Illustrations at close of this poem for other two earlier translations, and our Essay for the original Latin, with critical remarks. In our illustrated quarto edition will be found a pathetic and daintily-rendered illustration, done expressly for us by Mrs. Blackburn of Glasgow, and engraved by W. J. Linton, Esq. G.

The man perceiv'd his rivall, and her art;

Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,

Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come

Informes it in a sweet preludium

Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin,

He lightly skirmishes on every string,

Charg'd with a flying touch: and streightway she

Carves out her dainty voyce as readily,

Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,

And reckons up in soft divisions,

Quicke volumes of wild notes; to let him know

25

By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string A capring cheerefullnesse; and made them sing To their owne dance; now negligently rash He throwes his arme, and with a long drawne dash 30 Blends all together; then distinctly tripps From this to that; then quicke returning skipps And snatches this again, and pauses there. Shee measures every measure, every where Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt 35 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out, Trayles her plaine ditty in one long-spun note, Through the sleeke passage of her open throat, A cleare unwrinckled song; then doth shee point it With tender accents, and severely joynt it By short diminutives, that being rear'd In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,

With her sweet selfe shee wrangles. Hee amazed That from so small a channell should be rais'd The torrent of a voyce, whose melody 45 Could melt into such sweet variety, Straines higher yet; that tickled with rare art The tatling strings (each breathing in his part) Most kindly doe fall out; the grumbling base In surly groans disdaines the treble's grace; 50 The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides, Vntill his finger (Moderatour) hides And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all, Hoarce, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo 55 Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too Shee gives him back; her supple brest thrills out Sharpe aires, and staggers in a warbling doubt Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill, And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill 60 The plyant series of her slippery song; Then starts shee suddenly into a throng Of short, thicke sobs, whose thundring volleyes float And roule themselves over her lubrick throat In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast, 65 That ever-bubling spring; the sugred nest Of her delicious soule, that there does lye Bathing in streames of liquid melodie; Musick's best seed-plot, whence in ripen'd aires A golden-headed harvest fairely reares 70 His honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath, Which there reciprocally laboureth In that sweet soyle; it seemes a holy quire Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre, Whose silver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes 75 Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats In creame of morning Helicon, and then Preferre soft-anthems to the eares of men, To woo them from their beds, still murmuring That men can sleepe while they their mattens sing: 80 (Most divine service) whose so early lay, Prevents the eye-lidds of the blushing Day! There you might heare her kindle her soft voyce, In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse, And lay the ground-worke of her hopefull song, 85 Still keeping in the forward streame, so long, Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to get out) Heaves her soft bosome, wanders round about, And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast, Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest, Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the sky Wing'd with their owne wild ecchos, pratling fly. Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine, 95 Rising and falling in a pompous traine. And while she thus discharges a shrill peale Of flashing aires; she qualifies their zeale

With the coole epode of a graver noat,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voyce of War's hoarce bird;
Her little soule is ravisht: and so pour'd
Into loose extasies, that she is plac't
Above her selfe, Musick's Enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mixt a double staine 105 In the Musitian's face; yet once againe (Mistresse) I come; now reach a straine my lute Above her mocke, or be for ever mute; Or tune a song of victory to me, Or to thy selfe, sing thine own obsequie: 110 So said, his hands sprightly as fire, he flings And with a quavering coynesse tasts the strings. The sweet-lip't sisters, musically frighted, Singing their feares, are fearefully delighted, Trembling as when Appolo's golden haires 115 Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres Of his own breath: which marryed to his lyre Doth tune the spheares, and make Heaven's selfe looke From this to that, from that to this he flyes. [higher. Feeles Musick's pulse in all her arteryes; 120 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads, His fingers struggle with the vocall threads. Following those little rills, he sinkes into A sea of Helicon; his hand does goe Those pathes of sweetnesse which with nectar drop, 125 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.

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The humourous strings expound his learned touch, By various glosses; now they seeme to grutch, And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle In shrill-tongu'd accents: striving to be single. 130 Every smooth turne, every delicious stroake Gives life to some new grace; thus doth h' invoke Sweetnesse by all her names; thus, bravely thus (Fraught with a fury so harmonious) The lute's light genius now does proudly rise, 135 Heav'd on the surges of swolne rapsodyes, Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curle the aire With flash of high-borne fancyes: here and there Dancing in lofty measures, and anon Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone; 140 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aircs Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares, Because those pretious mysteryes that dwell In Musick's ravish't soule, he dares not tell, But whisper to the world: thus doe they vary 145 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry Their Master's blest soule (snatcht out at his eares By a strong extasy) through all the spheares Of Musick's heaven; and seat it there on high In th' empyreum of pure harmony. 150 At length (after so long, so loud a strife Of all the strings, still breathing the best life Of blest variety, attending on His fingers fairest revolution

In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall) 155

A full-mouth'd diapason swallowes all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, (although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate,)
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a noate. 160
Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule!) she tryes
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a naturall tone;
She failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes. 165
She dyes: and leaves her life the Victor's prise,
Falling upon his lute: O, fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In our Essay we give the original Latin of this very remarkable poem, that the student may see how Crashaw has ennobled and transfigured Strada. Still further to show how much we owe to our Poet, I print here (a) An anonymous translation, which I discovered at the British Museum in Additional MSS. 19. 268; never before printed. (b) Sir Francis Wortley's translation from his 'Characters and Elegies' (1646). In the former I have been obliged to leave one or two words unfilledin as illegible in the MS.

(a) The Musicke Warre between y Fidler and the Nightingale.

Nowe had greate Sol ye middle orbe forsooke When as a fidler by a slidinge brooke With shadie bowers was guarded from ye aire And on his fidle plaid away his care. A nightingale hid in the leanes there stood The muse and harmeles Syren of the wood; Shee snatcht ye soundes and with an echo prates: What his hand playde her voice reiterates. Perceavinge how ye listninge bird did sit Yo fidler faine would make some sport with it, And neately stroke ye lute; then she began And through those notes ran glib division; Then with quicke hand he strikes yo tremblinge strings, Now with a skilfull negligence he flings His carelesse armes, then softly playes his part: Then shee begins and answers art with art, And now as if vncertaine how to singe Lengthens her notes and choisest art doth bringe, And interminglinge softer notes with shrill Daintily quavers through her trembling bill. Yo fidler wonders such melodious notes Shold have proceedinges from soe slender throats; Tryes her againe, then loudly spoke yo Sometimes graue were ye tones, sometimes. Then high, then lowe againe, yn sweetly iarrs Just like a trumpet callinge men to warrs. Thus did yo dainty Philomela doe And with hoarse voice sange an alarme too. The fidler blusht, and al in ragg [i.e. rage] he went About to breake his conquered instrument, But yet suspectinge lest ambitious shee Shold to the woods warble her victory; Strikes with inimitable blowes And flies through all the strings, now these, now those, Then tryes the notes, labours in each strayne And then expects if shee replyed agayne. The poore harmonious bird now almost dombe, But impatient, to be overcome Calls her sweet strength together all in vayne, For while shee thinkes to imitate each strayne In pure and natiue language, in this strife And dayntie musicke-warre shee left her life, And yeldinge to the gladsome conquerour Falls in his fidle: a fit sepulchere.

(b) From 'Characters and Elegies.' By Francis Wortley, knight and baronet: 1646 (p. 66). A Paraphrase upon the Verses which Famianus Strada made of the Lutanist and Philomell in Contestation.

'When past the middle orbe the parching sun Had downward nearer our horizon run A Lutenist neare Tiber's streames had found Where the eccho did resound.

Under a holme a shady bower he made
To ease his cares, his severall phancies play'd;
The philomell no sooner did the musicke hear

But straight-wayes she drew neare. The harmlesse Syren, musicke of the wood, Hid in a leavy-bush, she hearking stood, She ruminates upon the ayers he plaid,

And to him answers made, With her shirl voyce doth all his paines requite Lost not one note, but to his play sung right; Well pleased to heare her skil, and envy, he

Tryes his variety.

And dares her with his severall notes, runs throw
Even all the strains his skill could reach unto:

A thousand wayes he tryes: she answers all,

And for new straynes dares call. He could not touch a string in such a straine, To which she warble and not sung it plaine; His fingers could not reach to greater choice,

Then she did with her voyce.

The Lutenist admired her narrow throat
Could reach so high or fall to any note:
But that which he did thinke in her most strange,

She instantly could change.

Or sharpe or flat, or meane, or quicke, or slow,

What ere he plaid, she the like skill would show:

And if he inward did his notes recall,

She answer made to all.
Th' inraged Lutenist, he blusht for shame
That he could not this weake corrivall tame:
If thou canst answer this I'le breake my lute,
And yeild in the dispute.

He said no more, but aimes at such a height Of skill, he thought she could not imitate: He shows the utmost cunning of his hand And all he could command. He tryes his strength, his active fingers flye To every string and stop, now low, now high, And higher yet he multiplyes his skill,

Then doth his chorus fill.

Then he expecting stands to try if she
His envy late would yeeld the victory:
She would not yeeld, but summons all her force

Though tyred out and hourse. She strives with various strings the lute's bast chest The spirit of man, one narrow throat and chest: Unequal matches, yet she's pleased that she

Concludes victoriously.

Her spirit was such she would not live to heare
The Lutenist bestow on her a jeere,
But broken-hearted fall upon the tombe

She choose the sweet lute's wombe. The warbling lutes doe yet their triumphs tell (With mournfull accents) of the philomell, And have usurpt the title ever since,

Of harmony the prince.
The morall this, by emulation wee
May much improve both art and industry,
Though she deserve the name of Philomell

Yet men must her excell.'

A third (anonymous) translation, with the Latin on the opposite pages, I came on in Lansdowne ass. 3910, Pl. lxvi. from which extracts will be found in our Essay.

In the Sanchoff Ms. the heading is 'Fidicinis et Philomelæ Bellum Musicum. R. Cr.' It reads in line 79 'whence' for 'where;' adopted: line 125, 'pathes' for 'parts;' adopted: other variations only orthographic, as is the case with the different editions. I note these: in 1670, line 83 reads 'might you:' line 99, 1646 misprints 'grave:' line 156, our text misprints 'full-mouth,' and so 1646; 1 adopt 'full-mouth'd' from 1670 and Sanchoff Ms. G.



IN THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING:

OUT OF VIRGIL.

ALL trees, all leavy groves confesse the Spring Their gentlest friend; then, then the lands begin To swell with forward pride, and feed desire To generation; Heaven's Almighty Sire Melts on the bosome of His love, and powres 5 Himselfe into her lap in fruitfull showers. And by a soft insinuation, mixt With Earth's large masse, doth cherish and assist Her weake conceptions. No lone shade but rings With chatring birds' delicious murmurings; 10 Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields (Quick with warme Zephyre's lively breath) lay forth Their pregnant bosomes in a fragrant birth. Each body's plump and juey, all things full 15 Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will

Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 110-1), and was reprinted in editions 1648 (pp. 7-8) and 1670 (pp. 106-7). Our text is that of 1648, as before, with the exception of 'gentlest' for 'gentle' from 1646 edition (line 2d), which is confirmed by the Sancroft Ms. The Ms. in line 10 reads 'chatting:' line 16, I have corrected the usual reading of 'bosome' by 'blosome,' from the Sancroft Ms. The heading of the Ms. is 'E Virg. Georg. particula. In laudem Veris. R. Cu.' i.e. Georg. ii. 323-345. G.

Trust his beloved blossome to the sun (Growne lusty now): no vine so weake and young That feares the foule-mouth'd Auster or those stormes That the Southwest-wind hurries in his armes, But hasts her forward blossomes, and layes out Freely layes out her leaves: nor doe I doubt But when the world first out of chaos sprang So smil'd the dayes, and so the tenor ran Of their felicity. A Spring was there, 25 An everlasting Spring, the jolly yeare Led round in his great circle; no wind's breath As then did smell of Winter or of Death. When Life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and when From their hard mother Earth, sprang hardy men, 30 When beasts tooke up their lodging in the Wood, Starres in their higher chambers: never cou'd The tender growth of things endure the sence Of such a change, but that the Heav'ns indulgence Kindly supplyes sick Nature, and doth mold 35 A sweetly-temper'd meane, nor hot nor cold.

WITH A PICTURE SENT TO A FRIEND.1

I PAINT so ill, my peece had need to be Painted againe by some good poesie.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 111): was reprinted in 1648 (p. 8) and 1670 (p. 107). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. G.



IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS'S RULE OF HEALTH.

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I write so ill, my slender line is scarce
So much as th' picture of a well-lim'd verse:
Yet may the love I send be true, though I
Send not true picture, nor true poesie.
Both which away, I should not need to feare,
My love, or feign'd or painted should appeare.

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS'S RULE OF HEALTH.¹

Goe now, with some dareing drugg,

Baite thy disease, and while they tugg,

Thou, to maintaine their cruell strife
Spend the deare treasure of thy life:
Goe take physicke, doat upon

Some big-nam'd composition,—

The oraculous doctors' mistick bills,

Certain hard words made into pills;

And what at length shalt get by these?

Onely a costlyer disease.

Our text is from the 'Hygiasticon' of Lessius in the English translation of 1636, the title-page of which is as follows: 'Hygiasticon: or the right course of preserving Life and Health unto extream old Age: Together with soundnesse and integritie of the Senses, ludgement, and Memorie. Written in Latine by LEONARD LESSIUS, and now done into English. The third Edition. Cambridge, 1636.' [42mo.] It is there entitled 'To the Reader, upon the Book's intent,' and begins at line 15; these opening lines being taken from the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 112-8). See our Essay for remarks on this poem, and at close Notes and various readings. G.

Goe poore man, thinke what shall bee Remedie 'gainst thy remedie. That which makes us have no need Of phisick, that's phisick indeed. Heark hither, Reader: would'st thou see 15 Nature her own physician be? Would'st see a man all his own wealth, His own musick, his own health? A man, whose sober soul can tell How to wear her garments well? 20 Her garments, that upon her sit, (As garments should do) close and fit? A well-clothed soul, that's not opprest Nor choked with what she should be drest? Whose soul's sheath'd in a crystall shrine, 25 Through which all her bright features shine? As when a piece of wanton lawn, A thin aërial vail is drawn, O're Beauty's face; seeming to hide, More sweetly shows the blushing bride: 30 A soul, whose intellectuall beams No mists do mask, no lazie steams? A happie soul, that all the way To Heav'n, hath a Summer's day? Would'st see a man whose well-warm'd bloud 35 Bathes him in a genuine floud? A man, whose tuned humours be

A set of rarest harmonie?

Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile Age? Would'st see December smile? 40 Would'st see a nest of roses grow In a bed of reverend snow? Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering Winter's self into a Spring? In summe, would'st see a man that can 45 Live to be old, and still a man? Whose latest, and most leaden houres, Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres; And when Life's sweet fable ends, His soul and bodie part like friends: 50 No quarrels, murmures, no delay : A kisse, a sigh, and so away? This rare one, Reader, would'st thou see, Heark hither: and thyself be he.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Besides the reprint of 1646 as supra, this poem appeared in 1648 (pp. 8, 9), 1652 (pp. 126-8), where it is entitled 'Temperance. Of the Cheap Physitian, vpon the Translation of Lessivs (pp. 126-8): and 1670 (pp. 108-9 and pp. 207-8, being inadvertently printed twice). These variations are noticeable:

Line 1, in 1648 and 1652, 'Goe now and with'

,, 2, in 1670, 'the' for 'thy;' and TURNBULL, as usual, repeats the error.

Line 3, in 1648 'pretious' for 'cruel:' so 1670 in 2d copy.
,, 9, ib. 'last' for 'length,' and 1670 'gaine' for 'get'
in 2d copy.

Lines 11, 12, this couplet is inadvertently dropped in 1648. I adopt ''gainst' for 'against' from Sancroff Ms. in line 12.

Line 15, ib. 'wilt' for 'wouldst.'

" 18, 'physick' in 1646, 1648 and 1670 (1st copy); but

'musick' is assuredly the finer reading, as in Hygiasticon and 1670 (in 2d copy). Cf. lines 19, 20, onward, which show that 'music' was intended.

Line 25, in all the three editions 'a' for 'whose:' in 1670 (2d copy) 'A soul sheath'd '

Line 34, in 1646 'hath' for 'rides in,' and so in 1670 (1st copy): 'hath' seems the simpler and better.

Line 35, 1646 and 1670 misinsert 'thou' before 'see.'

,, 38, 'set' for 'seat' in the three editions (1670, 1st copy); adopted.

Line 41, in 1648 'Would'st see nests of new roses grow:' so 1670 (2d copy).

Line 46, 1646 and 1670 end here.

Leonard Lessius was a learned Jesuit, born 1st October 1554, and died 15th January 1623-4. He was professor of theology in the University of Louvaine. His 'Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ et vitæ' is still readable and quick. G.

THE BEGINNING OF HELIODORUS,1

THE smiling Morne had newly wak't the Day,
And tipt the mountaines with a tender ray:
When on a hill (whose high imperious brow
Lookes downe, and sees the humble Nile below

¹ Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (p. 114): was reprinted in 1648 (p. 10) and 1670 (pp. 109-110). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. Our Poet has turned the prose of the original into verse (Æthiopica, lib. i. cap. 1). There was an early English translation of the whole, as follows: 'Heliodorus, his Æthiopian History: Done out of Greeke, and compared with other Translations. 1622' [quarto]. In line 2, 1646 and 1670 read 'in' for 'with!' line 7, 1646 misprints 'thy' for 'they.' The heading in the Sancroft Ms. is 'The faire Æthiopian, R. CR.' TURNBULL perpetuates 1670's misprint of 'in' for 'with' in line 2, and adds one of his own in line 26, by misprinting 'guest' for 'guests.' G.

Licke his proud feet, and haste into the seas Through the great mouth that's nam'd from Hercules) A band of men, rough as the armes they wore Look't round, first to the sea, then to the shore. The shore that shewed them, what the sea deny'd, Hope of a prey. There to the maine-land ty'd 10 A ship they saw; no men she had, yet prest Appear'd with other lading, for her brest Deep in the groaning waters wallowed Vp to the third ring: o're the shore was spread Death's purple triumph; on the blushing ground 15 Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd In their owne blood's deare deluge : some new dead ; Some panting in their yet warme ruines bled, While their affrighted soules, now wing'd for flight Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light. Those yet fresh streames which crawled every where Shew'd that sterne Warre had newly bath'd him there. Nor did the face of this disaster show Markes of a fight alone, but feasting too: A miserable and a monstruous feast, 25 Where hungry Warre had made himself a guest: And comming late had eat up guests and all, Who prov'd the feast to their owne funerall &c.



CUPID'S CRYER:

OUT OF THE GREEKE.1

Love is lost, nor can his mother

Her little fugitive discover: She seekes, she sighes, but no where spyes him; Love is lost: and thus shee cryes him. O yes! if any happy eye, 5 This roaving wanton shall descry; Let the finder surely know Mine is the wagge; 'tis I that owe The winged wand'rer; and that none May thinke his labour vainely gone, 10 The glad descryer shall not misse, To tast the nectar of a kisse From Venus lipps. But as for him That brings him to me, he shall swim In riper joyes: more shall be his 15 (Venus assures him) than a kisse. But lest your eye discerning slide, These markes may be your judgement's guide;

Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 115-117): was reprinted 1648 (pp. 11-13) and 1670 (pp. 110-112). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree, save as follows: 1646 misprints 'cease' for 'ceaze' = seize, in line 17 from end; and 1670, line 8 from beginning, misprints 'own' for 'owe;' the latter perpetuated by TURNBULL. The poem is an interpretation of the first Idyll of Moschus. Line 5, 'O yes' = the legal oynez: line 8, 'owe' = own. G.

CUPID'S CRYER. 215 His skin as with a fiery blushing High-colour'd is; his eyes still flushing 20 With nimble flames; and though his mind Be ne're so curst, his tongue is kind: For never were his words in ought Found the pure issue of his thought. The working bees' soft melting gold, 25 That which their waxen mines enfold, Flow not so sweet as doe the tones Of his tun'd accents; but if once His anger kindle, presently It boyles out into cruelty, 30 And fraud: he makes poor mortalls' hurts The objects of his cruell sports. With dainty curles his froward face Is crown'd about : But O what place, What farthest nooke of lowest Hell 35 Feeles not the strength, the reaching spell Of his small hand? Yet not so small As 'tis powerfull therewithall. Though bare his skin, his mind he covers, And like a saucy bird he hovers 40 With wanton wing, now here, now there, 'Bout men and women, nor will spare Till at length he perching rest, In the closet of their brest. His weapon is a little bow, 45 Yet such a one as-Jove knows how-

Ne're suffred, yet his little arrow, Of Heaven's high'st arches to fall narrow. The gold that on his quiver smiles, Deceives men's feares with flattering wiles. 50 But O-too well my wounds can tell-With bitter shafts 'tis sauc't too well. He is all cruell, cruell all, His torch imperious though but small Makes the sunne-of flames the sire-55 Worse than sun-burnt in his fire. Wheresoe're you chance to find him Ceaze him, bring him-but first bind him-Pitty not him, but feare thy selfe Though thou see the crafty elfe, 60 Tell down his silver-drops unto thee: They'r counterfeit, and will undoe thee. With baited smiles if he display His fawning cheeks, looke not that way. If he offer sugred kisses, 65 Start, and say, the serpent hisses. Draw him, drag him, though he pray Wooe, intreat, and crying say Prethee, sweet, now let me go, Here's my quiver, shafts and bow, 70 I'le give thee all, take all; take heed Lest his kindnesse make thee bleed. What e're it be Loue offers, still presume That though it shines, 'tis fire and will consume.





VPON BISHOP ANDREWS' PICTURE BEFORE HIS SERMONS.¹

This reverend shadow cast that setting sun,

Whose glorious course through our horrizon run,

Left the dimme face of this dull hemispheare,

All one great eye, all drown'd in one great teare.

Whose faire, illustrious soule, led his free thought

Through Learning's vniverse, and (vainly) sought

Room for her spatious selfe, untill at length

Shee found the way home, with an holy strength;

Snatch't her self hence to Heaven: fill'd a bright place,

'Mongst those immortall fires, and on the face

Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,

There still to read true, pure divinity.

1 The first edition of Bishop Andrewes' Sermons was published in 1629. Its title was 'XCVI Sermons by the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God, Launcelot Andrewes, late Lord Bishop of Winchester.' It is dedicated to the King by Laud and Buckeridge, Bishop of Ely, the latter adding a funeral sermon. It has no frontispiece. Lowndes, as other bibliographers, does not seem to have known the edition of 1629. He calls that of 1631 the first, while it was the second; and he says it had a frontispiece, which is incorrect, if I may judge from a number of copies personally examined. The third edition (1635) I have not seen: but in the quarto (1641) appears a frontispiece-portrait, having the lines above, but no name or initials. Line 8 Turnbull misprints 'and, with holy.' G.

VOL. 1. P

And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrinke
Into this lesse appearance: If you thinke
'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath:
Looke on the following leaves, and see him breath.

VPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN.1

FAITHLESSE and fond Mortality!

Who will ever credit thee?

Fond, and faithlesse thing! that thus,
In our best hopes beguilest us.

What a reckoning hast thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid!

For life by volumes lengthened,
A line or two to speake him dead.

For the laurell in his verse,
The sullen cypresse o're his herse crape to
For soe many hoped yeares
Of fruit, soe many fruitles teares:

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 31-2): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 18-19) and 1670 (pp. 86-7). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The Sancroft Ms. gives us the name of the 'gentleman' celebrated, being thus headed, 'In obitum desideratissimi Mt Chambers, Coll. Reginal. Socij. R. Cr.,' and in the margin in the archbishop's hand, 'The title and Name not in ye print.' The same Ms. supplies us with lines 11-12 and 21-22, never before printed. This Ms. in line 23 reads 'If yet at least he'... and in line 32, 'are' for 'be.' Only other slight orthographic differences. G.

For a silver-crowned head A durty pillow in Death's bed. For so deare, so deep a trust, 15 Sad requitall, thus much dust! Now though the blow that snatch him hence, Stopt the mouth of Eloquence: Though shee be dumbe e're since his death, Not us'd to speake but in his breath; 20 Leaving his death vngarnishèd Therefore, because hee is dead Yet if at least shee not denyes, The sad language of our eyes, Wee are contented: for then this 25 Language none more fluent is. Nothing speakes our griefe so well As to speak nothing. Come then tell Thy mind in teares who e're thou be, That ow'st a name to misery. 30 Eyes are vocall, teares have tongues, And there be words not made with lungs; Sententious showres: O let them fall, Their cadence is rhetoricall. Here's a theame will drinke th' expence, 35 Of all thy watry eloquence. Weepe then! onely be exprest Thus much, 'he's dead:' and weep the rest.



VPON THE DEATH OF MR. HERRYS.1

A PLANT of noble stemme, forward and faire, As ever whisper'd to the morning aire, Thriv'd in these happie grounds; the Earth's just pride; Whose rising glories made such haste to hide His head in cloudes, as if in him alone 5 Impatient Nature had taught motion To start from Time, and cheerfully to fly Before, and seize upon Maturity. Thus grew this gratious tree, in whose sweet shade The sunne himselfe oft wisht to sit, and made 10 The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing Among his branches: yea, and vow'd to bring His owne delicious phœnix from the blest Arabia, there to build her virgin nest, To hatch her selfe in; 'mongst his leaves, the Day 15 Fresh from the rosie East, rejoyc't to play;

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 32-3): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 19-20) and 1670 (pp. 87-9). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. See our Essay, as before, for notice of Herrys or Harris. In the Sancroff ms. the heading is 'In ejusdem prematur. obit'l. Allegoricum. R. Cr.;' and line 9 reads 'tree' for 'plant;' adopted. For a short Latin poem added here, see our vol. ii. G.

To them shee gave the first and fairest beame That waited on her birth: she gave to them The purest pearles, that wept her evening death; The balmy Zephirus got so sweet a breath 20 By often kissing them. And now begun Glad Time to ripen Expectation: The timorous maiden-blossomes on each bough Peept forth from their first blushes; so that now A thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each bud, 25 And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood Fixt in delight, as if already there Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden Yeare His crowne expected: when, (O Fate! O Time! That seldome lett'st a blushing youthfull prime 30 Hide his hot beames in shade of silver age, So rare is hoary Vertue) the dire rage Of a mad storme these bloomy joyes all tore, Ravisht the maiden blossoms, and downe bore The trunke. Yet in this ground his pretious root 35 Still lives, which when weake Time shall be pour'd out Into Eternity, and circular joyes Dance in an endlesse round, again shall rise The faire son of an ever-youthfull Spring, To be a shade for angels while they sing; 40 Meane while who e're thou art that passest here, O doe thou water it with one kind teare.



VPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST DESIRED MR. HERRYS.¹

DEATH, what dost? O, hold thy blow, What thou dost thou dost not know. Death, thou must not here be cruell, This is Nature's choycest iewell: This is hee, in whose rare frame 5 Nature labour'd for a name: And meant to leave his pretious feature The patterne of a perfect creature. Ioy of Goodnesse, love of Art, Vertue weares him next her heart. 10 Him the Muses love to follow, Him they call their vice-Apollo. Apollo, golden though thou bee, Th' art not fairer than is hee, Nor more lovely lift'st thy head 15 (Blushing) from thine Easterne bed. The glories of thy youth ne're knew Brighter hopes than his can shew.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 33-5): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 20-2) and 1670 (pp. 89-91). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

Why then should it e're be seen That his should fade, while thine is green ? 20 And wilt thou (O, cruell boast!) Put poore Nature to such cost? O, twill undoe our common mother, To be at charge of such another. What? thinke me to no other end 25 Gracious heavens do use to send Earth her best perfection, But to vanish, and be gone? Therefore onely given to day To-morrow to be snatch't away? 30 I've seen indeed the hopefull bud Of a ruddy rose that stood Blushing, to behold the ray Of the new-saluted Day: (His tender toppe not fully spread) 35 The sweet dash of a shower new shead, Invited him, no more to hide Within himselfe the purple pride Of his forward flower; when lo, While he sweetly 'gan to show His swelling gloryes, Auster spide him, 40 Cruell Auster thither hy'd him, - And with the rush of one rude blast, Sham'd not, spitefully to wast All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet, And lay them trembling at his feet. 45

I've seen the Morning's lovely ray Hover o're the new-borne Day, With rosie wings so richly bright, As if she scorn'd to thinke of Night; When a rugged storme, whose scowle 50 Made heaven's radiant face looke foule Call'd for an untimely night, To blot the newly-blossom'd light. But were the rose's blush so rare, Were the Morning's smile so faire, 55 As is he, nor cloud, nor wind, But would be courteous, would be kind. Spare him Death, ah! spare him then, Spare the sweetest among men: And let not Pitty, with her teares 60 Keepe such distance from thine eares. But O, thou wilt not, can'st not spare, Haste hath never time to heare. Therefore if he needs must go, And the Fates will have it so; 65 Softly may he be possest Of his monumentall rest. Safe, thou darke home of the dead, Safe, O hide his loved head: Keepe him close, close in thine armes, 70 Seal'd vpp with a thousand charmes. For Pittie's sake, O, hide him quite From his mother Nature's sight;

ANOTHER.

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Lest for griefe his losse may move All her births abortive proue.

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NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Essay for notice of 'Mr. Herrys.' In the Sancroff Ms. the heading is 'An Elegie on Mr. Herris. R. Cr.' It offers these variations: lines 1 and 2, 'doest:' line 18, 'his' for 'he;' adopted: line 29, 'given' for 'give;' adopted: line 36, 'new' for 'now;' adopted from 1648: line 50, the Ms. reads 'rugged' for 'ruddy;' adopted: line 58, 'ah' for 'O;' adopted: line 60, 'And let:' lines 70-71 added from the Ms., where in the margin is written 'not printed.' G.

ANOTHER.1

Ir ever Pitty were acquainted

With sterne Death; if e're he fainted,
Or forgot the cruell vigour
Of an adamantine rigour;
Here, O, here we should have knowne it,
Here, or no where, hee'd have showne it.
For hee, whose pretious memory
Bathes in teares of every eye;
Hee, to whom our Sorrow brings
All the streames of all her springs;
Was so rich in grace, and nature,
In all the gifts that blesse a creature;

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Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 36-7): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 23-4) and 1670 (pp. 91-3). Our text is that of 1648; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G

ANOTHER.

The fresh hopes of his lovely youth Flourish't in so faire a growth; So sweet the temple was, that shrin'd 15 The sacred sweetnesse of his mind; That could the Fates know to relent, Could they know what mercy meant, Or had ever learnt to beare The soft tincture of a teare; 20 Teares would now have flow'd so deepe, As might have taught Griefe how to weepe. Now all their steely operation Would quite have lost the cruell fashion. Sicknesse would have gladly been 25 Sick himselfe to have sav'd him; And his feaver wish'd to prove, Burning onely in his love. Him when Wrath it selfe had seen, Wrath it selfe had lost his spleen. 30 Grim Destruction here amaz'd, In stead of striking, would have gaz'd. Even the iron-pointed pen, That notes the tragick doomes of men, Wet with teares, 'still'd from the eyes 35 Of the flinty Destinies, Would have learn't a softer style, And have been asham'd to spoyle His live's sweet story, by the hast Of a cruell stop, ill plac't. 40 In the darke volume of our fate, Whence each lease of life hath date, Where in sad particulars The totall summe of man appeares, And the short clause of mortall breath, 45 Bound in the period of Death: In all the booke if any where Such a tearme as this, 'Spare here,' Could been found, 'twould have been read, Writ in white letters o're his head: 50 Or close unto his name annext, The faire glosse of a fairer text. In briefe, if any one were free Hee was that one, and onely hee. But he, alas! even hee is dead, 55 And our hope's faire harvest spread In the dust. Pitty, now spend All the teares that Griefe can lend. Sad Mortality may hide In his ashes all her pride; 60 With this inscription o're his head, 'All hope of never dying here is dead.'

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Sancroft Ms. furnishes these variations: line 1, 'was:' line 26, 't' have:' line 34, 'quotes' for 'notes:' 1. 42, 'lease' for 'leafe;' adopted: line 49 omits rightly the first 'have' and spells bin;' the former adopted: line 50, 'wrote:' line 62, 'is' for 'lyes;' adopted: line 23, 'steely'—hard as steel, or, as we say, ironhearted. The Sancroft Ms. writes the two poems as one. G.



HIS EPITAPH.1

Passenger, who e're thou art Stay a while, and let thy heart Take acquaintance of this stone, Before thou passest further on. This stone will tell thee, that beneath, 5 Is entomb'd the crime of Death; The ripe endowments of whose mind Left his yeares so much behind, That numbring of his vertues' praise, Death lost the reckoning of his dayes; 10 And believing what they told, Imagin'd him exceeding old. In him Perfection did set forth The strength of her united worth. Him his wisdome's pregnant growth 15 Made so reverend, even in youth, That in the center of his brest (Sweet as is the phœnix' nest)

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 38-9): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 24-6) and 1670 (93-4). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The SANCROFT MS. is headed 'Epitaphium in eundem R. Cr.' Line 31, TURNBULL misprints 'breast' for 'breath.' G.

229 HIS EPITAPH. Every reconciled Grace Had their generall meeting-place. 20 In him Goodnesse joy'd to see Learning learne Humility. The splendor of his birth and blood Was but the glosse of his owne good. The flourish of his sober youth 25 Was the pride of naked truth. In composure of his face, Liv'd a faire, but manly grace. His mouth was Rhetorick's best mold, His tongue the touchstone of her gold. 30 What word so e're his breath kept warme, Was no word now but a charme: For all persuasive Graces thence Suck't their sweetest influence. His vertue that within had root, 35 Could not chuse but shine without. And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth, At each corner peeping forth, Pointed him out in all his wayes, Circled round in his owne rayes: 40 That to his sweetnesse, all men's eyes Were vow'd Love's flaming sacrifice. Him while fresh and fragrant Time Cherisht in his golden prime; E're Hebe's hand had overlaid 45 His smooth cheekes with a downy shade;

The rush of Death's unruly wave, Swept him off into his grave.

Enough, now (if thou canst) passe on,
For now (alas!) not in this stone
(Passenger who e're thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

AN EPITAPH VPON A YOVNG MARRIED COVPLE

DEAD AND BURYED TOGETHER.1

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage bed;
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt sovl and body, a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good Reader, Doe not weep.
Peace, the louers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded ly
In the last knott that Loue could ty.
And though they ly as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheetes of lead;

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 39-40), where it is headed 'An Epitaph vpon Husband and Wife, which died and were buried together.' G.

(Pillow hard, and sheetes not warm) Loue made the bed; they'l take no harm; Let them sleep: let them sleep on, 15 Till this stormy night be gone, And the æternall morrow dawn; Then the curtaines will be drawn And they wake into a light, Whose Day shall neuer sleepe in Night.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the Sancroft Ms. the heading is 'Epitaphium Conjugum vnà mortuor, et sepultor. R. Ca.' It was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (p. 26), where it is entitled as supra, and 1670 (p. 95). Our text is that of 1648, which yields the five lines (11-14), and which ELLIS in his 'Specimens' (iii. 208, 1845) introduced from a MS. copy, but as doubtful from not having appeared in any of the editions; a mistake on his part, as the lines appear in 1648 and 1652. His note is, nevertheless, 'The lines included in brackets are in no printed edition: they were found in a Ms. copy, and are perhaps not Crashaw's.' As usual, TURNBULL overlooked them. I add a few slight various readings from 1646.

Line 2, 'the.'

., 5, 'sever.'
., 6, 'Because they both liv'd but one life.'

,, 10, I accept 'that' in 1646 and SANCBOFT MS. as it is confirmed by Harleian Ms. 6917-18, as before.

Line 17, I adopt 'And' for 'Till' from 1648.

,, 19, 'waken with that Light,' and so Sanchoff Ms.: 1648 reads 'And they wake into that Light:' Harleian Ms. as before, 'And they waken with.'

Line 20, 'sleep' for 'dy,' which I adopt as agreeing with the ' wake,' and as being confirmed by Harleian Ms. as before. G.



DEATH'S LECTVRE AND THE FVNERAL OF A YOVNG GENTLEMAN.¹

DEAR reliques of a dislodg'd sovl, whose lack Makes many a mourning paper put on black! O stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head And wind thy self vp close in thy cold bed. Stay but a little while, vntill I call 5 A summon's worthy of thy funerall. Come then, Youth, Beavty, Blood! all ye soft powres, Whose sylken flatteryes swell a few fond howres Into a false æternity. Come man; Hyperbolizèd nothing! know thy span; 10 Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow Before thy self in thine idea; thou Huge emptynes! contract thy bulke; and shrinke All thy wild circle to a point. O sink Lower and lower yet; till thy leane size 15 Call Heaun to look on thee with narrow eyes.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 40-1), where it is headed 'Vpon Mr. Staninough's Death:' was reprinted in the 'Delights' of 1648 (p. 27), with the simple inscription, 'At the Funerall of a young Gentleman,' and in 1652 (pp. 24-5), as 'Death's Lectvre and the Fvneral of a yovng Gentleman,' and in 1670 (bis), viz. p. 96 and pp. 206-7. Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see Notes at close of the poem. G.

DEATH'S LECTURE AND FUNERAL OF A GENTLEMAN. 233

Lesser and lesser yet; till thou begin To show a face, fitt to confesse thy kin, Thy neighbourhood to Nothing! Proud lookes, and lofty eyliddes, here putt on 20 Your selues in your vnfaign'd reflexion; Here, gallant ladyes! this vnpartiall glasse (Through all your painting) showes you your true face. These death-seal'd lippes are they dare give the ly To the lowd boasts of poor Mortality; 25 These curtain'd windows, this retired eye Outstares the liddes of larg-look't Tyranny. This posture is the braue one, this that Iyes Thus low, stands vp (me thinkes) thus and defies The World. All-daring dust and ashes! only you 30 Of all interpreters read Nature true.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

These various readings are worthy of record:

Line 7 in our text (1652) is misprinted as two lines, the first ending with 'blood,' a repeated blunder of the Paris printer. It reads also 'the' for 'ye' of 1646. I adopt the latter. I have also cancelled 'and' before 'blood' as a misprint.

Line 8 in 1652 is misprinted 'svlken' for 'sylken.'

, 12, ib. 'thy self,' and so in 1648 and 1670: 'bulke' from 1646 is preferable, and so adopted.

Line 15, 1646 has 'small' for 'lean,' which is inferior.
,, 16, our text (1652) misspells 'norrow.'

" 19, in 1646 the readings here are,

'Thy neighbourhood to nothing! here put on Thy selfe in this unfeign'd reflection.'

1648 and our text as given. 'Nothing' is intended to rhyme with 'kin' and 'begin,' and so to form a triplet.

Line 23, our text (1652), 1648 and 1670 read 'Though ye

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be painted: '1646 reads 'Through all your painting,' which is much more powerful, and therefore adopted by us. It reminds us (from line 22, 'gallant ladyes') of Hamlet's apostrophe to the skull of poor Yorick.

Line 25, 1646 reads poorly,

'To the proud hopes of poor Mortality.'

,, 26, in 1646 reads curiously, 'this selfe-prison'd eye.' G.

AN EPITAPH VPON DOCTOR BROOKE.1

A BROOKE, whose streame so great, so good,
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood:
Whose bankes the Muses dwelt upon,
More than their owne Helicon;
Here at length, hath gladly found
5
A quiet passage under ground;
Meane while his loved bankes, now dry
The Muses with their teares supply.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (p. 40): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (p. 28) and 1670 (p. 95). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. In the Sancroft Ms. the heading is 'In obitum Dris Brooke. R. Cr.' It reads 'banck' for 'bankes' in line 7. See our Essay for notice of Dr. Brooke. G.







ON A FOULE MORNING, BEING THEN TO TAKE A JOURNEY.1

Where art thou Sol, while thus the blind-fold Day 1 Staggers out of the East, loses her way Stumbling on Night? Rouze thee illustrious youth, And let no dull mists choake thy Light's faire growth. Point here thy beames: O glance on youder flocks, 5 And make their fleeces golden as thy locks. Vnfold thy faire front, and there shall appeare Full glory, flaming in her owne free spheare. Gladnesse shall cloath the Earth, we will instile The face of things, an universall smile. 10 Say to the sullen Morne, thou com'st to court her; And wilt command proud Zephirus to sport her With wanton gales: his balmy breath shall licke The tender drops which tremble on her cheeke; Which rarified, and in a gentle raine 15 On those delicious bankes distill'd againe, Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses Two ever-blushing bed[s] of new-borne roses.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 45-6): was reprinted in 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 28-9) and 1670 (pp. 101-2). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

Hee'l fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow.

And friske in curl'd mæanders: hee will throw

A fragrant breath suckt from the spicy nest

()' th' pretious phænix, warme upon her breast.

Hee with a dainty and soft hand will trim

And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim

In silken volumes; wheresoe're shee'l tread,

25

Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.

Rise then (faire blew-ey'd maid!) rise and discover Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.

See how hee runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosome, bath'd with liquid light.

30
Fly, fly prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,
Taint not the pure streames of the springing Day,
With your dull influence; it is for you
To sit and scoule upon Night's heavy brow,
Not on the fresh cheekes of the virgin Morne,
35
Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joyes are worne.
Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to stay;
Let it suffice, shee'l weare no maske to day.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the Sancroft ms. this is headed 'An Invitation to faire weather. In itinere adurgeretur matutinum colum tali carmine invitabatur serenitas. R. Ch.' In line 12 the ms. reads 'smooth' for 'proud' (Turnbull here, after 1670, as usual misreads 'demand' for 'command'): line 18 corrects the misreading of all the editions, which is 'To every blushing:' line 23 reads 'soft and dainty: line 36, 'is' for 'are:' other orthographic differences only.

The opening lines of this poem seem to be adapted from remembrance of the Friar's in Romeo and Juliet:

'The grey-eyed Mor. 1 smiles on the frowning Night

And flecked Darkness like a drunkard reels From forth Day's path and Titan's burning wheels.' (ii. 3.)

Line 4, in Hableian Ms. 6917-18 reads, as I have adopted, 'thy' for 'the.'

Line 5, ib. 'on youd faire.'

,, 7, ib. 'Unfold thy front and then

,, 9, instile is =instill, used in Latinate sense of drop into or upon: Harleian Ms., as before, is 'enstile.'

Line 14, HARLEIAN MS., as before, 'thy' for 'her.'

" 16, ib. 'these.'

, 17-18, ib.

and disclose the new-born rose.'

See our Essay for critical remarks. G.

TO THE MORNING:

SATISFACTION FOR SLEEPE.1

What succour can I hope my Muse shall send
Whose drowsinesse hath wrong'd the Muses' friend?
What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
Vnlesse the Muse sing my apologie?

O in that morning of my shame! when I Lay folded up in Sleepe's captivity, How at the sight did'st thou draw back thine eyes, Into thy modest veyle? how didst thou rise

Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 47-8): was reprinted in 1648 'Delights' (pp. 30-1) and 1670 (pp. 102-4). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

Twice dy'd in thine owne blushes! and did'st run To draw the curtaines, and awake the sun! 10 Who, rowzing his illustrious tresses, came, And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame His head in thy faire bosome, and still hides Mee from his patronage; I pray, he chides: And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take 15 My owne Apollo, try if I can make His Lethe be my Helicon: and see If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on mee. Hence 'tis, my humble fancie finds no wings, No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings 20 Enthusiasticke flames, such as can give Marrow to my plumpe genius, make it live Drest in the glorious madnesse of a Muse, Whose feet can walke the milky way, and chuse Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warme 25 The grave, and hold up an exalted arme To lift me from my lazy vrne, to climbe Vpon the stooped shoulders of old Time, And trace Eternity-But all is dead, All these delicious hopes are buried 30 In the deepe wrinckles of his angry brow, Where Mercy cannot find them: but O thou Bright lady of the Morne! pitty doth lye So warme in thy soft brest, it cannot dye. Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise 35 () meet the angry God, invade his eyes,

And stroake his radiant cheekes; one timely kisse Will kill his anger, and revive my blisse. So to the treasure of thy pearly deaw, Thrice will I pay three teares, to show how true My griefe is; so my wakefull lay shall knocke At th' orientall gates, and duly mocke The early larkes' shrill orizons, to be An anthem at the Daye's nativitie. And the same rosie-finger'd hand of thine, 45 That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine. But thou, faint God of Sleepe, forget that I Was ever known to be thy votary. No more my pillow shall thine altar be, Nor will I offer any more to thee 50 My selfe a melting sacrifice; I'me borne Againe a fresh child of the buxome Morne, Heire of the sun's first beames. Why threat'st thou so? Why dost thou shake thy leaden scepter? goe, Bestow thy poppy upon wakefull Woe, 55 Sicknesse, and Sorrow, whose pale lidds ne're know Thy downie finger; dwell upon their eyes, Shut in their teares: shut out their miseries.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1646, line 1, for 'shall' reads 'will:' ib. in Harleian Ms. as before, 'my' for 'the Muse;' which I adopt here, but not in next line: line 9, ib. 'thy:' line 11, illustrious is = lustrous, radiant: Harleian Ms. as before, line 19, 'this my humble:' line 20, 1646 misprints 'raptures:' line 27, 1670 has 'and

climb:' line 28, 1646 has 'stooped' for 'stooping' of 1648; infinitely superior, and therefore adopted: 1670 misprints 'stopped:' the Sancroff Ms. has 'stooping:' line 45, Harleian Ms. as before, 'thy altar.' Further: in the Sancroff Ms. this poem is headed 'Ad Auroram Somnolentiæ expiatio. R. Cr.,' and it supplies these various readings: line 1, 'will:' line 7, 'call back:' line 16, 'my' for 'mine;' line 20-21, 'winge' and 'bringe:' line 40, 'treasures:' other orthographic differences only. See Essay, as in last poem. G.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.1

Love, brave Vertue's younger brother,

Erst hath made my heart a mother;

Shee consults the conscious spheares

To calculate her young son's yeares.

Shee askes, if sad, or saving powers,

Gave omen to his infant howers;

Shee askes each starre that then stood by,

If poore Love shall live or dy.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?

Are these the beames that rule thy day?

Thou know'st a face in whose each looke,
Beauty layes ope Love's fortune-booke;

On whose faire revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of man's fate:

Appeared originally in 'Steps' of 1646 (pp. 49-50): was reprinted in 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 32-3) and 1670 (pp. 104-6). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

241 LOVE'S HOROSCOPE. Ah, my heart, her eyes, and shee, 15 Have taught thee new astrologie. How e're Love's native houres were set, What ever starry synod met, 'Tis in the mercy of her eye, If poore Love shall live or dye. 20 If those sharpe rayes putting on Points of death, bid Love be gon: (Though the Heavens in counsell sate To crowne an uncontrouled fate, Though their best aspects twin'd upon 25 The kindest constellation, Cast amorous glances on his birth, And whisper'd the confederate Earth To pave his pathes with all the good, That warmes the bed of youth and blood) 30 Love hath no plea against her eye: Beauty frownes, and Love must dye. But if her milder influence move, And gild the hopes of humble Love: (Though Heaven's inauspicious eye 35 Lay blacke on Love's nativitie; Though every diamond in Iove's crowne Fixt his forehead to a frowne:) Her eye, a strong appeale can giue, Beauty smiles, and Love shall live. 40 VOL. 1. 11

O, if Love shall live, O, where
But in her eye, or in her eare,
In her brest, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poore Love from Death?
For in the life ought else can give,
Love shall dye, although he live.

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Or, if Love shall dye, O, where

But in her eye, or in her eare,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funerall nest?

While Love shall thus entombed lye,
Love shall live, although he dye.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In line 16 the heavens are the planets. To 'crown' his fate is to invest it with regal power, and so place it beyond control. It is doubtful whether 'uncontrouled' expresses that state or result of crowning, or whether the clause is hyperbolical, and means to put further beyond control an already uncontrolled fate. 'Twin'd' seems a strange word to use, but refers, I presume, to the apparently irregular and winding-like motions of the planets through the constellations until they result in the favourable aspects mentioned. According to astrology, the beneficence or maleficence of the planetary aspects varies with the nature of the constellation in which they occur. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, uses 'wind' very much as Crashaw uses 'twin'd:' see s.v. in our edition.

In line 14 we have accepted the reading 'man's' for 'Loves' from the Sancroff Ms.





A SONG :

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

To thy lover
Deere, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
—When those roses
It discloses—

All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free ayre,
Flow thy haire;
That no more Summer's best dresses,
Bee beholden
For their golden

Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

Love his quiver; From thy eyes he shoots his arrowes: Where Apollo

Cannot follow:

O deliver

Featherd with his mother's sparrowes.

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 123-4), along with the other two (pp. 125-6): reprinted in 1648 (pp. 35-7) and 1670 (pp. 117-19). Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. G.

O envy not

—That we dye not—

Those deere lips whose doore encloses
All the Graces
In their places,

Brother pearles, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
()ne bright smile to cleere the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does wooe thee,
Winds cling to thee;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storme and thunder
Would sit under,
And keepe silence round about thee.

But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So deare glories dare not borrow:
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving, lingring sorrow,

When to end mee Death shall send mee All his terrors to affright mee:
Thine eyes' Graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight mee.

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet aires that often slew mee
Shall revive mee,
Or reprive mee,
And to many deaths renew mee.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Love now no fire hath left him,

We two betwixt us have divided it.

Your eyes the light hath reft him,

The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.

O that poore Love be not for ever spoyled,

Let my heat to your light be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth

Now all obscurèd lyes:

—Drest in those beames—start forth

And dance before your eyes.

¹ TURNBULL glaringly misprints 'The heart commanding in my heart,' and in line 15, 'O love;' the latter after 1670 as usual, the former his own. G.

Or else partake my flames
(I care not whither)
And so in mutuall names
Of Love, burne both together.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Would any one the true cause find

How Love came nak't, a boy, and blind?

'Tis this: listning one day too long,
So th' Syrens in my mistris' song,
The extasic of a delight

5 So much o're-mastring all his might,
To that one sense, made all else thrall,
And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all.

VPON THE FRONTISPEECE OF MR. ISAACK-SON'S CHRONOLOGIE.¹

Let hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave To what his bowels' birth and being gave;

Appeared originally, without signature, in the work celebrated, which is a great folio. It was preceded by another, which, having been inserted in the 'Steps' of 1646 and the other editions (1652 excepted), has been continued to be reprinted as Crashaws. It really belonged to Dr. Edward Rainbow, Bishop of Carlisle, for whom, so late as 1688, it was first claimed by his biographer, Banks. This was pointed out in Notes and Queries by Rev. J. E. B. Mayor,

Let Nature die, (Phœnix-like) from death
Revived Nature takes a second breath;
If on Time's right hand, sit faire Historie,
If from the seed of emptie Ruine, she
Can raise so faire an harvest; let her be
Ne're so farre distant, yet Chronologie
(Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
Out-stare the broad-beam'd daye's meridian)
Will have a perspicill to find her out,
And, through the night of error and dark doubt,
Discerne the dawne of Truth's eternall ray,
As when the rosie Morne budds into Day.

Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd, 15
Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build
Ruine a temple; on whose fruitfull fall
History reares her pyramids, more tall
Than were th' Aegyptian (by the life these give,
Th' Egyptian pyramids themselves must live): 20

M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge (2d s. vol. iv. p. 286). One is thankful to have the claim confirmed by the non-presence of the poem in the Sancroft Ms., where only the above shorter one appears as by Crashaw. Lines 5-8 of Rainbow's poem it was simply impossible for our singer to have written. I add the other at close of Crashaw's, as some may be curious to read it: but as the details of the grotesque 'Frontispiece' are celebrated by Rainbow, not Crashaw, I have departed from my intention of reproducing it in our illustrated quarto edition, the more readily in that I have much increased otherwise therein the reproductions announced. Rainbow contributed to the University Collections along with Crashaw, Morr, Braumont, E. King, &c. &c. See our Essay on Life and Poetry. G.

On these she lifts the world; and on their base Showes the two termes, and limits of Time's race: That, the creation is; the judgement, this; That, the World's morning; this, her midnight is.

NOTE.

As explained in preceding Note, I add here the poem so long misassigned to ${\it Crashaw}$.

ON THE FRONTISPIECE OF ISAACSON'S CHRONOLOGIE EXPLAINED.

BY DR. EDWARD RAINBOW, BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Ir with distinctive eye, and mind, you looke Vpon the Front, you see more than one Booke. Creation is God's Booke, wherein He writ Each creature, as a letter filling it. History is Creation's Booke; which showes 5 To what effects the Series of it goes. Chronologie's the Booke of Historie, and beares The just account of Dayes, Moneths, and Yeares. But Resurrection, in a later Presse, And New Edition, is the summe of these. 10 The Language of these Bookes had all been one, Had not th' aspiring Tower of Babylon Confus'd the tongues, and in a distance hurl'd As farre the speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd world.

VPON MR. ISAACKSON'S CHRONOLOGIE.

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Set then your eyes in method, and behold 15 Time's embleme, Saturne; who, when store of gold Coyn'd the first age, devour'd that birth, he fear'd; Till History, Time's eldest child appear'd; And Phoenix-like, in spight of Saturne's rage, Forc'd from her ashes, heyres in every age. 20 From th' Rising Sunne, obtaining by just suit, A Spring's ingender, and an Autumne's fruit. Who in those Volumes at her motion pend, Vnto Creation's Alpha doth extend. Againe ascend, and view Chronology, 25 By optick skill, pulling farre History Neerer; whose Hand the piercing Eagle's eye Strengthens, to bring remotest objects nigh. Vnder whose feet, you see the Setting Sunne, From the darke Gnomon, o're her volumes runne, 30 Drown'd in eternall night, never to rise, Till Resurrection show it to the eyes Of Earth-worne men; and her shrill trumpet's sound Affright the Bones of mortals from the ground. The Columnes both are crown'd with either Sphere, To show Chronology and History beare, 36 No other Culmen than the double Art, Astronomy, Geography, impart.

AN EPITAPH VPON MR. ASHTON,

A CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.1

THE modest front of this small floore, Beleeve me, Reader, can say more Than many a braver marble can; Here lyes a truly honest man. One whose conscience was a thing, 5 That troubled neither Church nor King. One of those few that in this towne, Honour all Preachers, heare their owne. Sermons he heard, yet not so many As left no time to practise any. 10 He heard them reverendly, and then His practice preach'd them o're agen. His Parlour-Sermons rather were Those to the eye, then to the eare. His prayers took their price and strength, 15 Not from the lowdnesse, nor the length. He was a Protestant at home, Not onely in despight of Rome. He lov'd his Father; yet his zeale Tore not off his Mother's veile. 20

¹ Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 130-1): was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 40-1) and 1670 (pp. 122-3). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but all agree. G.

To th' Church he did allow her dresse, True Beauty, to true Holinesse. Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend Her hand to bring him to his end. When Age and Death call'd for the score, 25 No surfets were to reckon for. Death tore not-therefore-but sans strife Gently untwin'd his thread of life. What remaines then, but that thou Write these lines, Reader, in thy brow, 30 And by his faire example's light, Burne in thy imitation bright. So while these lines can but bequeath A life perhaps unto his death; His better Epitaph shall bee, 35 His life still kept alive in thee.

OUT OF CATULLUS.1

Come and let us live my deare, Let us love and never feare, What the sowrest fathers say: Brightest Sol that dyes to day

¹ Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 132-3), and was reprinted in 1648 (p. 42); but not in 1670. Our text is that of 1648; but all agree. The original is found in Carm. v.=2. The SANCROFT M.s. reads line 4 'Blithest:' line 9 'numerous:' line 12 'A:' line 17 'our.' G.

Lives againe as blith to morrow; 5 But if we darke sons of sorrow Set: O then how long a Night Shuts the eyes of our short light! Then let amorous kisses dwell On our lips, begin and tell 10 A thousand, and a hundred score, An hundred and a thousand more, Till another thousand smother That, and that wipe of [f] another. Thus at last when we have numbred 15 Many a thousand, many a hundred, Wee'l confound the reckoning quite, And lose our selves in wild delight: While our joyes so multiply, As shall mocke the envious eye. 20

WISHES.

TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESSE.

1

Who ere she be,
 That not impossible she
 That shall command my heart and me;

¹ Appeared originally in 'Delights' of 1646 (pp. 184-8): was reprinted in 1648 (pp. 43-7) and 1670 (pp. 124-8). Our text is that of 1648, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

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	WISHES.	253
2.	Where ere she lye, Lock't up from mortall eye, In shady leaves of Destiny;	5
3.	Till that ripe birth Of studied Fate stand forth, And teach her faire steps tread our Earth;	
4.	Till that divine Idæa, take a shrine Of chrystall flesh, through which to shine;	10
5.	Meet you her, my wishes, Bespeake her to my blisses, And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.	15
6.	I wish her, beauty That owes not all its duty To gaudy tire or glistring shoo-ty.	
7.	Something more than Taffata or tissew can, Or rampant feather, or rich fan.	20
8.	More than the spoyle Of shop, or silkeworme's toyle, Or a bought blush, or a set smile.	
9.	A face that's best By its owne beauty drest, And can alone commend the rest.	25

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10.	A face made up, Out of no other shop Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.	30
11.	A cheeke where Youth, And blood, with pen of Truth Write, what their reader sweetly ru'th.	
12.	A cheeke where growes More than a morning rose: Which to no boxe his being owes.	35
13.	Lipps, where all day A lover's kisse may play, Yet carry nothing thence away.	
14.	Lookes that oppresse Their richest tires, but dresse Themselves in simple nakednesse.	40
15.	Eyes, that displace The neighbour diamond, and out-face That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.	. 45
16.	Tresses, that weare Iewells, but to declare How much themselves more pretious are.	
17.	Whose native ray, Can tame the wanton day Of gems, that in their bright shades play.	50



	WISHES.	255
18.	Each ruby there,	
	Or pearle that dares appeare,	
	Be its own blush, be its own teare.	
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19.	A well tam'd heart,	55
	For whose more noble smart,	
	Love may be long chusing a dart.	
20.	Eyes, that bestow	
	Full quivers on Love's bow;	
	Yet pay lesse arrowes than they owe.	60
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21.	Smiles, that can warme	
	The blood, yet teach a charme,	
	That Chastity shall take no harme.	
22.	Blushes, that bin	
	The burnish of no sin,	65
	Nor flames of ought too hot within.	J
02	Towns that conforms	
43.	Ioyes, that confesse, Vertue their mistresse,	
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	And have no other head to dresse.	
24.	Feares, fond, and flight,	70
	As the coy bride's, when Night	
	First does the longing lover right.	
25.	Teares, quickly fled,	
	And vaine, as those are shed	
	For a dying maydenhead.	75
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- 26. Dayes, that need borrow, No part of their good morrow, From a fore-spent night of sorrow.
- 27. Dayes, that in spightOf darknesse, by the lightOf a cleere mind are day all night.
- 28. Nights, sweet as they, Made short by lovers play, Yet long by th' absence of the day.
- 29. Life, that dares send 85
 A challenge to his end,
 And when it comes say, Welcome friend!
- 30. Sydnæan showers
 Of sweet discourse, whose powers
 Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. 90
- 31. Soft silken hours;Open sunnes; shady bowers;'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.
- 32. What ere delight

 Can make Daye's forehead bright,

 Or give downe to the wings of Night.
- 33. In her whole frame, Haue Nature all the name, Art and ornament the shame.

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	-31
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	Wishes.	257	
34.	Her flattery, Picture and Poesy, Her counsell her owne vertue be.	100	
35.	I wish her store Of worth may leave her poore Of wishes; and I wish—no more.	-	
36.	Now if Time knowes That her, whose radiant browes Weave them a garland of my vowes	;	
37.	Her whose just bayes, My future hopes can raise, A trophie to her present praise;	110	
38.	Her that dares be, What these lines wish to see: I seeke no further: it is she.		
. 39.	'Tis she, and here Lo I uncloath and cleare, My wishes cloudy character.	115	
40.	May she enjoy it, Whose merit dare apply it, But Modesty dares still deny it.	120	
41.	Such worth as this is Shall fixe my flying wishes, And determine them to kisses.		
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42. Let her full glory,My fancyes, fly before ye,Be ye my fictions; but her story.

125

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Harleian Ms. 6917-18, as before, gives an admirable reading, corrective of all the editions in st. 3, line 3. Hitherto it has run, 'And teach her faire steps to our Earth:' the Ms. as given by us 'tread' for 'to:' ib. st. 5, line 1, reads 'Meete her my wishes;' perhaps preferable: st. 6, I accept 'its' for 'his' from 1670 edition: st. 7, 'than'=then, and is spelled 'then' here and elsewhere in 1646 and 1670: st. 8, line 3, HARLEIAN Ms. reads 'Or a bowe, blush, or a set smile;' inferior: st. 9, ib. reads 'commend' for 'command;' adopted: st. 11, ib. 'their' for 'the;' adopted: st. 14, ib. spells 'tyers,' and line 3 reads as we print for 'And cloath their simplest nakednesse,' which is clumsy and poor: st. 15: Here, as in the poem, 'On the bleeding wounds of our crucified Lord' (st. 6), where we read 'The thorns that Thy blest brows encloses,' and elsewhere, we have an example of the Elizabethan use of 'that' as a singular (referring to and thus made a collective plural) taken as the governing nominative to the verb. So in this poem of 'Wishes' we have 'Eyes that bestow,' 'Joys that confess,' 'Tresses that wear.' But it must be stated that the HARLEIAN MS., as before, reads not as in 1646 and 1648 'displaces,' 'out-faces' and 'graces,' but as printed by us on its authority; certainly the rhythm is improved thereby: st. 18, line 2, ib. 'dares' for 'dare;' adopted: st. 24, looking to 'tears quickly fled' of next stanza, I think 'flight' is correct, and not a misprint for 'slight.' Accordingly I have punctuated with a comma after fond, flight being - the shrinking-away of the bride, like the Horatian fair lady, a fugitive yet wishful of her lover's kiss: st. 31, HAR-LEIAN MS. as before, 'Open sunn:' st. 42, line 3, 'be you my fictions, she my story.' G.





TO THE QUEEN:

AN APOLOGIE FOR THE LENGTH OF THE FOLLOWING PANEGYRICK.

When you are mistresse of the song, Mighty queen, to thinke it long, Were treason 'gainst that majesty Your Vertue wears. Your modesty Yet thinks it so. But ev'n that too 5 -Infinite, since part of you-New matter for our Muse supplies, And so allowes what it denies. Say then dread queen, how may we doe To mediate 'twixt your self and you? 10 That so our sweetly temper'd song Nor be too sort, nor seeme to[o] long. Needs must your noble prayses' strength That made it long excuse the length.

¹ Appeared originally in 'Voces Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus pro novissimo Carolo et Mariæ principe filio emissæ. Cantabrigiæ: apud Rogerum Daniel. MDCXL.' This poem did not appear in the edition of 1646; but it did in that of 1648 (p. 48). Not having been reprinted in 1670, it was overlooked by TURNBULL. Our text is from 1648; but the only variation from the original in 'Voces Votivæ' is in line 7, 'to' instead of 'for,' G.



TO THE QUEEN,

VPON HER NUMEROUS PROGENIE: A PANEGYRICK.1

BRITAIN! the mighty Ocean's lovely bride!

Now stretch thy self, fair isle, and grow: spread wide
Thy bosome, and make roome. Thou art opprest
With thine own glories, and art strangely blest
Beyond thy self: for (lo!) the gods, the gods

Come fast upon thee; and those glorious ods
Swell thy full honours to a pitch so high
As sits above thy best capacitie.

Are they not ods? and glorious? that to thee
Those mighty genii throng, which well might be
Each one an Age's labour? that thy dayes
Are gilded with the union of those rayes
Whose each divided beam would be a sunne
To glad the sphere of any Nation?
Sure, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,
Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly Great.

And so thou art; their presence makes thee so: They are thy greatnesse. Gods, where-e're they go,

Appeared as in last piece: 1648 (pp. 49-53), 1670 (pp. 97-100). Our text is that of 1648, as before, which corrects TURNBULL in many places as well in errors of commission as of omission; the latter xtending to no fewer than forty-nine entire lines, in addition to the 'Apologie' of fourteen lines. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. (i.

Bring their Heav'n with them: their great footsteps place

An everlasting smile upon the face 20
Of the glad Earth they tread on: while with thee
Those beames that ampliate mortalitie,
And teach it to expatiate and swell
To majestie and fulnesse, deign to dwell,
Thou by thy self maist sit, (blest Isle) and see 25
How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee.
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a World.

Time yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turn'd Joy,

And took into his armes the princely boy,

Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet mother,

And bad us first salute our prince, a brother.

The Prince and Duke of York.

Bright Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious Day!
Centre of those thy grandsires (shall I say,
Henry and James? or, Mars and Phœbus rather? 35
If this were Wisdome's god, that War's stern father;
'Tis but the same is said: Henry and James
Are Mars and Phœbus under diverse names):
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the poles 40
Of Peace and War; thou, for whose manly brow
Both lawrels twine into one wreath, and woo

To be thy garland: see (sweet prince), O see,
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
Art ta'n out and transcrib'd by thy great mother:
45
See, see thy reall shadow; see thy brother,
Thy little self in lesse: trace in these eyne
The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
From the same snowy alabaster rock
Those hands and thine were hewn; those cherries
50
mock

The corall of thy lips: thou wert of all This well-wrought copie the fair principall.

Lady Mary.

Iustly, great Nature, didst thou brag, and tell
How ev'n th' hadst drawn that faithfull parallel,
And matcht thy master-piece. O then go on,
55
Make such another sweet comparison.
Seest thou that Marie there? O teach her mother
To shew her to her self in such another.
Fellow this wonder too; nor let her shine
Alone; light such another star, and twine
Their rosie beams, that so the Morn for one
Venus, may have a constellation.

Lady Elizabeth.

These words scarce waken'd Heaven, when—
lo!—our vows
Sat crown'd upon the noble infant's brows.

Th' art pair'd, sweet princesse: in this well-writ book 65 Read o're thy self; peruse each line, each look.

And when th' hast summ'd up all those blooming blisses,

Close up the book, and clasp it with thy kisses.

So have I seen (to dresse their mistresse May)

Two silken sister-flowers consult, and lay

70

Their bashfull cheeks together: newly they

Peep't from their buds, show'd like the garden's eyes

Scarce wak't: like was the crimson of their joyes;

Like were the tears they wept, so like, that one

Seem'd but the other's kind reflexion.

75

The new-borne Prince.

And now 'twere time to say, sweet queen, no more. Fair source of princes, is thy pretious store

Not yet exhaust? O no! Heavens have no bound,
But in their infinite and endlesse round

Embrace themselves. Our measure is not their's; 80

Nor may the pov'rtie of man's narrow prayers

Span their immensitie. More princes come:

Rebellion, stand thou by; Mischief, make room:

War, blood, and death—names all averse from Ioy—

Heare this, we have another bright-ey'd boy: 85

That word's a warrant, by whose vertue I

Have full authority to bid you dy.

Dy, dy, foul misbegotten monsters! dy: Make haste away, or e'r the World's bright eye Blush to a cloud of bloud. O farre from men 90 Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den Hide you for evermore, and murmure there Where none but Hell may heare, nor our soft aire Shrink at the hatefull sound. Mean while we bear High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise 95 And name of these our just and righteous joyes, Where Envie shall not reach them, nor those eares Whose tune keeps time to ought below the spheres.

But thou, sweet supernumerary starre,
Shine forth; nor fear the threats of boyst'rous
Warre.

The face of things has therefore frown'd a while
On purpose, that to thee and thy pure smile
The World might ow an universall calm;
While thou, fair halcyon, on a sea of balm
Shalt flote; where while thou layst thy lovely head, 105
The angry billows shall but make thy bed:
Storms, when they look on thee, shall straight

And tempests, when they tast thy breath, repent
To whispers, soft as thine own slumbers be,
Or souls of virgins which shall sigh for thee.
Shine then, sweet supernumerary starre,

Nor feare the boysterous names of bloud and warre: Thy birth-day is their death's nativitie; They've here no other businesse but to die.

TO THE QUEEN.

To the Queen.

265

But stay; what glimpse was that? why blusht the Day?

Why ran the started aire trembling away?

Who's this that comes circled in rayes that scorn

Acquaintance with the sun? what second morn

At midday opes a presence which Heaven's eye

Stands off and points at? Is't some deity

120

Stept from her throne of starres, deignes to be seen?

Is it some deity? or is't our queen?

'Tis she, 'tis she: her awfull beauties chase
The Day's abashed glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own sunshine. O thou bright 125
Mistresse of wonders! Cynthia's is the Night;
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does thy sun deny't) our Cynthia.

Illustrious sweetnesse! in thy faithfull wombe,
That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room.

130
Thou art the mother-phenix, and thy brest
Chast as that virgin honour of the East,
But much more fruitfull is; nor does, as she,
Deny to mighty Love, a deitie.
Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud
135
Of one coy phenix, while we have a brood,
A brood of phenixes: while we have brother
And sister-phenixes, and still the mother.

And may we long! Long may'st thou live t'increase The house and family of phenixes.

VOL. I.

Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light E're prove the dismall morning of thy night: Ne're may a birth of thine be bought so dear To make his costly cradle of thy beer.

O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own, 145
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every month! and when th' hast done,
Mayst in a son of his find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child, often prove a mother.

Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Vpon thy royall elm (fair vine!) and when
The Heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some eternall story!

Pardon (bright Excellence,) an untun'd string, 155
That in thy eares thus keeps a murmuring.
O speake a lowly Muse's pardon, speake
Her pardon, or her sentence; onely breake
Thy silence. Speake, and she shall take from thence
Numbers, and sweetnesse, and an influence
I 60
Confessing thee. Or (if too long I stay,)
O speake thou, and my pipe hath nought to say:
For see Apollo all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.

But gods are gracious; and their altars make 165 Pretious the offrings that their altars take.

Give then this rurall wreath fire from thine eyes, This rurall wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This poem was originally entitled (as supra) 'Upon the Duke of York's Birth.' As new children were born additions were made to it and the title altered. Cf. the Latin poem in our vol. ii. ad Reginam.

The children celebrated were the following: Charles James, born May 13, 1628, died the same day; the Queen's first child: Charles II., born May 29, 1630: James, who is placed before his sister Mary, who was older than he; born Oct. 14, 1633; afterwards James II.: Princess Mary, born Nov. 4, 1631, afterwards mother of William III.: Princess Elizabeth, born Dec. 28, 1635; died of grief at her father's tragical end, Sept. 8, 1650; was buried in the church at Newport, Isle of Wight, where her remains were found in 1793. Vaughan the Silurist has a fine poem to her memory (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 115-17): Anne, born March 17, 1636-7; she died Dec. 8, 1640 (Crashaw from first to last keeps Death out of his poem): Henry, born July 8, 1640, afterwards Duke of Gloucester and Earl of Cambridge. Henrietta Anne, born June 16, 1644, is not named.

The title in 1646 is 'Vpon the Duke of Yorke his Birth: a Panegyricke;' and so in 1670, which throughout agrees with that very imperfect text, except in one deplorable blunder of its own left uncorrected by Turnbull, as noted below. The heading in the Sancroff Ms. is 'A Panegyrick vpon the birth of the Duke of Yorke. R. Cr.'

Line 7, in 1646 'glories' for 'honours.' In the Sancroft ms. line 8 reads 'As sitts alone'

Line 15, ib. 'O' for 'Sure.'

- " 16, ib. 'Th' art.'
- " 29-32 restored from 1648. Not in SANCBOFT MS.
- ., 33. These headings here and onward omitted hitherto.
- " 34, in 1646 'great' for 'bright.'
- ,, 43, our text (1648) misprints 'owne' for 'one' of Voces Votivie.

Line 50, 1646 oddly misprints ' these Cherrimock.'

Line 52, 1646, 'art' for 'wert.'

- " 54, ib. 'may'st' for 'did'st.'
- ,, 55, ib. 'th' art' for 'th' hadst.'
- ,, 64-70 restored from 1648. Not in SANCROFT MS.
- , 74, 1646, 'pearls' for 'tears.' So the SANCROFT MS.
- ,, 78-118, all these lines—most characteristic—restored from 1648. Turnbull overlooked them. Not in the Sancroft Ms.

Line 140, 1670 drops a line here, and thus confuses,

'A brood of phenixes, and still the mother: And may we long: long may'st thou live t' encrease The house,' &c.

PERCORINE PHILLIPS in his selections from CRASHAW (1785), following the text of 1670, says in a foot-note, 'A line seems wanting, but is so in the original copy.' TURNBULL follows suit and says, 'Here a line seems deficient.' If either had consulted the 'original' editions, which both professed to know, it would have saved them from this and numerous kindred blunders.

Line 145, 1646, 'light' for 'life.'

- ,, 151, ib. 'that's.'
- " 170, ib. 'their' for 'the offerings.'

In line 27 'Thee therefore &c.' is a thought not unfrequent with the panegyrists of James. BEN JONSON makes use of it at least twice. In the Masque of Blackness we have,

'With that great name Britannia, this blest isle Hath won her ancient dignity and style; A world divided from a world, and tried The abstract of it, in his general pride.'

SHAKESPEARE used the same thought more nobly when he made it the theme of that glorious outburst of patriotism from the lips of the dying Gaunt. G.







VPON TWO GREENE APRICOCKES SENT TO COWLEY BY SIR CRASHAW.¹

Take these, Time's tardy truants, sent by me To be chastis'd (sweet friend) and chide by thee. Pale sons of our Pomona! whose wan cheekes Have spent the patience of expecting weekes, Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show 5 The redd, but of the blush to thee they ow. By thy comparrison they shall put on More Summer in their shame's reflection, Than ere the fruitfull Phœbus' flaming kisses Kindled on their cold lips. O had my wishes 10 And the deare merits of your Muse, their due, The yeare had found some fruit early as you; Ripe as those rich composures Time computes Blossoms, but our blest tast confesses fruits. How does thy April-Autumne mocke these cold 15 Progressions 'twixt whose termes poor Time grows old!

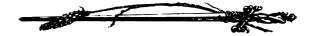
¹ Appeared originally in 1648 'Delights;' but is not given in 1670 edition. Line 14 is an exquisitely-turned allusion to Cowley's title-page of his juvenile Poems, 'Poetical *Blossoms*,' 1683, 'Apricocks' = apricots. So Herrick in the 'Maiden Blush,'

'So cherries blush, and kathern peares, And apricocks, in youthfull yeares,' (Works, by HAZLITT, vol. ii. p. 287.) G.

With thee alone he weares no beard, thy braine Gives him the morning World's fresh gold againe. 'Twas only Paradice, 'tis onely thou, 19 Whose fruit and blossoms both blesse the same bough. Proud in the patterne of thy pretious youth, Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth. Could she in all her births but coppie thee, Into the publick yeares proficiencie, No fruit should have the face to smile on thee 25 (Young master of the World's maturitie) But such whose sun-borne beauties what they borrow Of beames to day, pay back again to morrow, Nor need be double-gilt. How then must these Poor fruites looke pale at thy Hesperides! 30 Faine would I chide their slownesse, but in their Defects I draw mine own dull character. Take them, and me in them acknowledging, How much my Summer waites upon thy Spring.







ALEXIAS:

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FORSAKEN WIFE OF SAINTE ALEXIS.

THE FIRST ELEGIE.

I LATE the Roman youth's loud prayse and pride, Whom long none could obtain, though thousands try'd; Lo, here am left (alas!) For my lost mate T' embrace my teares, and kisse an vnkind fate. Sure in my early woes starres were at strife, 5 And try'd to make a widow ere a wife. Nor can I tell (and this new teares doth breed) In what strange path, my lord's fair footsteppes bleed. O knew I where he wander'd, I should see Some solace in my sorrow's certainty: 10 I'd send my woes in words should weep for me, (Who knowes how powerfull well-writt praires would Sending's too slow a word; myselfe would fly. Who knowes my own heart's woes so well as I?

¹ Appeared originally in the 'Delights' of 1648 (pp. 67-8): was reprinted in 1652 (pp. 115-120) and 1670 (pp. 200-4). Our text is that of 1652, as before; but see various readings at close of the poems. See also our Essay for critical remarks. Our poet translates from the Latin of Francis Remond. G.

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273

ALEXIAS.

I'm wedded o're again since thou art gone ; Nor couldst thou, cruell, leaue me quite alone. Alexis' widdow now is Sorrow's wife. 5 With him shall I weep out my weary life. Wellcome, my sad-sweet mate! Now have I gott At last a constant Loue, that leaves me not: Firm he, as thou art false; nor need my cryes Thus vex the Earth and teare the beauteous skyes. 10 For him, alas! n'ere shall I need to be Troublesom to the world thus as for thee: For thee I talk to trees; with silent groues Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loues; Hills and relentlesse rockes, or if there be 15 Things that in hardnesse more allude to thee, To these I talk in teares, and tell my pain, And answer too for them in teares again. How oft haue I wept out the weary sun! My watry hour-glasse hath old Time's outrunne. 20 O I am learned grown : poor Loue and I Haue study'd ouer all Astrology; I'm perfect in Heaun's state; with enery starr My skillfull greife is grown familiar. Rise, fairest of those fires; what'ere thou be 25 Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me. Such as the sacred light that e'rst did bring The Eastern princes to their infant King, O rise, pure lamp! and lend thy golden ray That weary Loue at last may find his way. 30 VOL. I.

THE THIRD ELEGIE.

RICH, churlish Land! that hid'st so long in thee
My treasures; rich, alas! by robbing mee.
Needs must my miseryes owe that man a spite
Who e're he be was the first wandring knight.
O had he nere been at that cruell cost
5
Natvre's virginity had nere been lost;
Seas had not bin rebuk't by sawcy oares
But ly'n lockt vp safe in their sacred shores;
Men had not spurn'd at mountaines; nor made warrs
With rocks, nor bold hands struck the World's strong
barres,

Nor lost in too larg bounds, our little Rome Full sweetly with it selfe had dwell't at home. My poor Alexis, then, in peacefull life Had vnder some low roofe lou'd his plain wife; But now, ah me! from where he has no foes 15 He flyes; and into willfull exile goes. Cruell, return, O tell the reason why Thy dearest parents have deseru'd to dy. And I, what is my crime, I cannot tell, Vnlesse it be a crime t' haue lou'd too well. 20 If heates of holyer loue and high desire, Make bigge thy fair brest with immortall fire, What needes my virgin lord fly thus from me, Who only wish his virgin wife to be? Witnesse, chast Heauns! no happyer vowes I know 25 Then to a virgin grave vntouch't to goe.

Loue's truest knott by Venus is not ty'd, Nor doe embraces onely make a bride. The queen of angels (and men chast as you) Was maiden-wife and maiden-mother too. 30 Cecilia, glory of her name and blood, With happy gain her maiden-vowes made good : The lusty bridegroom made approach; young man Take heed (said she) take heed, Valerian! My bosome's guard, a spirit great and strong, 35 Stands arm'd, to sheild me from all wanton wrong; My chastity is sacred; and my Sleep Wakefull, her dear vowes vndefil'd to keep. Pallas beares armes, forsooth; and should there be No fortresse built for true Virginity? No gaping Gorgon, this: none, like the rest Of your learn'd lyes. Here you'll find no such iest. I'm your's: O were my God, my Christ so too, I'd know no name of Loue on Earth but you. He yeilds, and straight baptis'd, obtains the grace 45 To gaze on the fair souldier's glorious face. Both mixt at last their blood in one rich bed Of rosy martyrdome, twice married. O burn our Hymen bright in such high flame, Thy torch, terrestriall Loue, have here no name. 50 How sweet the mutuall yoke of man and wife, When holy fires maintain Loue's heaunly life! But I (so help me Heaun my hopes to see) When thousands sought my loue, lou'd none but thee.

Still, as their vain teares my firm vowes did try, 55 Alexis, he alone is mine (said I).

Half true, alas! half false, proues that poor line,

Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in 1648 omits 'Sainte.' These variations from 1648 are interesting:

1st Elegy: Line 9, 'would' for 'should.'

Line 17, our text (1652) drops 'way' inadvertently. Turn-BULL tinkers it by reading 'thee' for 'the,' instead of collating the texts.

- Line 23, 'its' for 'his.'
 ,, 25, 'when' for 'where.'
- ,, 37, I have adopted 'th' for 'thou' of our text (1652). 2d Elegy: Line 1, our text (1652) misspells 'fleed.'

Line 3, ib. misprints 'I' am.'

,, 10, ib. drops 'beauteous' inadvertently. TURNBULL, for a wonder, wakes up here to notice a deficient word; but again, instead of collating his texts, inserts without authority 'lofty.' Had he turned to 1648 edition, he would have found 'beauteous.'

Line 20, I have adopted 'Time's' for 'Time.'

- " 23, as in line 17 in 1st Elegy.
- ,, 30, a reference to the 'Love will find out the way,' in the old song 'Over the mountain.' 'Weary' is misprinted 'Wary' in 1670.

3d Elegy: Line 7, 'with' for 'by.'

Line 17, our text (1652) misprints 'Or' for 'O.'

- " 20, I accept 't' for 'to.'
- ., 29, 'The Blessed Virgin' for 'The queen of angels.'
- ,. 41, 'facing' for 'gaping.'
- ,, 43, as in line 17 in 1st Elegy.
- ., 50, 'hath' for 'haue.'
- ,, 51, 'sweet's' for 'sweet.'
- ,, 54, our text (1652) misprints 'thousand.' G.



Secular Poetry.

II.

AIRELLES.

NOTE.

See Note on page 184 for reference on the title here and elsewhere of 'Airelles.' G.



UPON THE KING'S CORONATION.1

Sound forth, coelestiall organs, let heaven's quire Ravish the dancing orbes, make them mount higher With nimble capers, & force Atlas tread Vpon his tiptoes, e're his siluer head Shall kisse his golden curthen. Thou glad Isle, That swim'st as deepe in joy, as seas, now smile; Lett not thy weighty glories, this full tide Of blisse, debase thee; but with a just pride Swell: swell to such an height, that thou maist vye With heaven itselfe for stately majesty. Doe not deceiue mee, eyes: doe I not see In this blest earth heaven's bright epitome, Circled with pure refined glory? heere I view a rising sunne in this our sphere, Whose blazing beames, maugre the blackest night, And mists of greife, dare force a joyfull light. The gold, in weh he flames, does well præsage A precious season, & a golden age. Doe I not see joy keepe his revels now, And sitt triumphing in each cheerfull brow?

¹ Charles I. See our Essay on this and kindred poems, and their relation to the Latin royal poems. G.

Vnmixt felicity with siluer wings Broodeth this sacred place: hither Peace brings The choicest of her olive-crownes, & praies To have them guilded with his courteous raies. Doe I not see a Cynthia, who may Abash the purest beauties of the day? To whom heaven's lampes often in silent night Steale from their stations to repaire their light. Doe I not see a constellation, Each little beame of weh would make a sunne? I meane those three great starres, who well may scorn Acquaintance with the vsher of the morne. To gaze vpon such starres each humble eye Would be ambitious of astronomie. Who would not be a phœnix, & aspire To sacrifice himselfe in such sweet fire? Shine forth, ye flaming sparkes of Deity, Yee perfect emblemes of divinity. Fixt in your spheres of glory, shed from thence, The treasures of our lines, your influence, For if you sett, who may not justly feare, The world will be one ocean, one great teare.

UPON THE KING'S CORONATION.

STRANGE metamorphosis! It was but now
The sullen heaven had vail'd its mournfull brow

UPON THE KING'S CORONATION.

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With a black maske: the clouds with child by Greife Traueld th' Olympian plaines to find releife. But at the last (having not soe much power As to refraine) brought forth a costly shower Of pearly drops, & sent her numerous birth (As tokens of her greife) vnto the Earth. Alas, the Earth, quick drunke with teares, had reel'd From of her center, had not Ioue vpheld The staggering lumpe: each eye spent all its store, As if heereafter they would weepe noe more: Streight from this sea of teares there does appeare Full glory flaming in her owne free sphere. Amazèd Sol throwes of his mournfull weeds, Speedily harnessing his fiery steeds, Vp to Olympus' stately topp he hies, From whence his glorious rivall hee espies. Then wondring starts, & had the curteous night Withheld her vaile, h' had forfeited his sight. The joyfull sphæres with a delicious sound Afright th' amazèd aire, and dance a round To their owne musick, nor (untill they see This glorious Phœbus sett) will quiet bee. Each aery Siren now hath gott her song, To whom the merry lambes doe tripp along The laughing meades, as joyfull to behold Their winter coates couer'd with flaming gold. Such was the brightnesse of this Northerne starre, It made the virgin phoenix come from farre

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To be repair'd: hither she did resort,
Thinking her father had remou'd his Court.
The lustre of his face did shine soe bright,
That Rome's bold egles now were blinded quite;
The radiant darts shott from his sparkling eyes,
Made every mortall gladly sacrifice
A heart burning in love; all did adore
This rising sunne; their faces nothing wore,
But smiles, and ruddy joyes, and at this day
All melancholy clouds vanisht away.

VPON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESSE ELIZABETH.¹

BRIGHT starre of Majesty, oh shedd on mee,
A precious influence, as sweet as thee.
That with each word, my loaden pen letts fall,
The fragrant Spring may be perfum'd withall.
That Sol from them may suck an honied shower,
To glutt the stomack of his darling flower.
With such a sugred livery made fine,
They shall proclaime to all, that they are thine.
Lett none dare speake of thee, but such as thence
Extracted haue a balmy eloquence.

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 1 See our Notes to Panegyric on the Queen's 'numerous progenie,' G_{\ast}

But then, alas, my heart! oh how shall I
Cure thee of thy delightfull tympanie?
I cannot hold; such a spring-tide of joy
Must haue a passage, or 'twill force a way.
Yet shall my loyall tongue keepe this comand:
But giue me leaue to ease it with my hand.
And though these humble lines soare not soe high,
As is thy birth; yet from thy flaming eye
Drop downe one sparke of glory, & they'l proue
A præsent worthy of Apollo's loue.
My quill to thee may not præsume to sing:
Lett th' hallowed plume of a seraphick wing
Bee consecrated to this worke, while I
Chant to my selfe with rustick melodie.

Rich, liberall heauen, what hath yo' treasure store Of such bright angells, that you give vs more? Had you, like our great sunne, stampèd but one For earth, t' had beene an ample portion.

Had you but drawne one lively coppy forth,
That might interpret our faire Cynthia's worth,
Y' had done enough to make the lazy ground
Dance, like the nimble spheres, a joyfull round.
But such is the cœlestiall excellence,
That in the princely patterne shines, from whence
The rest pourtraicted are, that 'tis noe paine
To ravish heauen to limbe them o're againe.
Wittnesse this mapp of beauty; every part
Of we'h doth show the quintessence of art.

See! nothing's vulgar, every atome heere Speakes the great wisdome of th' artificer. Poore Earth hath not enough perfection, To shaddow forth th' admirèd paragon. Those sparkling twinnes of light should I now stile Rich diamonds, sett in a pure siluer foyle; Or call her cheeke a bed of new-blowne roses; And say that ivory her front composes; Or should I say, that with a scarlet wave Those plumpe soft rubies had bin drest see braue; Or that the dying lilly did bestow Vpon her neck the whitest of his snow; Or that the purple violets did lace That hand of milky downe; all these are base; Her glories I should dimme with things soe grosse, And foule the cleare text with a muddy glosse. Goe on then, Heauen, & limbe forth such another, Draw to this sister miracle a brother; Compile a first glorious epitome Of heauen, & Earth, & of all raritie; And sett it forth in the same happy place, And I'le not blurre it with my paraphrase.

VPON A GNATT BURNT IN A CANDLE.

LITTLE, buzzing, wanton elfe Perish there, and thanke thy selfe.

Thou deseru'st thy life to loose, For distracting such a Muse. Was it thy ambitious aime By thy death to purchase fame? Didst thou hope he would in pitty Haue bestow'd a funerall ditty On thy ghoast? and thou in that To haue outliued Virgill's gnatt? No! The treason thou hast wrought Might forbid thee such a thought. If that Night's worke doe miscarry, Or a syllable but vary; A greater foe thou shalt me find, The destruction of thy kind. Phœbus, to revenge thy fault, In a fiery trapp thee caught; That thy winged mates might know it, And not dare disturbe a poet. Deare and wretched was thy sport, Since thyselfe was crushed for't; Scarcely had that life a breath, Yet it found a double death; Playing in the golden flames, Thou fell'st into an inky Thames; Scorch'd and drown'd. That petty sunne A pretty Icarus hath vndone.



FROM PETRONIUS.1

Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis, &c.

THE bird that's fetch't from Phasis floud, Or choicest hennes of Africk-brood; These please our palates; and why these? 'Cause they can but seldome please. Whil'st the goose soe goodly white, And the drake, yeeld noe delight, Though his wings' conceited hewe Paint each feather, as if new. These for vulgar stomacks be, And rellish not of rarity. But the dainty Scarus, sought In farthest clime; what e're is bought With shipwrack's toile, oh, that is sweet, 'Cause the quicksands hansell'd it. The pretious barbill, now growne rife, Is cloying meat. How stale is wife? Deare wife hath ne're a handsome letter, Sweet mistris sounds a great deale better. Rose quakes at name of cinnamon. Unlesse't be rare, what's thought vpon?

¹ Petronius, Satyricon, cap. 93. G.





FROM HORACE.

Ille et ne fasto te posuit die, &c.

SHAME of thy mother soyle! ill-nurtur'd tree! Sett, to the mischeife of posteritie! That hand (what e're it wer) that was thy nurse, Was sacrilegious (sure) or somewhat worse. Black, as the day was dismall, in whose sight Thy rising topp first stain'd the bashfull light. That man—I thinke—wrested the feeble life From his old father, that man's barbarous knife Conspir'd with darknes 'gainst the strangers throate; (Whereof the blushing walles tooke bloody note) Huge high-floune poysons, eu'n of Colchos breed, And whatsoe're wild sinnes black thoughts doe feed, His hands have padled in; his hands, that found Thy traiterous root a dwelling in my ground. Perfidious totterer! longing for the staines Of thy kind Master's well-deseruing braines. Man's daintiest care, & caution cannot spy The subtile point of his coy destiny, W^{ch} way it threats. With feare the merchant's mind Is plough'd as deepe, as is the sea with wind, (Rowz'd in an angry tempest), Oh the sea! Oh! that's his feare; there flotes his destiny:

While from another (vnseene) corner blowes
The storme of fate, to w^{ch} his life he owes;
By Parthians bow the soldier lookes to die,
(Whose hands are fighting, while their feet doe flie.)
The Parthian starts at Rome's imperiall name,
Fledg'd with her eagle's wing; the very chaine
Of his captivity rings in his eares.
Thus, ô thus fondly doe wee pitch our feares
Farre distant from our fates, our fates, that mocke
Our giddy feares with an vnlook't for shocke.

A little more, & I had surely seene Thy greisly Majesty, Hell's blackest Queene; And (Eacus on his tribunall too, Sifting the soules of guilt; & you, (oh you!) You euer-blushing meads, where doe the blest Farre from darke horrors home appeale to rest. There amorous Sappho plaines vpon her lute Her loue's crosse fortune, that the sad dispute Runnes murmuring on the strings. Alcaus there In high-built numbers wakes his golden lyre To tell the world, how hard the matter went, How hard by sea, by warre, by banishment. There these braue soules deale to each wondring eare Such words, see precious, as they may not weare Without religious silence; aboue all Warre's ratling tumults, or some tyrant's fall. The thronging clotted multitude doth feast: What wonder? when the hundred-headed beast

Hangs his black lugges, stroakt with those heavenly lines; ears

The Furies' curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines, And stretch their cold limbes in a pleasing fire. Prometheus selfe, and Pelops sterved sire Are cheated of their paines; Orion thinkes Of lions now noe more, or spotted linx.

EX EUPHORMIONE.

O Dea, siderei seu tu stirps alma tonantis, &c.

BRIGHT goddesse (whether Joue thy father be, Or Jove a father will be made by thee) Oh crowne these praiers (mov'd in a happy bower) But with one cordiall smile for Cloe. That power Of Loue's all-daring hand, that makes me burne, Makes me confess't. Oh, doe not thou with scorne, Great nymph, o'relooke my lownesse. Heau'n you know And all their fellow-deities will bow Eu'n to the naked'st vowes. Thou art my fate; To thee the Parcæ haue given vp of late My threds of life: if then I shall not live By thee, by thee yet lett me die; this giue, High Beautie's soveraigne, that my funerall flames May draw their first breath from thy starry beames. The phœnix' selfe shall not more proudly burne, That fetcheth fresh life from her fruitfull vrne. VOL. I. PΡ



AN ELEGY VPON THE DEATH OF MR. STANNINOW,

FELLOW OF QUEENE'S COLLEDGE.1

HATH aged winter, fledg'd with feathered raine, To frozen Caucasus his flight now tane? Doth hee in downy snow there closely shrowd His bedrid limmes, wrapt in a fleecy clowd? Is th' Earth disrobèd of her apron white, Kind Winter's guift, & in a greene one dight? Doth she beginne to dandle in her lappe Her painted infants, fedd with pleasant pappe, W^{ch} their bright father in a pretious showre From heaven's sweet milky streame doth gently poure? Doth blith Apollo cloath the heavens with joye, And with a golden wave wash cleane away Those durty smutches, wet their faire fronts wore, And make them laugh, weh frown'd, & wept before? If heaven hath now forgot to weepe; ô then What meane these shoures of teares amongst vs men? These cataracts of griefe, that dare eu'n vie With th'richest clowds their pearly treasurie?

¹ See notice of Staninough in our Essay, as before. G.

AN ELEGY VPON THE DEATH OF MR. STANNINOW. 291

If Winters gone, whence this vntimely cold, That on these snowy limmes hath laid such hold? What more than winter hath that dire art found, These purple currents hedg'd with violets round. To corrallize, web softly wont to slide In crimson waueletts, & in scarlet tide? If Flora's darlings now awake from sleepe, And out of their greene mantletts dare to peepe O tell me then, what rude outragious blast Forc't this prime flowre of youth to make such hast? To hide his blooming glories, & bequeath His balmy treasure to the bedd of death? 'Twas not the frozen zone; one sparke of fire, Shott from his flaming eye, had thaw'd its ire, And made it burne in loue: 'twas not the rage, And too vngentle nippe of frosty age: 'Twas not the chast, & purer snow, whose nest Was in the modest nunnery of his brest: Noe, none of these ravish't those virgin roses, The Muses, & the Graces fragrant posies. W^{ch}, while they smiling sate vpon his face, They often kist, & in the sugred place Left many a starry teare, to thinke how soone The golden harvest of our joyes, the noone Of all our glorious hopes should fade, And be eclipsed with an envious shade. Noe 'twas old doting Death, who stealing by, Dragging his crooked burthen, look't awry,

And streight his amorous syth (greedy of blisse)
Murdred the Earth's just pride with a rude kisse.
A wingèd herald, gladd of soe sweet a prey,
Snatch't vpp the falling starre, soe richly gay,
And plants it in a precious perfum'd bedd,
Amongst those lillies, w^{ch} his bosome bredd.
Where round about hovers with siluer wing
A golden Summer, an æternall Spring.
Now that his root such fruit againe may beare,
Let each eye water't with a courteous teare.

UPON THE DEATH OF A FREIND.

HEE's dead! Oh what harsh musick's there Vnto a choyce, and curious eare!
Wee must that Discord surely call,
Since sighs doe rise and teares doe fall.
Teares fall too low, sighes rise too high,
How then can there be harmony?
But who is he? him may wee know
That jarres and spoiles sweet consort soe?
O Death, 'tis thou: you false time keepe,
And stretch'st thy dismall voice too deepe.
Long time to quavering Age you giue,
But to large Youth, short time to liue.
You take vpon you too too much,
In striking where you should not touch.

How out of tune the world now lies,
Since youth must fall, when it should rise!
Gone be all consort, since alone
He that once bore the best part's gone.
Whose whole life, musick was; wherein
Each vertue for a part came in.
And though that musick of his life be still,
The musick of his name yett soundeth shrill.

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF DR. PORTER.1

STAY, silver-footed Came, striue not to wed Thy maiden streames soe soone to Neptune's bed; Fixe heere thy wat'ry eyes upon these towers, Vnto whose feet in reuerence of the powers, That there inhabite, thou on every day With trembling lippes an humble kisse do'st pay. See all in mourning now; the walles are jett, With pearly papers carelesly besett. Whose snowy cheekes, least joy should be exprest, The weeping pen with sable teares hath drest. Their wronged beauties speake a traggedy, Somewhat more horrid than an elegy. Pure, & vnmixèd cruelty they tell, W^{ch} poseth Mischeife's selfe to parallel. Justice hath lost her hand, the law her head; Peace is an orphan now; her father's dead.

¹ See our Essay, as before, for notice of PORTER. G.

Honestie's nurse, Vertue's blest guardian, That heavenly mortall, that seraphick man. Enough is said, now, if thou canst crowd on Thy lazy crawling streames, pri'thee be gone, And murmur forth thy woes to every flower, That on thy bankes sitts in a uerdant bower, And is instructed by thy glassy wave To paint its perfum'd face wth colours braue. In vailes of dust their silken heads they'le hide, As if the oft-departing sunne had dy'd. Goe learne that fatall quire, soe sprucely dight In downy surplisses, & vestments white, To sing their saddest dirges, such as may Make their scar'd soules take wing, & fly away. Lett thy swolne breast discharge thy strugling groanes To th' churlish rocks; & teach the stubborne stones To melt in gentle drops, lett them be heard Of all proud Neptune's siluer-sheilded guard; That greife may crack that string, & now vntie Their shackled tongues to chant an elegie. Whisper thy plaints to th' Ocean's curteous eares, Then weepe thyselfe into a sea of teares. A thousand Helicons the Muses send In a bright christall tide, to thee they send, Leaving those mines of nectar, their sweet fountaines, They force a lilly path through rosy mountaines. Feare not to dy with greife; all bubling eyes Are teeming now with store of fresh supplies.



VERSE-LETTER

TO

THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH

(1652).

NOTE.

To the volume of 1652 ('Carmen Deo Nostro'&c.) was prefixed a Verse-letter to the Countess of Denbien, illustrated with an engraving of a 'locked heart,' as reproduced in our quarto edition. In 1653 ('Sept. 23, 1653'), as appears from a contemporary marking in the unique copy in the British Museum, the following was printed: 'A Letter from MB. CRASHAW to the Countess of Denbigh. Against Irresolution and Delay in matters of Religion. London, n.d.' (4to). Collation: title-page and 3 pages, page 1st on reverse of title-page (British Museum E. 220. 2.). The Paris copy is very imperfect from some unexplained reason (68 as against 90 lines), and it would seem that some friend of the deceased poet, dissatisfied with it, and having in his (or her) possession a fuller Ms., printed, if not published it. We give the enlarged text-never before noticed, having been only named, without taking the trouble to consult and compare it, by TURNBULL; and for the student add the abbreviated form from 1652 'Carmen,' as it, in turn, has lines and words not in the other. See our Essay for more on this most characteristic poem, and relative to the Countess of Denbigh. G.





AGAINST IRRESOLUTION AND DELAY IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

What Heav'n-besieged heart is this
Stands trembling at the Gate of Blisse:
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open and to enter?
Whose definition is, A Doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt In and Out.
Ah! linger not, lov'd soul: a slow
And late consent was a long No.
Who grants at last, a great while try'de
And did his best, to have deny'de
What magick-bolts, what mystick barrs
Maintain the Will in these strange warrs?

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What magick-bolts, what mystick barrs
Maintain the Will in these strange warrs?
What fatall, yet fantastick, bands
Keep the free heart from his own hands?
Say, lingring Fair, why comes the birth
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you strong
In weaknesse!) why you chuse so long
In labour of your self to ly,
Not daring quite to live nor die.

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So when the Year takes cold we see Poor waters their own prisoners be:

Fetter'd and lock'd up fast they lie In a cold self-captivity. [plore, Th' astonish'd Nymphs their Floud's strange fate de-To find themselves their own severer shoar. 26 Love, that lends haste to heaviest things, In you alone hath lost his wings. Look round and reade the World's wide face, The field of Nature or of Grace; 30 Where can you fix, to find excuse Or pattern for the pace you use? Mark with what faith fruits answer flowers, And know the call of Heav'n's kind showers: Each mindfull plant hasts to make good 35 The hope and promise of his bud. Seed-time's not all; there should be harvest too. Alas! and has the Year no Spring for you? Both winds and waters urge their way, And murmure if they meet a stay. 40 Mark how the curl'd waves work and wind, All hating to be left behind. Each bigge with businesse thrusts the other, And seems to say, Make haste, my brother. The aiery nation of neat doves,

That draw the chariot of chast Loves, Chide your delay: yea those dull things, Whose wayes have least to doe with wings,

pure 45



AGAINST IRRESOLUTION IN MATTERS OF RELIGION. 299

Make wings at least of their own weight,	
And by their love controll their Fate.	50
So lumpish steel, untaught to move,	
Learn'd first his lightnesse by his love.	
What e're Love's matter be, he moves	
By th' even wings of his own doves,	
Lives by his own laws, and does hold	55
In grossest metalls his own gold.	
All things swear friends to Fair and Good	
Yea suitours; man alone is wo'ed,	
Tediously wo'ed, and hardly wone:	
Only not slow to be undone.	60
As if the bargain had been driven	
So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven;	
Our God would thrive too fast, and be	
Too much a gainer by't, should we	
Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow	65
On Him, who has not lov'd us so.	J
When love of us call'd Him to see	
If wee'd vouchsafe His company,	
He left His Father's Court, and came	
Lightly as a lambent flame,	70
Leaping upon the hills, to be	•
The humble king of you and me.	
Nor can the cares of His whole crown	
(When one poor sigh sends for Him down)	
Detain Him, but He leaves behind	75
The late wings of the lazy wind,	

300 AGAINST IRRESOLUTION IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

Spurns the tame laws of Time and Place, And breaks through all ten heav'ns to our embrace. Yield to His siege, wise soul, and see Your triumph in His victory. 80 Disband dull feares, give Faith the day: To save your life, kill your Delay. 'Tis cowardise that keeps this field; And want of courage not to yield. Yield then, O yield, that Love may win 85 The Fort at last, and let Life in. Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove Death's prey, before the prize of Love. This fort of your fair self if 't be not wone, He is repuls'd indeed, but you'r undone. 90

FINIS.



FROM 'CABMEN DEO NOSTRO' (1652).

Non vi.

'Tis not the work of force but skill To find the way into man's will. 'Tis loue alone can hearts unlock; Who knowes the Word, he needs not knock.'

To the noblest and best of Ladyes, the Countesse of Denbigh, perswading her to Resolution in Religion, and to render her selfe without further delay into the Communion of the Catholick Church.

What heau'n-intreated heart is this 1 Stands trembling at the gate of blisse? Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture Fairly to open it, and enter. Whose definition is a doubt 5 'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out. Say, lingring Fair! why comes the birth Of your brave soul so slowly forth? Plead your pretences (O you strong In weaknes!) why you choose so long 10 In labor of your selfe to ly, Nor daring quite to liue nor dy? Ah! linger not, lou'd soul! a slow And late consent was a long no; Who grants at last, long time try'd 15 And did his best to have deny'd:

What magick bolts, what mystick barres Maintain the will in these strange warres? What fatall yet fantastick, bands Keep the free heart from its own hands? 20 So when the year takes cold, we see Poor waters their own prisoners be: Fetter'd and lockt vp they ly In a sad selfe-captivity. 24 The astonisht nymphs their flood's strange fate deplore, To see themselues their own seuerer shore. Thou that alone canst thaw this cold, And fetch the heart from its strong-hold; Allmighty Love! end this long warr, And of a meteor make a starr. 30 O fix this fair Indefinite! And 'mongst Thy shafts of soueraign light Choose out that sure decisive dart Which has the key of this close heart, Knowes all the corners of 't, and can controul 35 The self-shutt cabinet of an vnsearcht soul. O let it be at last, Loue's hour! Raise this tall trophee of Thy powre; Come once the conquering way; not to confute But kill this rebell-word 'irresolute,' 40 That so, in spite of all this pecuish strength Of weaknes, she may write 'resolv'd' at length. Vnfold at length, vnfold fair flowre And vse the season of Loue's showre!

303 NON VI. Meet His well-meaning wounds, wise heart, 45 And hast to drink the wholsome dart. That healing shaft, which Heaun till now Hath in Loue's quiuer hid for you. O dart of Loue! arrow of light! O happy you, if it hitt right! 50 It must not fall in vain, it must Not mark the dry, regardless dust. Fair one, it is your fate; and brings Æternal worlds vpon its wings. Meet it with wide-spread armes, and see 55 Its seat your soul's just center be. Disband dull feares; give faith the day; To saue your life, kill your delay. It is Loue's seege, and sure to be Your triumph, though His victory. 60 'Tis cowardise that keeps this feild And want of courage not to yeild. Yeild then, O yeild, that Loue may win The fort at last, and let life in. Yeild quickly, lest perhaps you proue 65 Death's prey, before the prize of Loue. This fort of your faire selfe, if't be not won, He is repulst indeed; but you are vndone.

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SUPPLEMENT TO FULLER WORTHIES' LIBRARY EDITION OF THE POEMS OF

RICHARD CRASHAW,

2 Vols. 1872-73.

The Rev. Dr. A. B. Grosart, Brooklyn House, Blackburn, Lancashire, has the pleasure to inform his fellow book-lovers who subscribed for his Crashaw (as above), that having had the rare good fortune to make a 'find' of an authenticated autograph MS. volume of Poems by Crashaw, he has personally collated those already published—preserving the many and interesting various readings—and transcribed literatim a number hitherto unknown and unprinted, and had a limited number printed, as a uniform Supplement to the F. W. L. edn.

Owing to deaths and changes, Dr. Grosart has printed only a very small number of each size, merely to cover the cost of production. He has also given a fac-simile by the Autotype Company of a page of the MS. that contains a fine corrective various reading. The wholly new poems extend to no fewer than 144 lines, and have Crashaw's subtlest and finest characteristics. The various readings on the best known of the Poems are full of interest and are all recorded. In order that this Supplement may fit in properly at end of vol. I. the Contents are reprinted and the closing leaf of the vol.

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Name and Address must be written plainly.

To hold their grace y all the wayye. These weetchy have to speake they grayfe.

Mut: 17
And hec answered them Making

O mighty Nothing unto thee!

Nothing we ove all thingy that bee.

God spake when first her all thingy made,.

Her sand all when her Nothing said !"

The World was made of Nothing then

The made by Nothing now agen.

To our lord upon the Water made Wine

Thou Water turnys to Wine (figure fruit) of life)

The for to enough the fourt acts of the raigne

Dustille from there the Tracy of Weath and Strope

send so turns were to Water lack agains.

Vyon our faviour, Tombe; (Il herm neuer was man laid)

Flow lofe an Death m thee agree.

Thou hadst a Virgm wombe and tombe.

A Joseph Did Petroth
them both

SUPPLEMENT

TO

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1873.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D., LL.D., F.S.A. (Soot.)
St. George's, Blaceburn, Lancabhire.

1887-8.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE National Library (British Museum) recently acquired by purchase from Messrs. Bull & Auvache, Booksellers, 36 Hart Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., a small Ms. volume. Mr. W. T. Brooke, their cataloguer (who has won himself a deserved name and authority in Hymnody), having noticed that it contained well-known poems of Richard Crashaw, persuaded his employers to offer it to the authorities of the manuscript department of the great library. It was at once acquired for ten guineas. It had been picked up in a chance or miscellaneous lot at Sotheby's or Puttick & Simpson's, where it had been utterly unrecognised as of any value or interest. So much for metropolitan bibliophiles' knowledge, or ignorance. There is nothing to show from whence it came, or who had been its possessor or possessors. From first to last no name whatever occurs. The writing is, for the period, exceptionally neat and careful. There cannot be shadow of a doubt that the entire manuscript is in the holograph of the author himself. There is thus supplied what has long been a desideratum: a full example of Richard Crashaw's handwriting. Accordingly I furnish in the present tractate a faithful facsimile of a page, selecting the one containing Epigram clvii., 'To our Lord upon the Water made Wine,' to show correction of a long-continued author's own misprint of 'acts' for 'arts' (vol. ii. p. 135). En passant, the wonder is that none of us (from the poet's own printed text onward) happened to think of the self-vindicating emendation. 'Act' must now for ever displace 'art,' and so remove a blemish - as of a pit-mark on a peach's ruddied cheek-from one of the more brilliant of the Divine Epigrams.

I now proceed to describe the precious Find in detail.

After four blank leaves, the ms. begins with six dedicatory

lines to some (presumably) 'fair lady.' To this succeeds-a small space between-a second semi-dedicatory poem of thirty lines, the last a huge Alexandrine, intended to reflect the 'long spring' desired. Both of these are out-and-out Crashaweian. Perhaps the opening allusion to the 'nightingale' was meant to remind of the 'Music's Duel' onward. Thereafter, a selection from the Divine Epigrams (in English only) is given successively, as follows, according to the numbering of the printed text and our edition, viz. : lxviii., lxiii., ix., viii., xi., xiv., xlix., lvii., cvii., lvi., liv. (2d), xx., clxxxv., liv. (1st), li., xl., clx., xxix., i., ii., xxxvi., xlii., xxi. (of our Epigr. Sacra, never before published), xlvii., lxx. At this point comes in an epigram-poem of twenty-six lines-besides the text from St. Matthew, c. xxii.-hitherto unprinted and tinknown. To this succeed other of the Divine Epigramsxliii., clvii., liv. (again of our Epigr. Sacra, never before published), xxvi., clxiv., zxi. Here once more there is interposed another hitherto unprinted and unknown epigrampoem, on a theme that must have had a peculiar fascination for Crashaw, seeing that he has repeatedly verse-celebrated it-'Pontius [Pilate] washing his bloud-stained Hands.' It consists of sixteen lines, besides heading. There follow xci., civ., cxl., lxxxv., cvi., and other two of our before unpublished Epigr. Sacra, viz. xli. and xlv. The fact that this MS. contains five of the Sancroft Ms. Epigrams, whilst it confirms its authority, reflexly confirms its own. They proceed lxiv.—and next a fifth of our Epigr. Sacra, xxii .- ci., cxv., xv., xxvii. Following these are others, now giving references to our edition: vol. i. p. 48, 'Our Lord in His Circumcision to His Father;' p. 50, 'On the Woundes of our Crucified Lord;' p. 94, ' Easter Day;' p. 51, 'On the bleeding Wounds of our Crucified Lord.' To these once more succeed Divine Epigrams, clxxxiv.; and thereafter these : vol. i. p. 65, Psalm xxiii.; p. 69, Psalm cxxxvii.; p. 4, 'The Weeper;' p. 25, 'The Teare.' Then comes another hitherto unprinted and unknown poem of no fewer than eighty-six lines, being a translation from Grotius's 'Tragedy of Christ's Sufferings.' This is a rugged but peculiarly Crashaweian poem, after the style of his most noticeable lament for 'Mr. Stanninough' (vol. i. pp. 232-3). Succeeding these lines are the following: vol. ii. p. 165, on Nanus; p. 166, on Venus (2) and out of Martiall; p. 286, from Petronius; vol. i. p. 243, from Italian; p. 246, ibid.; vol. ii.

p. 165, 'Marriage;' vol. i. p. 245, from Italian; p. 251, Catullus; p. 215, 'Cupid;' p. 197, 'Musick's Duel;' p. 212, Heliodorus; p. 207, Virgil; p. 218, Charles; pp. 220, 223, 225, on Herrys; p. 234, on Brooke; p. 250, on Ashton. By the way, be it noted that Jolly, in that remarkable 'Life' of a remarkable man, 'John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist' (1883), sums it up with a quotation from the 'Epitaph on Mr. Ashton': 'Such are some of the elements of the rare happiness, self-helpfulness, and peace achieved by this lowly scientific weaver, with a keen temperament, amidst extraordinary disabilities, and under the most unlikely conditions; and his story will not have been written in vain, if it should help any of us to become what Crashaw celebrates, what every one sighs and seeks to be, however erroneously and blindly, and what John Duncan greatly was—

'A man all his own wealth, His own music, his own health; A happy soul, that all the way To heaven hath a summer's day.' (p. 506.)

Besides all these, there follow vol. i. p. 209, on Lessius; p. 217, Bp. Andrewes; p. 218, Chambers; p. 230, Epitaph; p. 232, Stanninough; p. 235, 'Foule Morning;' p. 237, 'Morning;' p. 240, 'Love's Horoscope;' p. 252, 'Wishes'—these last nine being given according to their succession in our edition. The 'Wishes' closes the whole, and twelve blank leaves complete the volume. Summarily, there are four blank leaves—one leaf blank after page 1, eleven leaves of Ms., two blank leaves, thirty-eight leaves of Ms. (verso of last blank), and twelve blank leaves. The edges are gilded. The present muslin binding is probably of the present century. One or two words are slightly cut through, suggesting that the Ms. was originally written on its paper, and then handed to the binder.

The whole of these hitherto unknown and unprinted poems, by Richard Crashaw, will be found in the present Sapplement. I print in integrity of accuracy, only punctuating slightly.

With reference to the Divine Epigrams and poems transcribed into this Ms. volume, they are substantially in agreement with the printed texts and the Sancroft Mss., and our own. Capitals and varying punctuation, and no punctuation, it does not seem needful to reckon. But not infrequently I have been arrested by a various reading. Having collated and re-collated the whole, the results must now be presented, adding as they

do new stanzas and lines and words. Again the references are to our edition:

a. Vol. i. pp. 3-12, 'The Weeper'—st. xvi. to xxiii., xxix. and xxxiii. are not in the ms.; and st. ix. is viii., st. viii. is ix., st. xxvii. is xvii., st. xxv. is xviii., st. xxiv. is xix., st. xxviii. is xx., st. xxxi. is xxii., and st. xxxii. is xxiii. St. xvi. of the ms. is new, thus:

'Thus dost thou melt the yeare
Into a weeping motion;
Each minute wayteth here,
Takes his Teare and getts him gone:
By thine Eyes tinct ennobled thus,
Time layes him up: Hee's pretious.'

These minor variations may also be recorded: st. iii. l. 2 reads, 'Stars they are indeed too true' for 'Starres indeed they are too true;' and st. iv. l. 4, 'craules' for 'floates;' and last couplet:

'Heauen of such fayre floods as this, Heauen the Chrystall Ocean is.'

St. v. l. 3, 'soft' for 'sacred;' st. vi. l. 4, 'their bottles'—a Bible word in Auth. Version (Psalm lvi. 8)— for 'crystall violls;' st. vii., closing couplet:

'. would it tremble here to bee thy Teare.'

St. ix., last l., 'richest' for 'proudest;' st. xi. 'beleeue' for 'beleeves;' st. xiii. last l., 'May Balsame' for 'Balsome may;' st. xiv. l. 3, 'Might hee flow from thee' for 'Were his way by thee;' l. 4, 'quiett would hee goe' for 'quiet he wold;' l. 5, 'Richer farre does hee' for 'Soe much more rich would he;' st. xv., last couplet, 'softer' for 'kinder,' and 'fayrer' for 'more faithfull;' st. xxiv. l. i., 'the Night arise' for 'Does the day starre rise;' l. 3, 'Does Night loose her' for 'Does Day close his'—the change from Day to Night a decided improvement; st. xxv. l. 2, 'tears iust Cadence keepe still time' for 'Thy falling teares keep faithfull time' (see st. xv. and the new reading); st. xxviii. l. 5, 'Dayes by' for 'moments by;' st. xxx. recast thus:

'Say watry Brothers,
Yee simpring sons of those fayre eyes,
Your fruitfull mothers,
What hath our world that can entice
You to be borne? what is't can borrow
You from her eyes swolne wombes of sorrow?'

St. xxxi. 1. 2, 'O whither for' for 'For sure;' 1. 5, 'Sweet' removed; st. xxxii., last couplet reads:

'No such thing. Wee goe to meet A worthy object, Our Lordes feet.'

St. xxxiii. not being in the Ms. The Ms. reads 'silver forded' in st. i., on which see our note in vol. i. p. 14; as also on the above various readings in relation to the Sancroft Mss.

b. Vol. i. pp. 25-28, 'The Teare'—st. iv. l. 6 reads, 'Sweating in too warme a bed' for 'Sweating in a too warme bed;' st. v. l. 2, 'By the wanton Spring' for 'By the purpling vine;' l. 4, 'manly' for 'bridegroom.' As before, see our Notes in vol. i. p. 28.

Some of these various readings the critical student of our poetic literature and Crashaw lover will study with zest. Where jewels are in question, the smallest flaw must be looked after; and in my judgment, a select few of the readings are their own best evidence.

The Ms., I suspect, was a bit of task-work as a New Year gift. It is neatly and carefully done; but there are at least three slips that show the most was transcription, not composition: e.g. vol. i. p. 210, 'partes' for 'pathes;' p. 211, l. 34, 'Lauisht' for 'Rauisht;' and p. 261, l. 41, 'many' for 'manly.' These can only be explained by inadvertence, through probably brain and hand weariness.

The opening or dedicatory Poems make us think inevitably that if Richard Crashaw had found in the Lady for whom he prepared this MS. the 'not impossible she' of his immortal 'Wishes,' it might have altered and coloured his whole after years. There are abundant evidences in 'Wishes' and elsewhere that he was susceptible to the tender passion. It is noticeable that 'Wishes' ends the MS. That the 'fair lady' who inspired the 'Wishes' was real flesh and blood, is clear.

The translation from Grotius is strong and vivid, if somewhat uneven. Probably its suppression was due to George Sandys having translated and published the complete tragedy in 1640—'Christs Passion: a Tragedy. With Annotations.' That it was not his (later) R. Catholicism that kept it back may be inferred from his printing his precious tribute to George Herbert. The student-reader will note at 1. 52, 'The water blush'd and started into wine,' the preludium of the famous Nympha pudica, &c., and in Dryden's hymn on the Epiphany.

The two new epigram-poems have Crashaweian touches that are interesting. Even his faults partake of his qualities. I hold myself to be again favoured to be the first to print and give to the world these relics of our poet-saint. A find of 144 lines (excluding various readings) is surely something notable at this late day.

I have reprinted pp. ix.-x. of Contents, and p. 303 of vol. i., in order that this supplement may take its place as part of vol. i. It is paged accordingly.

I cannot close this Introductory Note without thanking my excellent friend Mr. W. T. Brooke for informing me of the purchase of the ms. by the British Museum. No one, I am sure, will be more gratified than himself to discover that the ms. contains very much more of new material than he was aware of. I have likewise to acknowledge the usual kindness and courtesy of the authorities of the British Museum during my personal transcription and collation of the ms., and for having the facsimile done.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

Brooklyn House, Blackburn, Lancashire, 31st October 1887.

POSTSCRIPT.

It will be observed that none of the Latin or Greek poems appear in this Ms.; perhaps to be explained by the selection having been made for a lady. In relation to the Latin poems, it may as well be here recorded that Crashaw's brilliant 'Bulla' originally appeared in the following volume:

'D. Heynsii Crepundia siliana. Ejusdem Dissertatio de verse Criticse apud Veteres ortu, progressu, usúque, cúm in cesteris disciplinis tum in sacris: et Exercitatio Critica demonstrans omnem ferè Ægyptiorum, Græcorum, & Latinorum Religionem ex Oriente fluxisse. In quibus diversi autorum loci tam Græcorum, quam Latinorum, emendantur, illustrantur, & explicantur. Cantabergiæ ex Officina R. Daniel, Almæ Academiæ Typographi, 1646.'

The book itself ends at p. 305. Then follows an index, occupying six pages, but not paged. Then on the remaining blank leaves the following most interesting little address:

Lector; nè detur vacuum, hem tibi Bullam verè auream; Quæ nunc primum audet in apertum aerem. Argumenti certè non ità dissimilis, seu crepundia respicias, seu Heinsii guttulam. Quid enim aliud Bulla, quam puerorum ornamentum, aut guttulæ commentarius? Tam nil quousque intumuit! Huic autem libro assuendam curavimus, nè à sociis suis derelicta (reliqua enim ejusdem Poetæ nuper prodiêre) ludibrium ventis & deberet, & solveret.

Bulla Ri. Cr. Cantabrigiensis. Qvid tibi vana suos offert mea Bulla tumores? Quid facit ad vestrum pondus inane meum Expectat nostros humeros toga fortior: ista En mea Bulla, Lares en tua dextra mei.'

Professor Napier of Oxford has been good enough to collate my text for me with that in Heynsius, showing the following results:

Line 11, no comma after suis; l. 12, Prompsit purpureum latus, l. 14, exilis impetu. l. 17, sinus, l. 24, Circum regnat; & undique. l. 26, comma after impetu; l. 29, colon after dubitat; l. 30, no comma after novis; l. 33, Spargit vena Coloribus, l. 36, colon after dividit; l. 40, comma after fugat; l. 41, no comma after perdit; l. 42, chaos, l. 44, after meant, semicolon; l. 53, comma after vias; l. 54, colon after suo; l. 55, comma after cumulus; l. 56, purpureos sinus, l. 57, Flagrat l. 60, sydere l. 64, comma after Nempe; l. 65, color; l. 70, Undæ l. 75, fullstop after flumina; l. 77, aurea, ll. 79

and 81, fullstops after stupent and lilia; 1.83, nives, 1.85, Ut sint & rosem nives; 1.89, rutilo viret 1.93, Pulchrum pergit in ambitum (no et); 1.95, obvii. 1.99, atterit. 1.100, Hfc, quicquid nitidum, & vagum 1.102, Dulci pingitur en joco. 1.104, suis; 1.108, diem: 1.109, Mox se recipiunt, sui et 1.116, Sphæra non vitrea quidem, (Ut quondam Siculus globus); 1.121, fullstop after breve; 1.122, Flos sum scilicet aeris: 1.123, æquoris, 1.126, sommum, 1.127, nugarum decus, & dolor, Dulcis, doctàque vanitas, 1.129, perfidæ, 1.180, parens, 1.133, spei, 1.134, insulis, 1.136, ocellulus, 1.188, Deæ, 1.140, suis. 1.150, Pictum, gemmeum, aureum (there is no et); 1.151, O sum, scilicet o nihil. 1.154, oculos, pensum leve defluct, illam; 1.156, Vixit adhuc, cur vixit? adhuc tu nempe legebas; Nempe fuit tempus tum potuisse mori. Finis.

My friend Mr. W. T. Brooke first called my attention to Heynsius' 'Crepundia.' A. B. G

1

I. [DEDICATION.]

At th' Iuory Tribunall of your hand
(Faire one), these tender leaues doe trembling stand.
Knowing 'tis in the doome of your sweet Eye
Whether the Muse they cloth [e] shall liue or die.
Liue shee, or dye to fame; each leafe you meet
Is her Lifes wing, or her death's winding-sheet.

II. [OF THE BOOK.]

Though now 'tis neither May nor June, And Nightingales are out of tune; Yett in these leaues (Faire one) there lyes (Sworne seruant to your sweetest Eyes) A Nightingale, who may shee spread In your white bosome her chast bed; Spite of all the Maiden snow Those pure untrodden pathes can show, You streight shall see her wake and rise Taking fresh Life from your fayer Eyes, And with clasp't winges proclayme a Spring Where Loue and shee shall sit and sing; For lodg'd so nere your sweetest throte What Nightingale can loose her noate? Nor lett her kinred birds complayne Because shee breakes the yeares old reigne; For lett them know shee's none of those Hedge-Quiristers whose Musicke owes Onely such straynes as serue to keepe Sad shades, and sing dull Night asleepe.

No, shee's a Priestesse of that Groue
The holy chappell of chast Loue,
Your virgin bosome. Then what e're
Poore Lawes diuide the publick yeare,
Whose revolutions wait upon
The wild turnes of the wanton sun,
Bee you the Lady of Loues Yeare;
Where youre Eyes shine his Suns appeare:
There all the yeare is Loues long Spring.
There all the yeare Loues Nightingales
shall sit and sing.

III. [THE ENEMIES OF CHRIST SILENCED.]

Matt. xxii. [46.]

Neither durst any man from that day aske him any more questions.

Midst all the darke and knotty snares Blacke witt or malice can or dares, Thy glorious wisdome breakes the netts, And treads with uncontrolled steps. Thy quell'd foes are not onely now Thy triumph, but thy trophies too. They both at once thy conquests bee And thy conquests memory. Stony amazement makes them stand Wayting on thy victorious hand; Like statues fixed to the fame Of thy renowne, and their own shame, As if they onely meant to breath, To bee the life of their own Death. Twas time to hold their peace when they Had not another word to say. Yett is their silence unto thee The full sound of thy victorye;

Their silence speake [s] aloud and is
Thy well pronounc'd Panegyris.
While they speake Nothing, they speake all
Their share in thy Memoriall;
While they speake nothing, they proclayme
Thee with the shrillest trumpe of fame.
To hold their peace is all the wayes
These wretches have to speake thy prayse.

IV. TO PONTIUS [PILATE] WASHING HIS BLOOD-STAINED HANDS.

Is murther no sin? or a sin so cheape
That thou need'st heape
A rape upon't? till thy adult'rous touch
Taught her these sullied cheekes, thy blubber'd face;
Shee was a Nimph; the meadowes knew none such;
Of honest parentage, of unstayn'd race;
The daughter of a fayre and well-fam'd fountayne
As euer syluer-tipt the side of shady mountaine.

See how shee weeps, and weeps; that shee appeares
Nothing but Teares.

Each drop's a Teare that weepes for its owne wast:
Harke how at every touch shee does complaine her!

Harke how shee bids her frighted drops make hast,
And with sad murmurs chides the hand that stains

Leaue, leaue for shame, or else (good Judge) decree What water shall wash this when this hath washed thee.

V. OUT OF GROTIUS HIS TRAGEDY OF CHRISTES SUFFERINGES.

O Thou the span of Whose Omnipotence Doth graspe the fate of thinges, and share th' euents Of future chance! the world's Sire; and Mine, Before the world. Obedient, lo! I ioyne An equal pace thus farre; Thy word my deedes Haue flow'd together: if ought further needes I shrinke not, but thus ready stand to beare (For else why came I?) eu'n what e're I feare. Yett O, what end? where does the period dwell Of my sad labours? no day yett could tell: 10 My soule she was secure. Still haue I borne A still increasing burden; worse hath torne His way through bad, to my successive hurt. I left my glorious Father's star-pau'd Court; E're borne was banisht; borne, was glad t'embrace A poore (yea scarce a) roofe; whose narrow place Was not so much as cleane; a stable, kind; The best my cradle and my birth could find. Then was I knowne; and knowne unluckily, A weake, a wretched child; eu'n then was I 20 For Jurye's king an enemy, euen worth His feare; the circle of a yeare's round growth Was not yett full (a time that to my age Made litle, not a litle to his rage) When a wild sword eu'n from their brests, did lop The Mothers' Joyes in an untimely crop. The search of one child (cruell industry!) Was losse of multitudes; and missing mee, A bloude drunk errour spilt the costly ayme Of that mad sin: (how great! and yet how uzyne!) I cal'd a hundred miracles to tell The world my Father; then does enuy swell And breake upon Mee; my owne uirtues height Hurtes Mee far worse then Herods highest spite: A riddle! (Father) still acknowledg'd thine, Am still refus'd; before the Infant shrine Of my weake feet, the Persian Magi lay And left their Mithra for my star; this they;

SUPPLEMENT.

But Isaack's issue, the peculiar heyres Of thy old goodnesse, know Thee not for theues, 40 Basely degenerous! Against mee flocke The stiffe-neck'd Pharisees, that use to mocke Sound goodnesse with her shadow, which they weare, And 'gainst religion her owne colours beare. The bloudhound brood of Priests against mee draw, Those Lawlesse tyrant masters of the Law; =Zadok Profane Sadocus too does fiercely lead His court-fed impes against this hated head. What would they more? th' aue seene when at my nod Great Natures selfe hath shrunke, and spoke me God. 50 Drinke fayling there where I a guest did shine, The Water blush'd, and started into Wine. Full of high sparkling uigour; taught by mee A sweet inebriated extasy. And streight of all this approbation gate =gatGood wine in all poynts, but the easy rate; Other mens hunger with strange feasts I quell'd; Mine owne with stranger fastings, when I held Twice twenty dayes pure abstinence, to feed My mind's deuotion in my bodye's need: 60 A subtle inundation of quicke food Sprang in the spending fingers, and o're-flow'd The peoples hunger; and when all was full The broken meate was much more then the whole. The Wind in all his roaring brags stood still And listned to the whisper of my will: The wild waves couch'd; the sea forgot to sweat; Vnder my feet, the waters to bee wett. In death-full desperate ills, where art and all Was nothing, there my uoyce was med'cinall. 70 Old clouds of thickest blindnesse fled my sight, And to ny touch darke eyes did owe the light. He that ne're heard now speakes, and finds a tongue To chaunt my prayses in a new-strung song.

SUPPLEMENT.

Euen hee that belches out a foaming flood
Of hot defiance 'gainst what e're is good—
Father and heyre of Darknesse, when I chide
Sinkes into Horrours bosome, glad to hide
Himselfe in his owne hell; and now lets loose
Mans hearts (his tenement) and breakes up house.
80
Yet hee's not all; nor wax'd enough for mee
To freind the liuing world; euen Death did see
Mee ranging in his quarters; and the land
Of deepest silence answered my command.
Heaven, Earth, and Sea, my triumphes; what remain'd
Now but the Graue? &c. the Graue it selfe I tam'd.
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END OF VOL. I.

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